

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Roll

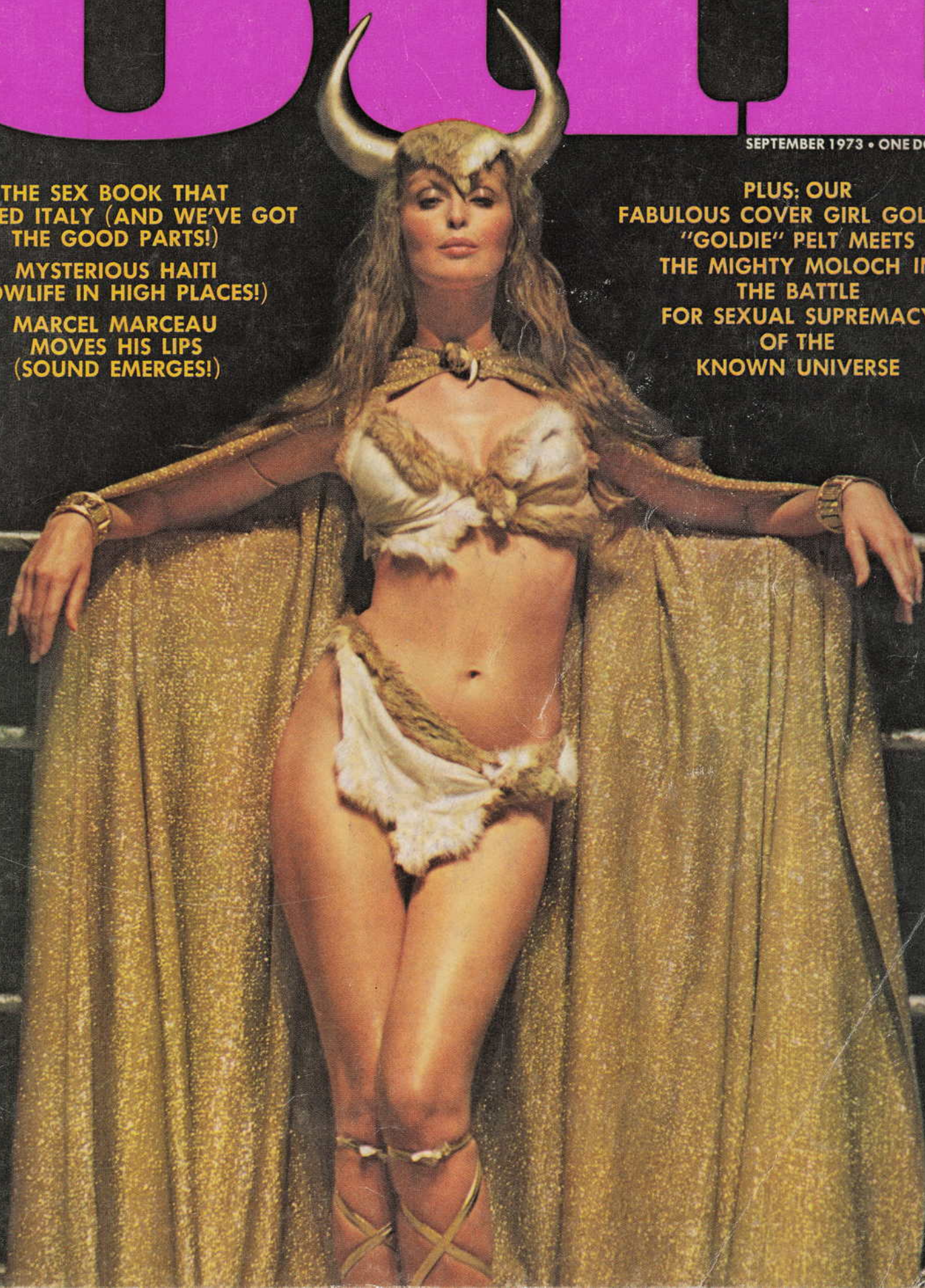
SEPTEMBER 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

**THE SEX BOOK THAT
ROCKED ITALY (AND WE'VE GOT
THE GOOD PARTS!)**

**MYSTERIOUS HAITI
(LOWLIFE IN HIGH PLACES!)**

**MARCEL MARCEAU
MOVES HIS LIPS
(SOUND EMERGES!)**

**PLUS: OUR
FABULOUS COVER GIRL GOLDEN
"GOLDIE" PELT MEETS
THE MIGHTY MOLOCH IN
THE BATTLE
FOR SEXUAL SUPREMACY
OF THE
KNOWN UNIVERSE**



“Perfect Landing”

How good it is

Winston tastes good,
when a cigarette should.

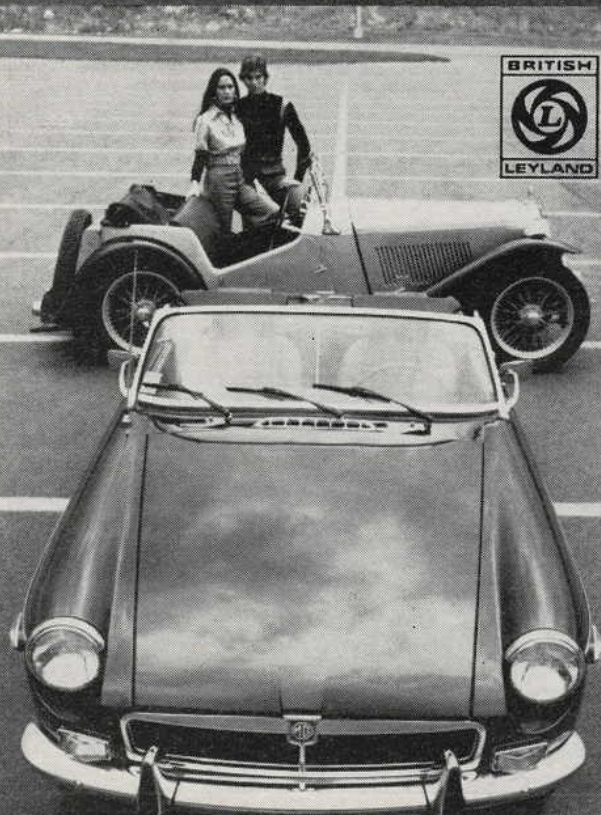


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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.



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Room enough for two.
Fun enough to breed a generation of sports car enthusiasts.



BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

That was the MG-TC when it first turned America on to sports cars 26 years ago.

And that's the MGB today.

The MGB is a personal car. It simply isn't for everybody. It's for the person who likes to breathe nature and feel road. Who gets as much pleasure going someplace as getting there.

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been demonstrated in over a quarter-million sports cars and in countless road races.

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THE ENSEMBLE: A classic two-piece coordinated ensemble in a handsome plaid jacket and solid color slacks. 100% polyester double knit. About \$75. **THE CAR:** A classic 1935 Auburn Speedster replica which speaks for itself. Considered by many as the perfectly designed automobile.

Car from the James H. Southard collection

Send for your free copy of a color print of the Auburn Speedster suitable for framing.

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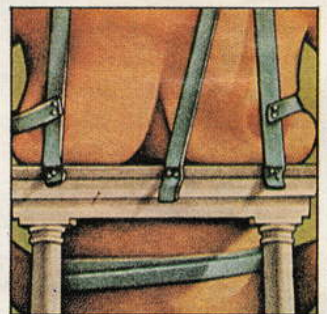
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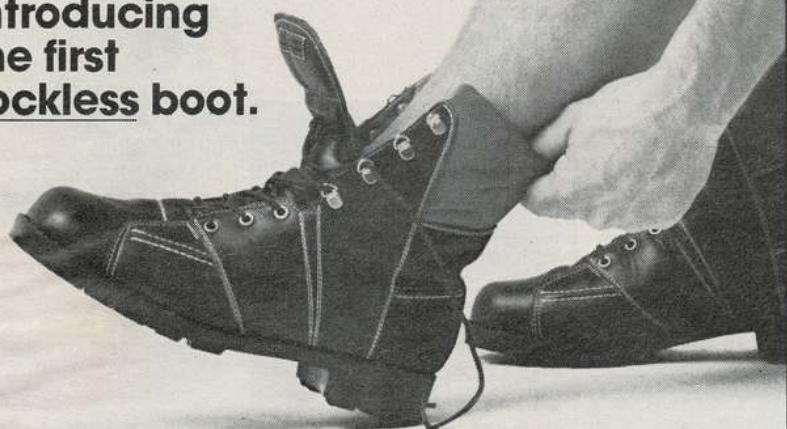
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Introducing the first sockless boot.



It's a unique back-packing boot for all seasons, and at \$64, a remarkable value.

You know how good leather feels. So do we. That's why we invented the first sockless boot—probably the most impeccable boot made.

We break rules, not your foot.

There's a common rule that a stiff boot supports you. We don't believe it anymore than many orthopedists do. Your foot is made of 26 bones, 33 joints and muscle. It needs to flex.

We developed Bare/Foot/Gear to flex with your foot from the moment you first put it on. We use multiple layers of very fine, supple leathers outside. Inside are even finer leathers, so carefully placed you cannot feel a seam or uneven surface anywhere.

Sandwiched between these leathers from ankle to toe is insulating foam—more than in any other boot. It not only helps our

boot form to your foot's shape, but also protects you from extremes of heat and cold.

Socks or no socks?

We prefer no socks, because if your foot's moisture can evaporate as it's produced, it keeps a more even temperature. And stays drier. In Bare/Foot/Gear, just enough air moves around your foot—in heat or cold—to accomplish this. Also, our leathers inside are perspiration-resistant and may be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Going sockless is another rule broken. If you don't agree, keep your socks on. The point is, when you have a boot built well enough to be sockless, you know you have a very fine boot, indeed.

Where you find Bare/Foot/Gear.

It's sold only by stores we're sure you're most proud to shop. Write us, and we'll advise you of the ones nearest you.

* Suggested retail price

Your naked hand tells you
what your bare foot feels.



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How they make a drink called tequila
from a natural, living cactus plant.

First it takes about 10 years to
grow this cactus called the agave
tequilana or blue mescal.
Then they steam it to bring
out the juice, then press it in
giant rollers and squeeze the juice out
which tastes kind of like a sweet
potato with a funny smell. Then
it's distilled and aged. Jose
Cuervo first made it in 1795. And
it's really the best there is.

Patti Patterson

This is the part
they make it from.
Even the extra fancy,
aged Gold Cuervo
Special.



A man and a woman are riding a motorcycle at night. The man is in the driver's seat, wearing a blue jacket, light blue jeans, and a blue helmet with a red stripe. The woman is seated behind him, wearing a dark jacket and a blue helmet. The motorcycle is dark-colored with chrome accents. The background is dark, suggesting a nighttime setting.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.



Menthol or Regular

MAIL

Color blind

By now you too have noticed that white is not the absence of color—rather the presence of all color (*White Has Won*, June).

DENTON PENDERGAST
Ottawa, Canada

That's what you think.

Graybar comments

I am sympathetic to the guy in the Lompac penitentiary "worrying" about the effect of Quaaludes on the horny cons (*Mail*, June). I did a few weeks in the Westchester county jail ten years ago, and being nothing but a wimp middle-class kid, I got my poor ass beat and fucked and I sucked dirty cocks every day that I was there, as well as being a target for all kinds of abuse in general. This was all real new for me and put me into some sort of psychic shock and introduced a whole new set of neuroses into my life. It took years for me to recover and regain any sort of socio-sexual equilibrium. It wasn't until about seven years later that I finally started unburdening all of the shit, getting straight with myself, and opening up by writing it all down as honestly as I could. A cul-de-sac like that or any jail experience necessarily makes one a different person. The thing that always pissed me off about my own experience was that I could have been bailed out by my parents immediately. However, they felt that it would be a "good experience" if I spent the time in jail until my trial "to teach me a lesson." That it did, but I say fuck that shit, man! It ain't good for no one to live in a population sink, especially in jail. The whole system is rotten, deceitful and illogical from top to bottom. Critical pressure or revolution are the only tools at hand. I'm thinking out loud as often as I know how.

NAME WITHHELD
Todd, North Carolina

Mixed dicks

One of the selections in *Sheet Music* (July) was stated to be *Also Sprach Zarathustra* by Wagner. You have your Dicks mixed up. Strauss, not Wagner, composed the tone poem.

E. R. COHANE
Little Falls, New Jersey

TV quiz

As a transvestite, I viewed with total enjoyment and pleasure your pictorials *Night Lights* (January) and *White Has Won* (June). Both were extremely well done. However, I find it curious that you haven't as yet printed any comment regarding these. You can't possibly be real in saying that all the models (female) featured were in fact true females. It just

can't be. Though they were quite good, there seemed to be (to me) one or two of these models whose sex was questionable. I checked the articles out a bit closer and found that perhaps 50 percent of the females featured were actually male.

NAME WITHHELD
Lodi, New Jersey

You are 100 percent wrong.

Is it a drag?

Those of your readers who (wishfully?) find men in drag between your covers should confirm their suspicions the same way Dick Tracy did in a recent case. He took his "woman" suspect and yanked "her" hair, causing the suspect's head to tilt backwards. Thus, he exposed the bogus woman's Adam's apple. Women don't have Adam's apples, or so says Chester Gould. Other techniques include caliper measurements on skulls, pelvises, and anogenital distances, asking the suspects for cigarettes, and lifting up the suspects' skirts to search for their thongies.

DONALD DUCK
Paradise, California

Thanks, Duck, but OUI is two-dimensional and therefore not amenable to apple inspections, caliper probes, and thongie searches. Confusion still reigns.

Unpuzzled

In answer to the "Irrelevant question" in the June mail column, those fancy doodads on the chain between Candy's soft breasts (March) are actually the parts of a puzzle ring. This can be purchased simply by joining the United States Navy, making a Mediterranean cruise, and getting ripped off by any street vendor at any port of call along the way.

CHUCK WARD and SKIP MORRIS
APO, New York, New York

Beddy language

I recently read this statement in a magazine: "I can contribute one secret sex signal that is now sweeping the country. Some say it was designed by women's libbers so that either sex could initiate the action. Quite simply, the man gives one wink, which means 'let's ball.' If the woman replies by winking twice, that means 'OK!' The girls tell me they've even seen this written on the walls in ladies' rest rooms."

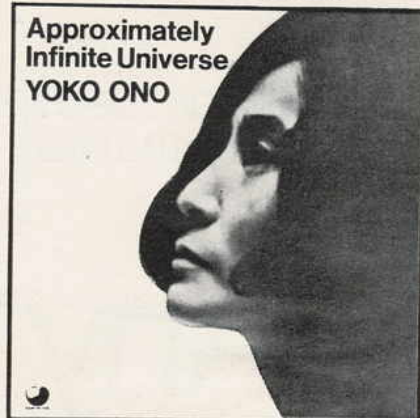
So what? Men should write it on the walls in all of our rest rooms to get it circulated. More power to the girls for circulating it!

But the swinging singles have a secret sex signal that beats that. We give three tugs on the right ear to mean "I'll ball

(Advertisement)

YOKO'S ALBUM?

Approximately
Infinite Universe
YOKO ONO



"Yeah; well, believe it or not: this is a totally rock 'n' roll album. It's far and away the best Beatles-related effort to come out since the Beatles' breakup... one of the best, most listenable batches of material I've heard in a good while..."

"Yoko's singing is great... Yoko has gotta be one of the new talents of the year, and hands down the finest female rock 'n' roller since the Shangri-Las."

— from a review of Yoko's new album written by Mike Saunders in *PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE*.

"I want to thank you for the nice things you have written about John and Yoko, especially when you said Yoko was good on the TV film of *One-to-One*. People pick on Yoko because she's different. When I stopped judging her on what other people said, I discovered she was fantastic.

"Funny you should say that. The other day I started to play an unlabelled test pressing I had in the house. The girl's voice was strange but endearing. The back up band was terrific. I loved the songs.

"I almost went crazy trying to work out who she was. I was haunted with the idea that I'd never find who this remarkably appealing girl singer was, though I couldn't imagine she'd go undiscovered for long. Suddenly, it hit me that I was playing a test pressing of Yoko's album. When I didn't know it was her, I thought it was fantastic. I can't really back out now, can I?"

— Lillian Roxon, New York Daily News

YOUR ALBUM?

COLUMBIA RECORD & TAPE CLUB
now invites you to take

Any 11 records or tapes

for only \$1⁹⁷

if you join now and agree to buy eight selections
(at regular Club prices) during the coming two years

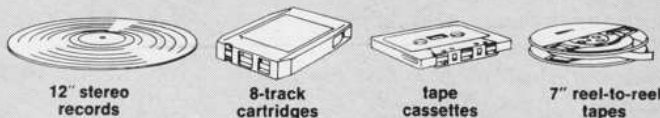


Columbia House
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ALL SELECTIONS* SHOWN ARE AVAILABLE ON



12" stereo records

8-track cartridges

tape cassettes

7" reel-to-reel tapes

* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

Just look at this great selection of recorded entertainment — available in your choice of records or tapes! Just mail the application together with your check or money order for \$1.97 to order your 11 stereo tapes or records (be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records). In exchange . . .

You agree to buy just eight more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, \$6.98; reel tapes, \$7.98; records, \$4.98 or \$5.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. (Since you'll receive 13 informative magazines a year, you'll always be up-to-date on the most current hits.)

... if you do not want any selection offered, just mail the response card provided by the date specified (you'll have at least ten days in which to make your decision)

... if you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have at least ten days in which to decide)

... if you want any of the other selections offered, just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

... and about four times a year, we will also offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices), which you may reject by mailing the special dated form provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

you." Two tugs back on the right earlobe with the thumb and first finger mean "OK!" This is also fine because either sex can initiate the action.

JOHN NELSON
Los Angeles, California

Street joys

I would like to say a few words about Rod Blue's *To Dull the Bite of It* (May) in which he states that prices for hash are \$30 a gram. Blue was getting bent. Street prices run around ten francs a gram for good Lebanese hash and slightly higher for Afghan. That's about \$2.50 in American funds. Someone who reads the article and likes to smoke will go to Paris and miss the stoned joys of that city because of the wording of Blue's paragraph.

IAN HOLMES
Basel, Switzerland

High roller

Your *Pimp's Progress* (March) was very much together. It seems to me that everyone today has some velvet bullshit about the pimps, players, and hustlers. I'm a player myself, and it's the only life I know. I just want to pay my respects for the article.

SHYRO MOORE
Las Vegas, Nevada

Air power

Your article entitled *Airlines' International Hit Parade* (June) contained many interesting facts. But your author needs to have her knowledge increased ten-fold in some areas. As an airline pilot, I resent some of her fictitious statements.

The MEL could also be called the Minimum "Safe" Equipment List. No mechanic or airline pilot in the country will release or accept an aircraft if it is not airworthy. An auxiliary power unit is not a "necessary" item, although many aircraft use this source of power for ground electricity and cooling. All oxygen bottles are not needed if the airplane is loaded at only 25 percent of capacity. Only three of the four generators are necessary if suitable weather is forecast.

Many airports do not have control towers. In fact, just over half of the air-carrier airports have towers. Only a little more than 300 of the 10,000-plus airports in the U. S. have towers. Do all street intersections have traffic signals or stop signs? Surely not, they have no need for them. The amount of traffic does not justify them.

A mechanic makes no more or less based on his work. He is paid a salary to do a good job, just as you are. My company has many opportunities to fly the maximum hours. Furthermore, we are paid a base minimum, regardless of whether all or none of our flights are canceled for maintenance reasons.

To conclude, more people die each year in traffic accidents, at railroad cross-

ings, of gunshot wounds, of poisonings, and of suicide than die in the airline accidents.

J. B. MOREHEAD
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I am writing this in response to an article in your June issue—*Airlines' International Hit Parade*. The article had several very common misconceptions. As a student pilot I feel obligated to set a few things straight.

Most of the article is devoted to pointing out the so-called deficiencies in airport equipment. Granted, the ILS may not be as good as the microwave landing systems now being developed, but neither is ILS the execution device it is painted as being. A little research would show that it is actually quite an advanced and accurate way to get an aircraft onto the ground in poor weather.

A comment on runways—airplanes aren't really very prone to running off runways, so why construct extensive shoulders? It is true that our highways have shoulders, but those shoulders are chock full of deadly objects such as trees, ditches, poles, signs, and culverts. Not quite the survival necessity the author believes a shoulder to be.

I have reserved the worst misconception for last. The author depicts a private aircraft as being a "mass of killer metal" piloted by an incompetent. She could not be further from the truth. Perhaps she would change her opinion if she would take the time to see the myriad of things that must be learned before a person is granted his private pilot's license. A person must be a highly competent and safe pilot before the FAA will issue a license.

While it is true that a private pilot usually does not have all the experience of an airline pilot, he is nevertheless a professional in his own right. If the licensing procedures for drivers' licenses were as rigorous as those pilots undergo, who knows how many of the 50,000 annual U. S. auto victims would be alive today.

WILLARD WHEELER
Williams AFB, Arizona

Crack creaks

I noticed your 222 position for fucking in the July issue, and hereby apply for the award you mentioned. It's not my favorite way, but who cares? Of course, you have to remember to find a tall girl. By the way, it's called the 222L and it's best not to get too anxious about a fast fuck. Just take your time.

BUZZ CRACK
Richmond, Virginia

Listen, Crack, we just don't believe that's your real name. Prizes cannot be awarded anonymously.

Wrap up one gilded truss and ship it to me. Even though I am not a trained athlete (as your story said one must be in order to get off in the 222 position),

I managed it and gave my partner complete satisfaction, too.

RALPH HUNTER
Yorktown Heights, New York

Crack came first, Ralph, so he beats you out, even though we can't award him the truss. If you haven't got a hernia from making it in that position, you don't need our award anyhow, but please accept our enthusiastic applause.

McIsaac squeaks

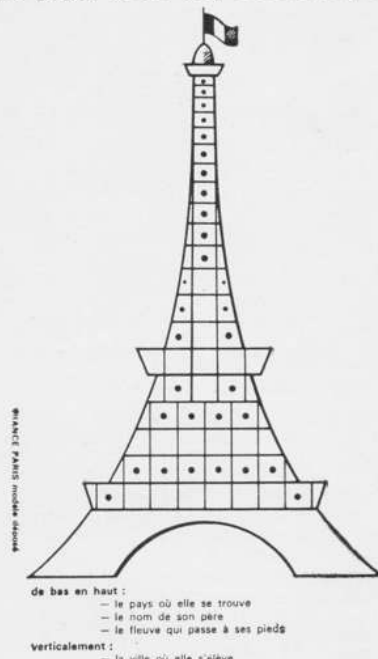
Your magazine is just swell. But don't you think your magazine does a disservice to the plain, mousy, possibly nothing-looking girls? I mean, when you set your ideals so high, how can you turn back without making some type of sacrifice? Is there any alternative?

DENNIS MCISAAC
Sacramento, California

Yes, Trappism.

Bumfodder explicated

On page 16 of your May 1973 issue, bottom left corner, you say that you cannot understand what the words on the sheet mean. It is obvious to me that the toilet paper is not only for reading but



also for writing—the tower is a crossword puzzle. Notice the squares that have no dot in them—six across the bottom—for France, "the country where it is." The next row up is filled with dots, but then another row with six squares—for Eiffel, "the name of its father." The third row up from this has five blank squares—for Seine, "the river under its feet." From the "i" in Seine there are three blanks up and one blank down—thus, Paris, "Vertically: the town where it stands." Hope this helps you if you're ever in Paris. I doubt that I'll ever be.

ROBERT KILLOREN
Florissant, Missouri

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Chicago, Ill. 60611.*

Satellite

Notes from a talk with a Palestinian guerrilla

BEIRUT—The Palestine Liberation Organization headquarters here has a conspicuous sign hanging out front, white plastic with an ensign and green, red, yellow, and blue letters in both the Arabic and Roman alphabets. When you enter the dim lobby, a soldier with a maroon beret steps forward. The rifle he holds is not ceremonial. He clears you.

Shafik Al-Hout, head of the P.L.O. for Lebanon, sits at his desk in the organization's drab offices on the second floor. He is middle-aged. Slick-backed brown hair; thin, close-cut mustache; large brown eyes. A wry, slightly reluctant smile. He wears a brown shirt, a tie, a brown-speckled jacket. OK to use his name, but no pictures. The Israelis don't have a recent one of him. Doesn't want them to "for obvious reasons." The venetian blinds are down. A short couch opposite the desk, two arm chairs, a table, linoleum floor.

Shafik Al-Hout sits forward, his elbows resting on the desk. He fiddles with a roll of cellophane tape and a razor blade. (Door opens. Coffee or tea? One coffee, one tea.) He begins to talk. Questions are unnecessary. He monologues, always looking at you. Excellent English. Easily understood. His voice fluctuates in tone but is never flat, never without conviction.

Shafik Al-Hout is a Palestinian who remembers Palestine. He was born there, lived there, and had to leave there. He grew up with Jews and says he had friends among them. Now his life is controlled by one obsessive goal: to return to Palestine. "The Zionists are threatening to steal my dreams. My inspiration is romantic." He remembers his "little bed in Jaffa, an album of photographs, good smells" as he walked down the street: "Jewish ovens make good cakes."

"Every Israeli immigrant is a replacement of me," he says, thumping his chest. "Of me! The Jews have two homes for one man. It's hard enough to have one home for one man. They are the only people in the world to have two countries. An American Jew has two countries. A Soviet Jew. A Polish Jew."

He tells a story about his daughter's experience in kindergarten at an international school in Beirut. One day the teacher told all the children to bring the flag of their country or a drawing of it to school the next day. All the other children showed (Continued on page 21)

You can't expect great music unless you have great equipment.

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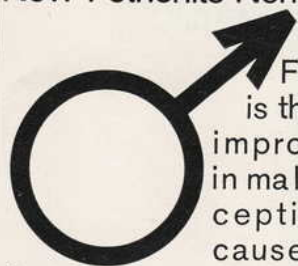
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OPENERS

Scorpio rising

Well, here we were, rolling along, singing a song, fat and happy, the most successful magazine in the history of the world, and then along came July and the fabulous OUI S/M section. The clouds stirred, thunder rumbled on the horizon, the gods were angry. First, the July issue was banned in England, Austria, and Switzerland because we dared to mention sex and pain in the same breath—although the idea that an American magazine could teach the British anything about whips and leather is, to say the least, laughable. Then, the cargo boat Sea Witch collided with a tanker in New York harbor and burned cheerfully for 24 hours or so, wreaking havoc and other things. On board the Sea Witch were 30,000 copies of the July issue of OUI. There are some things, doctor, that man was not meant to know.



The most disgusting story of the month comes from the pages of the *British Dental Journal*. Ruth Abraham, 38, suffering from a throbbing toothache, paid a visit to Dr. Barnet Kopkin, her neighborhood dentist. Dr. Kopkin neatly extracted the painful tooth and set it on his surgical tray. Free at last, a centipede crawled out of the tooth. Free at last, free at last.



Gloria Steinem vs. Big Al

A most amusing feud may be shaping up between Gloria Steinem of *Ms.* magazine and Al Goldstein of *Screw*, the Review of Sex. Earlier this year, *Screw* ran a feature called *Pin the Cock on the Feminist*, and Ms. Steinem thought she recognized herself as the feminist in the illustration and threatened to sue. *Screw* responded by declaring: "We're not a bunch of pansy-assed Henry Kissingers, Gloria. Now that you've gotten us really mad, we're going to spill the beans." And in retaliation, *Screw* reproduced the first spread of a 1968 *Cosmopolitan* beauty feature, entitled *Brunettes: A Touch of Evil Is Required*. Ms. Steinem was positioned in an alluring pose and placed in the arms of dark, handsome Vince Edwards (known, back then, as Dr. Ben Casey). *Cosmopolitan* described Ms. Steinem as a "jet-set playgirl and former Playboy bunny." Gloria offered several beauty tips to *Cosmo* readers, claimed brunettes were more intelligent than blondes, and said she associated darkness with mas-

culinity in men. *Screw*, noting Ms. Steinem's long predilection for "licorice sticks," went on to say that "as a result of the poor business acumen associated with muddle-headed women, Steinem and Co. have been forced to open a telephone answering service to supplement *Ms.* magazine's flagging income. Al Goldstein... has decided to use those services. Anyone wishing to leave a message for Al can do so by calling *Ms.*"

Screw further alleged that Ms. Steinem plans to open a massage parlor in the Times Square area of Manhattan, called either Steinem's Seraglio or Gloria's Groupies. And, added *Screw*, "they will specialize in hand jobs."

Your move, *Ms.*

Paw! Paw! Chihuahua Pearl!

The French are raving connoisseurs of the two greatest contributions made by the United States to the civilized world: the Western movie and the comic book. It is far easier to see a vintage

The big bang

Remember the glamorous cake-popping Brandy featured in our June *Openers*? We now hear that Brandy's manager, California Dave Williams, has trundled out his own cake and started popping naked as a jay bird. We asked Dave about his new avocation, and here's what he said:

"Women have me appear at their parties to assert their female prerogative in having nude-male entertainment, just as men have nude-female entertainment."

"Usually, if the surprise is for one woman in particular, I have her stand up and then I sit down with her on my lap."

"People ask me if I get embarrassed. Well, there are two moments in a typical party that make me aware I'm being watched. One is when I first get undressed in front of the hostess to get into the cake. The other is when silence falls too soon after the first impact of the surprise of my jumping out nude."

After all, what does a nude man say to a roomful of clothed women?



John Ford or Raoul Walsh epic in Paris than it is in New York, and American comic artists have an entire room devoted to their work in the stately Louvre Museum. It was inevitable that some cultured Frenchmen should put the two together, and writer Jean-Michel Charlier and artist Jean Giraud have become French-comic-book heavies with *Les Aventures du Lieutenant Blueberry*.

That's right, Blueberry. Mike Blueberry, scion of a rich plantation family, unable to reconcile himself with the institution of slavery, renounces his Southern heritage at the tender age of 17 and takes off. Joining the Union Cavalry as a lowly bugler, his valor and great heroism during *la guerre de sécession* (the Civil War) earn him the rank of lieutenant. His drinking, gambling, and womanizing, however, force him out to Fort-Navajo. Guns go "Paw!", Mexican banditos roar "HI HI HI HI HI HI," and Blueberry yells "Tiens, tiens... des Mex!!! ...et... HELL!!!"

Published in hardcover by Dargaud Editeur, 12, rue Blaise-Pascal in Neuilly-sur-Seine, the comic is available at your better French dealers for about \$2.50 a volume. It's the best damned Western between Sam Peckinpah and Sergio Leone. But what's Blueberry really like? Well, he's tough, he's mean, he's handsome like Belmondo, and when he gets it on with a woman, you better believe she is something else, *mon Dieu!* Like the lady we have here with us today. Friends, with an appreciative nod to Messieurs Charlier and Giraud, may we present the one, the only... CHIHUAHUA PEARL! —T.C.F.



The tattoo on the far right was done completely by hand with a series of needles fastened to bamboo; the others were produced by the modern electric-needle method.

Tattooing is not taken lightly in Japan. There are no florid MOMs buzzed on during drunken Navy nights (ten minutes under a bare bulb and wham bam, a long-sleeved shirt for the rest of your life). When a Japanese wants a tattoo, he or she makes an appointment and goes to a private studio, often for several sittings, much like going to a doctor. The art, though once forbidden and still not licensed, is currently thriving in Japan. The designs are from 19th-Century Japanese prints inspired by folk legends. The crewcut man in the middle is probably a pimp or gambler, according to a San Diego tattoo ex-

pert, because, he says, such erotic or *shunga* (pornographic) scenes are fairly rare among Japanese tattoos. *Shunga* is beyond the pale of respectability.

Nor is it respectable to have your penis tattooed. It was once fashionable among the Japanese underworld leaders to have tattoos covering their entire bodies to look like kimonos: sleeves to the elbows, hemline just above the knee, but open from the neck down to avoid those crucial regions.

Among the gangsters of this world, art can go only so far. —R.S.

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When your gong won't go bong, that's serious. But all is not lost.

Silicone, the wonder stuff that blew up Carol Doda's breasts way back when, is now making a 1973 comeback, and this time it's doing its bit to cure male impotence. A urologist at St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital in Houston (oh, those Texans!) has galloped to the rescue of men who can't get it up.

A team of surgeons, headed by Dr. Brantley Scott, has implanted two long inflatable silicone cylinders in the penises of several patients. They put bulbs in the scrotum (superballs!) and store a fluid (canned heat?) in the pelvic area. When

the patient has recovered, the fun, or shall we say the pumping, starts.

Every time you want to get it up, you squeeze one ball. Keep squeezing, and eventually—bong, *bong*—you have an erection. It will stay hard, too. Until you squeeze the other ball, and down it comes. You must squeeze to get it down, though, or you'll be up all night (which is another story).

The first two operations performed by Dr. Scott were successful. (At least, so said the patients' wives.) But before the silicone stampede begins,

be warned that Dr. Scott feels there are a few technical bugs to be ironed out. The operation is still very much in the experimental stage. It will be a while before you can charge it off to Blue Cross. —M.H.

Feed your feet twice daily

We all, every last one of us, know how truly important Superfly footwear is to the man of style. Especially for New York's Puerto Ricans, who, writer Richard Goldstein claims,

Vegetable of the month



God did it again, bless his lusty heart, and Chef Louis Szathmary, Ph.D., of The Bakery (a fine Chicago eatery) sent this photograph. He reports that it was delicious with a little vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, and just a hint of garlic. "It was so sensuous," he added, "I ate it in bed."



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Pictures of the Great Depression are among the examples given in the volume on *Photo-journalism* to show how to make photographs that comment on events and on people.



How to freeze motion at the crucial moment is explained in the volume on *Special Problems*.



How pictures are taken underwater, in the heavens, through a microscope are shown and explained in *Photography as A Tool*.



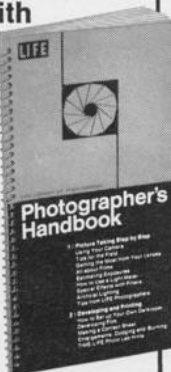
Easel distortion created the intriguing effect above—one of the inventive darkroom techniques explored in *The Print*.

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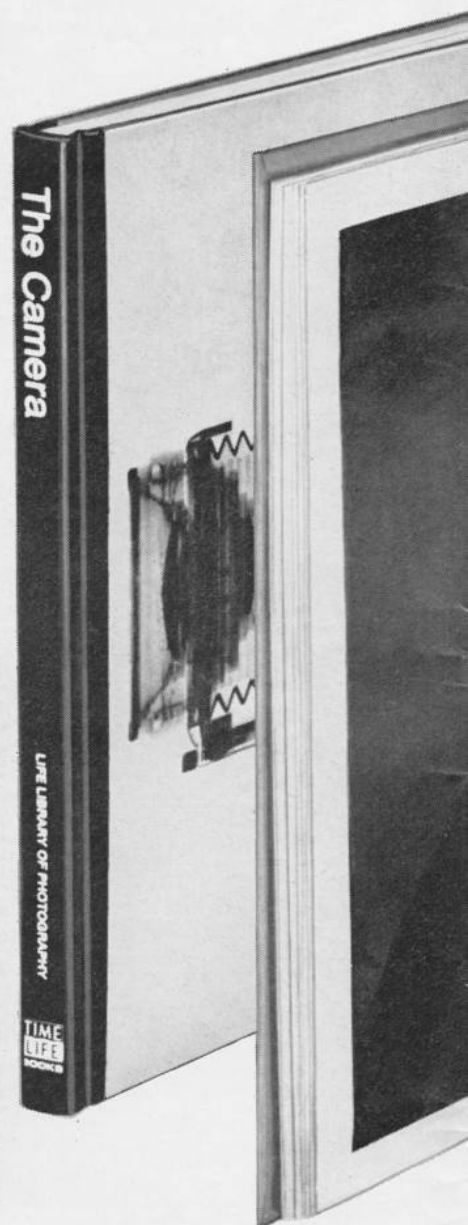
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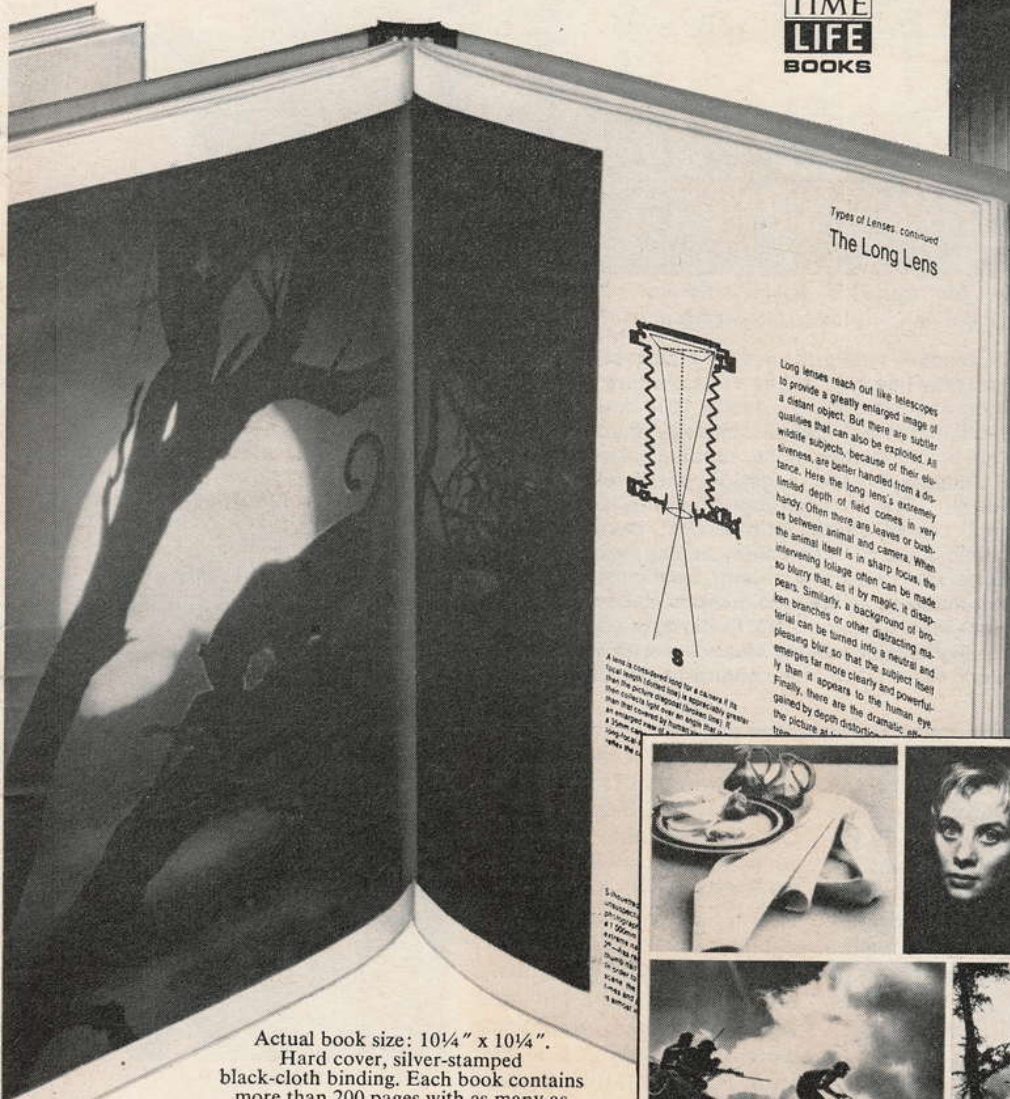
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This portrait, by Evelyn Hofer, is actually a color photograph in the volume *Color*—one of many examples of how to use color to add to a picture's aesthetic appeal.



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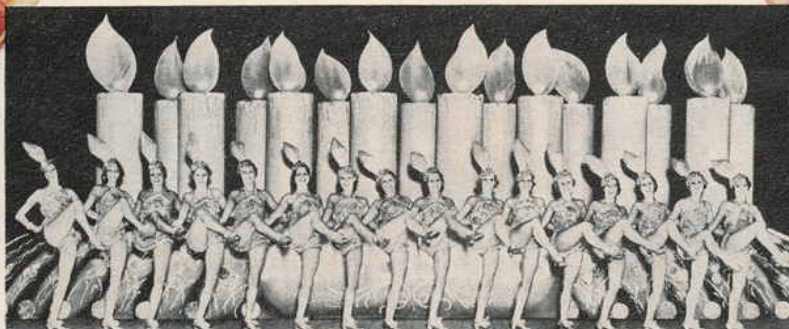
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Heady flames and towering feathers



(Above) Les Bluebells, 1935, flaming at the Folies Bergère.
(Left and right) A Bluebell, today, fanning her arms at the Lido.

The Bluebells of Paris have the classiest floorshow this side of Las Vegas, where they have another. Les Bluebells started in 1934 and they're still going under the original Miss Bluebell (somewhere above). Shows feature swimming pools, skating rinks, running waterfalls, rising floors, and real animals (horses, caged leopards, elephants, pigeons). One showgirl says, "It's horrible when the horses bolt or fall off the stage." Les Bluebells, all over 5'8", have staged the Sinking of the Titanic, a Texas Oilfield Fire, the San Francisco Earthquake, and the Explosion of the Hindenburg. (No disaster is beyond their skills of reproduction.) At the Lido the girls make \$120 a week, and at the Stardust in Las Vegas, \$246. In Paris, the male dancers earn more. Equal Rights isn't rubbing shoulders with Les Bluebells this year. But watch them rattle those chains in Jailbreak at a Women's Prison.

possess that "ferocious application of energy to style" that creates Ultimate Flash. For the man of style addicted to Ultimate Flash, an outfit calling itself Smerling Imports has created the Ultimate



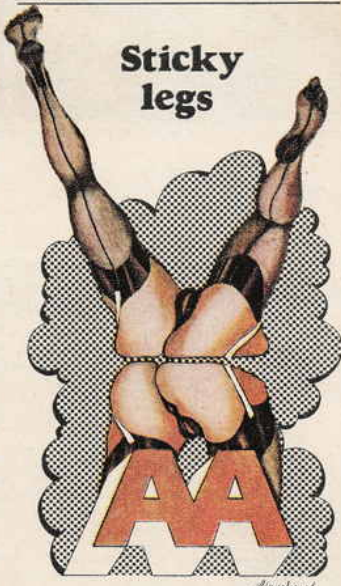
Shoe: El Padrino, enormous bump-toe platforms graced with the languid wish of a goldfish swimming listlessly in a tightly confined area (the see-through plastic heel, to be exact). The heels can be removed to change the water. And the fish.

At first Smerling blurted out that the shoes were to be worn for leisurely strolls across 125th Street or, to make a true fashion impact, on the boulevard St.-Germain. Instant splash. But then, inexorably, their statements grew less bold, like Ron Ziegler talking to the Washington Press Corps on the Watergate "caper." They said the shoes were designed for decorative purposes only: something for the mantel, the back window

of the car. Then the goldfish started expiring under the watchful fisheye of the ASPCA. And now the El Padrino Walking Aquariums are no more.

But we say that expiration in the pursuit of fashion is no vice. And what do you, you wishy-washy goldfish lovers, say to that?

Sticky legs



A censor's mind is always an interesting place to explore, filled with snakes and caverns and dark dirty pools. Movie producer David Puttman, who gave us

That Will Be the Day with Ringo Starr and David Essex, explained his difficulties in getting an AA rating (the rough equivalent of an R rating in the U.S.) for his new movie, offering the following insight: "[The censor told me that] tights are not particularly erotic, but stocking tops and suspender belts are. If there were tights showing, he'd give it an AA, but stocking tops mean an X." Mr. Puttman sliced five seconds of stocking tops, got his AA, and lived cleanly ever after. The official position on pantyhose is not yet known.

Beauty, toadified

Surprise! Kenneth Anger came back from Britain short, paunchy, and sweet. That's right, the same man who made *Scorpio Rising*, the first movie ever to link motorcycles, Nazis, and castration fantasies. He speaks softly and carries a battered briefcase. He wears tailored checked suits, believes people should dress for the theater, and spends his weekends with friends in Kent and Surrey.

Anger may be mellowed, but he has not forgotten. "Bobby Beausoleil was beaten in San



Bobby "The Toad" Beausoleil

Quentin yesterday by several spades. They think it'll leave scar tissue. I said I turned him into a toad. This is the beginning." Besides being a filmmaker, Anger is a magician. Bobby Beausoleil, for those of you with short memories, is the former Love guitarist turned Charles Mansonoid who was convicted of murdering Gary Hinman in Los Angeles in 1969.

In 1967, Beausoleil was playing Lucifer in Anger's then-to-be-next film, *Lucifer Rising*. Anger gave Beausoleil money for props. Bobby bought drugs. Anger got mad and fired Beausoleil. Beausoleil stole Anger's film. Anger placed an ad in the *Village Voice* announcing his own artistic death. Beausoleil ended up on death row.

"I always typecast. Bobby

oui

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looked like a particular 17th-Century painting of the Angel of Light, Lucifer. I learned from Bobby never to give *that* role to one single person.

"I'm sorry about Bobby, really. But it's more unfortunate for his victims, because they're dead."

Meanwhile, *Lucifer Rising* has been remade, with Marianne Faithfull attending the rising of the morning sun. Anger promises completion by October 12, "in time for Aleister Crowley's birthday." And Bobby Beausoleil, sitting on death row, may be worrying about life as a toad. —T.C.F.

But is it art?

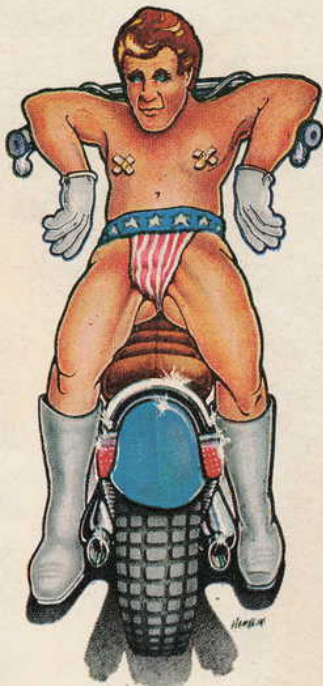
Wurlitzer is one of those comfortable words that make you think of ballrooms, malt shops, moonlight, and music, music, music.

Wurlitzer is the company that originally brought you the jukebox. According to them, the jukebox has *always* been a Wurlitzer, in spirit if not in fact, especially back in the days when the worth of a high-school hangout was measured by the crispness of the French fries, the amount of ice in the Cokes, and, ultimately, the selection on the jukebox.

Recently, somebody tipped the Wurlitzer people off as to just how sweet it was. So the venerable old company, with an eye cocked to the nostalgia craze, has reissued their late-Forties model. It has a chrome-trimmed bubble top, candy-color pilasters, and a glass "look in" window through which you may watch the platters on parade. It lights up



like an art-deco pinball machine on a wild winning streak. The only real difference between then and now is that the wood has been updated by plastic laminate, and the bubbling tubes are no more, because the fluid was toxic. And, of course, the new 1050 plays stereophonic records and the tone arm is a bit lighter. It still offers 100 selections, is coin operated, weighs 365 pounds, and, produced in a special limited edition, costs a bit over \$2000. —R.S.



Hung on you

Our fashion editor, an enterprising and imaginative young woman, decided to track down Evel Knievel, the famed bone breaker and motorcycle daredevil, to ask him to model for OUI. His response was equally enterprising and imaginative, if not downright bananas:

"I have not granted an interview recently to a magazine other than Sports Illustrated. My fee for such an interview, because of the tremendous circulation you have and the publicity value it would be worth to me, would be only \$10,000 cash in advance. If you wish to feature any story covering myself in your magazine, I must respectfully request that I be featured on your cover, attired in full dress or a red-white-and-blue jock strap."

Vas ist Dis?

Over here we like our revolution straight, no ice, no water, thank you, but over in Europe, where Karl Marx was born, there is more than one way to skin a capitalist. What we have here is *Konkret*, a West German magazine that combines Marxist dialectics with pictures of naked ladies, thereby drawing the unbelievers into the tent and scoring ten points for accessibility. Sells well, too. If the Hare Krishna folks could get to this, they could rule the world. But, of course, they don't want to.



Myth and reality at the Paper Doll

We interviewed Zsa Zsa (Chesty) Gabborr by telephone at the Royal Villa Motel in Charlotte, North Carolina, where she was performing as an exotic dancer at the Paper Doll Lounge.

Zsa Zsa was born in Poland. Her parents were killed during the war, and she was brought up in an orphanage. She and her aunts moved to Israel, where she finished nursing school in Jerusalem, worked

in a Hadassah hospital, met an American tourist, and moved to the United States. Her husband died eight years ago. Her accent made it difficult to find a well-paying job in New York. So finally, with two children to support . . .

"One day I just got mad, you know, and I said, 'I'm going to go up to the Roxy Theater.'"

"I just started. This is the sixth month. My first appearance was in Philadelphia. I've been working since then seven days a week. I feel I could give my two daughters the best this way. I want them to



Zsa Zsa (Chesty) Gabborr: No silicone, thank you.

Satellite

(Continued from page 11) their flags. His daughter told the teacher: "Miss, I don't have a flag. The Israelis stole my flag."

He says, "If we are peaceful, nothing happens. I have tried that. I have made over 300 speeches, written articles, talked to people. People aren't convinced by words. If we demand, raise our voices, still nothing happens. We must *take*. If we can't live the way we want, we'll die the way we want."

He talks about attempts on his life. He was shot once. Another time, in 1969, an Israeli rented an apartment across the street from the P.L.O. headquarters and fired four rockets into the offices. What saved Shafik Al-Hout and the other people in the office was that they were all sitting down and the Israeli, shooting from the first-floor apartment into the second-floor office, had to aim high to miss the metal railing on the balcony outside. He brings out glossy photographs of the aftermath. Shattered windows. Dazed Palestinians. Shattered plaster. View of the office from the Israeli apartment. The abandoned rocket launchers.

Shafik Al-Hout is a kind of ambassador between his organization and the Lebanese government. The 300,000 Palestinians in Lebanon are "the biggest quote foreign unquote community in Lebanon. The relationship is that of guest and host." Lebanon feels a "moral obligation" to take them in. Furthermore, the Palestinians "share in the national life" of Lebanon. Because of the complicated relationship with their host country, Palestinians must be "elastic revolutionaries." They must not offend or embarrass their host: King Hussein's expulsion of the Palestinian guerrillas from Jordan, he says, is a case in point.

A Palestinian's life is dominated by politics and by being without a country, says Shafik Al-Hout. Those who left Palestine voluntarily before 1948 got passports from the countries they went to. The others are stateless refugees. "If you have no passport, no government represents you. No embassy stands behind you. You cannot get a work permit. You cannot move, sometimes not even from one refugee camp to another within the same city."

For lack of passports, he adds, Palestinians are separated from their families for years, in different countries, different camps. "We have a very distorted kind of family life."

Some Palestinians carry a *laissez-passer* document, but there's no guarantee it will be honored. There are "hundreds of cases" of a Palestinian who holds a *laissez-passer* flying from one airport to another for days, being turned away time and again until finally some country takes him in. (Continued on page 32)



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Meet the music savers.

Click! Another scratch in Sgt. Pepper that wasn't there before. Pop! Another one right in the middle of the Moody Blues. Crackle! Even with plastic jackets and cleaning gadgets and static removers, a few new noises seem to appear every time you put one of your records on the turntable.

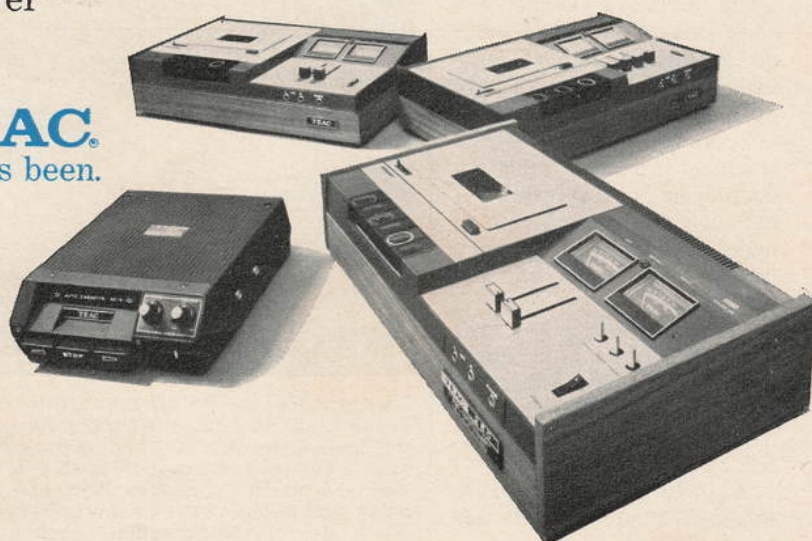
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Dr. Ralph L. Krisppy is not in charge of R&D for Kellogg's of Battle Creek but is rather a clinical psychologist in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He recently ran a study of 27 women between 18 and 30 years old and discovered that 17 of them had become sexually frigid since their husbands grew beards. Some said that the beards tickled so much that they couldn't concentrate. All of which tells us something about beards or about Puerto Rican women or about Dr. Ralph L. Krisppy.

go to college and become doctors, dentists, or maybe lawyers.

"I was very shy until I started in this business, and even now I am. It's a very hard job, you know, you live in a suitcase. Sometimes I do four or five shows a night. But I was very lonesome before. I felt sorry for myself. I used to put on the stereo records and I'd cry. But now I meet so much people and I don't have time to be lonesome.

"I have a dressmaker who sews for me all my clothes. I try to keep people away, not to look at my bust too much. I think I have really good legs. I get a lot of compliments on my legs:

"Most of the strippers in the business have silicone. But when you have silicone you can't move around. You can't do too much with them. They look like rocks. It's not very even. A few times I wanted to operate to make my breasts smaller—in Israel I went to a doctor and tried to operate—but since then I work with so many strippers and I'm very happy now the way God made me.

"I speak Hebrew and Jewish, Polish, and a little Rumanian. I worked in San Juan, Puerto Rico, for two weeks. The people there were so nice. I felt so bad about it because everybody tried to speak in Spanish to me and I just said 'no comprendo.'"

In August, Zsa Zsa will be appearing at the Roxy in New York, the Troc in Philadelphia, the Capitol in Atlantic City, the State in Canton, Ohio, the Folly in Kansas City, the National in Detroit, the Playhouse in Syracuse, the Capri in Buffalo. A fine line-up for a fine lady.

Stuffed in a nudist colony



Why shouldn't dolls have boobs and penises?" So saying, Cheri Porteous whipped out the old sewing box and dutifully began production on

what she calls her "prostitute dolls." In only a year, the 25-year-old Hermosa Beach, California, artist has hand-sewn more than 100 two-foot tall, stuffed, sexed, stark-naked caricature creatures. The dolls liberated adults clamor for.

You want the hirsute Burt Reynolds type? That will cost you something over the average \$25 tag because Burt Reynolds comes specially outfitted with a chestful of kinky black horsehair. You want a buxom blonde with beaver beyond belief? Again, make a special request. None of the regulars come equipped with pubic hair.

But each one has an indented navel, puckery little nipples, and worldly face embroidered and sculpted into a fleshy, nylon-stocking surface.

Delicate oriental women, redheaded mammas with dangly earrings, lascivious-looking white, black, and brown men with varying sideburns, beards, and curly eyebrows—all look vaguely familiar.

And what do you do with them? Cheri gives us a suspicious look. "Humor is the reason for these dolls. The people don't do anything with them." But boy do they get it on in the toy chest.

—M.P.



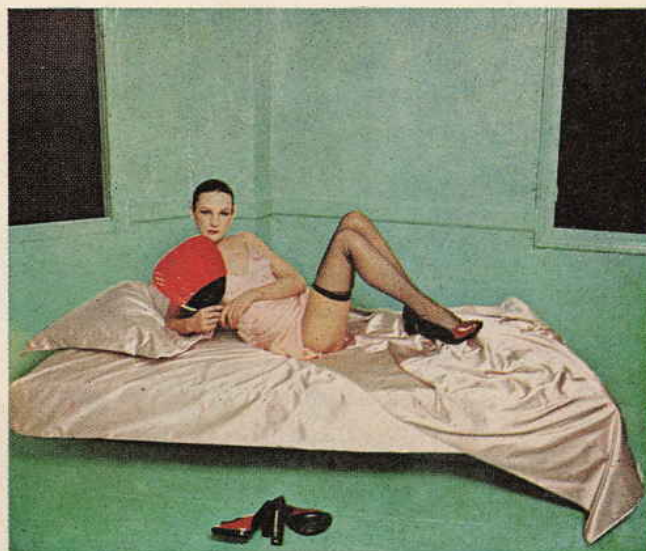
Monkey Ed. 204

What is it? Where do I put it? Will it grow back? These are just some of the impassioned questions that chimps and orangutans at the zoo in Surrey, England, are asking of their keepers. The desperate primates are reaching puberty in captivity, and there's no one around to teach them the facts of life. So Andy Bowen of the Chessington Zoo is searching for dirty movies—audiovisual aids, so to speak—to get the animals breeding. Bowen has gone to the BBC, film libraries, and kiddie nature programs, begging for films of primates doing it. Bowen says about his search: "We simply want the best and the most explicit films available."

OK, let's have a zoom-in on that monkey dick, and bill it as *Deep Banana*.

—N.M.

Soft-core porn of the month



It's a languid summer afternoon, rather humid, and the painter has just left. He was quite good at his work, but the lady is not pleased with the precise shade of the green on her walls. Colors have a sneaky habit of looking so different when they dry. Oh well, the afternoon was exciting; just him, the bed, and the paint. And he didn't even splatter her Charles Jourdan shoes, which, after all, this ad from a French magazine is all about.

Three hours: an American tragedy on the Via Veneto

There are still some things that money cannot buy. Out catting on the Via Veneto one night, an American journalist and his Roman friend pulled their Lancia up in front of an icy-looking, fleece-jacketed hooker. "How much?" asked the Roman. "For both of you?" she asked. "No, no," replied the Roman. "For my friend here." She peered into the window, sized the journalist up, and answered "15.000 lire." The Italian was having none of it; trying for a better price, he said, "Please, for my good friend, a special price. He's an American."

At that, the *mignotta* drew back, became stern and formal, and said—almost with dignity—"I never go with

oui

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON MARIJUANA AND DRUG ABUSE REPORT, 1972

MYTH. Marijuana use leads to heroin.

FACT. "Marijuana use per se does not dictate whether other drugs will be used nor does it determine the rate of progression, if and when it occurs, or which drug might be used."

"Whether or not marijuana leads to other drugs depends on the individual, on the social and cultural setting in which the drug use takes place, and on the nature of the drug market. The fact should be emphasized that the overwhelming majority of users do not progress to other drugs."

MYTH. Marijuana use causes crime and aggressive behavior.

FACT. "In sum, the weight of evidence is that marijuana does not cause violent or aggressive behavior; if anything, marijuana generally serves to inhibit the expression of such behavior."

MYTH. Marijuana is addictive.

FACT. "In a word, cannabis (marijuana) does not lead to physical dependence."

MYTH. Marijuana users are societal 'drop outs.'

FACT. "The most notable statement that can be made about the vast majority of marijuana users — experimenters and intermittent users — is that they are essentially indistinguishable from their non-marijuana using peers by any fundamental criterion other than their marijuana use."

"Young people who choose to experiment with marijuana are fundamentally the same people, socially and psychologically, as those who use alcohol and tobacco."

Although the Presidential Commission on "Marijuana and Drug Abuse" clearly indicates there is no justification for criminalizing marijuana use, that report in and of itself, will not guarantee the necessary legal reforms. People are still continually harassed, arrested, convicted and jailed for smoking marijuana. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws is carrying out a public information/lobbying effort at the community, state and national levels. We ask your support as a member, as a contributor, and/or an organizer in our campaign to legislate new and responsible marijuana laws. We cannot permit a whole generation to be made outlaws because of anachronistic and unjust marijuana laws.



- ☐ Enclosed is my membership fee of \$7 (students and military, \$5). This fee includes: a subscription to The Leaflet newsletter, a pamphlet analyzing marijuana laws in the fifty states, and an illustrated marijuana penalty poster.
- ☐ Love what you are doing and here's some pin money to help you along.
- ☐ Anxious to contribute to your effort but wish to remain anonymous.
- ☐ Would like to distribute literature and work for the reform of marijuana laws in my area. Please furnish me enough materials for ☐ 5, ☐ 15, or ☐ 25 people.
- ☐ I am interested in becoming involved in a large scale effort to reform marijuana laws. Please send me additional information for my ☐ club, ☐ military base, ☐ legislature, ☐ headshop, ☐ _____
- ☐ Include _____ 'Liberate Marijuana' bumper stickers. Two for \$1 (see illustration).
- ☐ Include _____ sheets of 'Liberate Marijuana' stamps. \$2 a sheet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

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Americans. Not for any price."

"But why?" he asked.

"Because," she answered, enumerating her reasons like a clerk taking inventory, "three things: they are always drunk; they take three hours to come; and they never want to wear *un guanto*." (*Guanto* is Italian for "glove"; needless to say, it is not worn on the hand.) The Roman roared with laughter, the American thanked the whore in clumsy Italian for the "three hours" compliment, and the Lancia prowled off. —C.A.

Peeling and squealing

Uomo means man in Italian. In Paris, it means a male striptease show, touted as the first for "unaccompanied women." The Uomo show is held at a place called, fittingly, Le Narcisse, which is in Pigalle, one of the raunchier districts of Paris. The producer, André Dehan, says the show is "a very virile program that has nothing to

do with transvestites. There will probably be a few elegant men attracted...but I can tell you while the boys in the show do undress, there is nothing at all pornographic."

The *directeur artistique*, Victor Upshaw, is also the director of the review at the Crazy Horse Saloon. Here at Uomo he puts his performers through 20 costume changes: motorcycle outfits, football uniforms, soldiers' fatigues, workmen's overalls...the gamut of all the classic female fantasies, including the punk elegance of bow ties (below).

There is an extremely odd blue-jeans striptease, proceeding from windbreaker to rolled-up jeans to bikini underpants, then off with the sleeveless T-shirt and the socks. Ah, the mysterious ways of the French. Otherwise, everything seems to look the same.

The 12 men in the review, between 20 and 26, are all at least six feet tall and have long legs and good muscles. They make 200 francs a night (\$40), the same wages as the women over at the Crazy Horse. Equal rights hits Paris.



Male strippers of Le Narcisse in Paris, above, brother troupe to the Crazy Horse review, below.



The above, as you might guess, is a work of art. A French work of art by Jacques Carelman. In his *Catalogue of Objects That Are Not To Be Found*, Carelman tells us that these unnecessary objects are necessary to: "acrobats, art lovers, mountain climbers, friends of animals, lovers, astronomers, sword swallowers, shoemakers, flame throwers, ecclesiastics, counterfeits, illusionists, sadomasochists, skindivers, virgins, yogis, etc." Carelman's glove-shoes, above, have a simple explanation: "Nonconformists can at last be considered as 'normal' people. Thanks to these glove-shoes they will finally be protected against dirt, the cold, and objects that might hurt them." And, adds Carelman, this is a "hand-sewn, well-groomed article." Claes Oldenburg would approve.

A final note on Italian TV

Ut's a nice, new, cleanly designed building, not far from the center of Rome, the new headquarters of R.A.I., the Italian government-owned radio and television network—the *only* radio and TV network in Italy.

Outside the building there's a monumental bronze statue of a rearing stallion. It's none of your abstract stuff, either: every muscle, every tendon, every...er...organ is bigger than life.

Alas, when the building was formally occupied not too long ago and the monumental statue was unveiled, those present had a bit of a nasty surprise. It was a fancy-dress occasion: important Roman society, film stars, television personalities, somber officialdom of all sorts, and the press—not just R.A.I. news crews but TV cameramen from other countries, quick-eyed eager reporters of all persuasions.

The silk was pulled off the rearing horse. Scrawled boldly across the animal's amply visible balls was the following legend, courtesy of some disgruntled network underling:

THE DIRECTOR OF R.A.I.

THESE ARE HIS BRAINS.

Antigovernment journalists snapped and scribbled madly, and the next day, a score or more of improperly respectful employees were fired. One of the latter was heard to mutter, "If only the director had brains like *that*, the R.A.I. network would be in very good shape indeed." —C.A.



The sun is like gold, you know, and the sea is like pearls, and sometimes you really want it, everything, all at once, now.

We

Contributors to this section include Helen Anderson, Colman Andrews, Terry Curtis Fox, Albert Goldstein, Moira Hodgson, Norman Mark, Tim Nater, Melody Peterson, Susan Subtle, Ray Swallow, Richard Rorabach, and the staff of *OUI* magazine.

Photo and illustration credits: Page 13: Cookie by Norman B. Colp; Caterpillar by Donald Wilson; Page 14: Japanese tattoos, Black Star; Erection Device ad by Ernie Fosselius; Page 18: Bluebell girls, Liaison Agency; Bobby Beausoleil, Wide World; Page 24: Bearded Man by Bill Biderbost; Dolls, Dick Bunker; Monkey by Alex Murawski; Page 26: Uomo, Liaison Agency; Unnecessary object, Liaison Agency.



REVUE

New... journalism? Wolfe knows what it is, whatever it is. Yes!

There is an apocryphal story about a famous violinist and a pianist (since the story is apocryphal, the names don't matter much) who went to the first Carnegie Hall recital of a prodigy violinist, Heifetz, perhaps, or Isaac Stern. The kid came out in his knickers, whipped through a few numbers, and was wildly cheered by the crowd after each one. "Whew," said the violinist to the pianist during one of the ovations, "isn't it awfully warm in here?" His friend replied, "Not for pianists."

Well, that's how it is for a writer reading *The New Journalism* (Introduction by Tom Wolfe. Anthology edited by Tom Wolfe and E. W. Johnson. Harper & Row, \$10.95). There are 23 pieces of work, most every one of them calculated to make the needle move clear off the dial on a writer's envy-meter.

The unifying thread that runs through the disparate subjects (baton twirling; Vietnam; Ken Kesey and his acid boogie; financial speculations in the cocoa market; growing up awkward at 14; dying absurdly of a macrobiotic diet at 23) and writers (among others, Joan Didion, Truman Capote, Bob Christgau, Gay Talese, Terry Southern, Richard Goldstein, John Gregory Dunne) is that they are all examples of what Wolfe calls the New Journalism.

In his brilliant introductory essay, which would be worth the price of the book if only the book didn't cost so damn much, Wolfe has recalled the state of letters in this country prior to 1963, in which "the literary upper class were the novelists." It was every writer's dream to quit whatever writing he was doing, take six months off, and write the Great American Novel. Ahhh, what sweet bullshit, made somewhat palatable by the fact that the aspiration alone was enough (and still might be, for that matter) to seduce a certain class of would-be literary groupies.

Then everything changed. A few magazine editors—resisting the urge to act as most magazine editors do, like lineal descendants of Louis XI—let their writers loose to write what they saw (as opposed to what the editors thought they *should* see). "... All of a sudden, in the mid-Sixties, here comes a bunch of these lumpen-

proles, no less, a bunch of slick-magazine and Sunday-supplement writers with no literary credentials whatsoever in most cases—only they're using all the techniques of the novelists, even the most sophisticated ones—and on top of that they're helping themselves to the insights of the men of letters while they're at it—and at the same time they're still doing their low-life legwork, their 'digging,' their hustling, their damnable Locker Room Genre reporting—they're



Young Englishman David Leitch's *God Stand Up for Bastards* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) provides the best evocation of the peculiar demimonde of foreign correspondents I have ever read. Leitch reads like early Waugh and Muggeridge before their moral rigor mortis set in, and he has the kind of ironic wit that is usually so lacking in American prose. Leitch was a correspondent for the *London Times*, but it seems his reportorial talents were preternaturally developed when, at 13, while dallying with a young nymphet, he came up with the Becky principle: "Her hands were freckled, and lightly smudged with ink; the fingernails had been bitten. Becky was responsible for convincing me that girls who neglect their hands while lavishing care on the rest of their bodies are invariably highly erotic. This has sometimes led me into error but more often than not the Becky principle has proved sound. When grubby hands are combined with a good deal of self-touching, I remain convinced the sexual signal is as reliable as a red light in Bangkok." —CLIVE IRVING

taking on *all* of these roles at the same time—in other words, they're ignoring literary class lines that have been almost a century in the making."

The "artistic sense" of the New Journalism is such delicious stuff as Richard Goldstein writing about a 14-year-old in the Bronx who is desperate to be hip, or at least to be 16: "He checks hair, nose, braces, nails, and pants. He likes the pants. They make him look hung. He reaches into his top drawer and pulls out a white handkerchief. He opens his fly and inserts the rolled cloth, patting it in place and closing the zipper over it. He looks boss. Unfuckinbelievable."

"... Clothing is important. Especially if you've got braces and bony fingers and a bump the size of a goddamn coconut on your head."

"And especially if you're 14. Because—ask anyone. Fourteen is shit."

It is possible to quibble with the selections, not so much with what was included, for it is all terrific, but with what was left out. Where is an example of the best of Jimmy Breslin? Mike Royko? What happened to Tom Nolan's great piece on groupies? And I suppose that if you are obsessive about good writing, if, like me, you have shelf after shelf stacked up with the magazines and books from which the material in *The New Journalism* was taken, well, then you might not want to spring for the book. But if you are not a pack rat, if you don't care for silverfish, then this book is the best way to have in one place a sampling of the best writing done in America over the past eight years. —LAWRENCE DIETZ

PITHIES

William Burroughs, Jr., son of *Naked Lunch*'s chef, has a new book out, *Kentucky Ham* (Dutton, \$5.95), and it takes up where his first one, *Speed* (Olympia Press, \$1.00) left off—his bust for narcotics possession. Sent to the Federal detoxification center at Lexington, Kentucky, he makes wry comments on his fellow inmates, the drug problem, and other pertinent matters, but the book as a whole is weak both because Burroughs's detoxification is just one of dozens and because he is unable to convince me, at least, that it was anything special. Ten pages from the end, he gets a disease a lot of young writers seem to get—

the I-gotta-go-now-cuz-the-damn-editor-wants-the-manuscript syndrome. One gets the definite impression that if the damn editor had let him work at his own pace, a mightily readable, hilarious, and wise book would have resulted. Lord knows, Burroughs is certainly capable of it, and I eagerly await his next book. Anybody who can live a whole month on nothing but Clamato must be full of rare insight. . . .

Lonely? Want a date? Better read John Godwin's entertaining expose of **The Mating Trade** (Doubleday, \$7.95) first. Godwin ran around the country checking out everything from computer dating to little-old-lady matchmakers, and what he found is almost enough to make you run for the nearest monastery. The people who exploit loneliness do not emerge smelling pleasant, and the book is spellbinding reading. Of course, you can exploit togetherness, too, as Marcia Seligson found out researching **The Eternal Bliss Machine: America's Way of Wedding** (William Morrow, \$7.95). You may get an I-knew-all-this-before flash from it, but you will certainly be entertained and horrified. Of course, if none of this sounds like your bag, you might try **Group Marriage** (Macmillan, \$8.95) like Larry and Joan Constantine. The book is rocky reading because of its heavy sociological bent, but the way it

points is ultimately a whole lot healthier than the ways Godwin and Seligson explored.

A History of the World's Motorcycles by Richard Hough and L. J. K. Setright (Harper & Row, \$10.00) concedes that Messrs. Harley & Davidson might have

made a bike or two, but the tone is veddy British and full of good sportsmanship. Still, for the connoisseur of old scoots, the photos and reproductions of old ads makes it worth while, and it's crammed with useful technical data.

—ED WARD

Cunning David Bowie is just fooling himself



There's always been an inescapable aura of tastefulness about David Bowie that has sucked much of the credence from his role as the *andrôgynos koryphaïos* of rock. Ever the more refined and stylish counterpart to Alice Cooper's churlish infantilism, Bowie's songs aspire to pensiveness, urbanity, and poeticism where Alice's offerings revel in materialism, drunken amorality, and anti-intellectualism. Just as the difference between Bowie's *Lady Stardust* and Alice's *I Love the Dead*, two ditties that deal with deviate behavior, is the difference between artful gentility and unsublimated dysphemism, the delicately Attic bisexual posings of the nice effeminate English boy somehow cannot equal the aggressiveness and electricity of the beer-swilling, television-worshiping American punk mumming it up with mascara, grotesquely oversized falsies, and whips. That the disparity between these two cards might be directly accounted for by Bowie's having roots in a culture still tolerant

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We've got a "big" problem.

You see, when people hear the name "Altec," they usually think of big speaker systems with big price tags. Like the kind we've been making for theatres and stadiums and rock concerts and recording studios during the past 37 years.

But we'd really like people to stop thinking "big" things about Altec. Because now we've packed all of that experience into a little 1.9 cubic foot box of pure performance—the Altec Model 891A. We call it The Bookshelf.

The Bookshelf is listening proof that "bookshelf" speakers don't always have to sound thin and constricted. Highs really ring true. Vocals step out to meet you. Lows are powerfully satisfying. In fact, we believe it's the richest 129 dollar loudspeaker ever made.

Be sure you don't spend a lot more for a lot less. Before you make your final selection, listen to the Altec 891A—The Bookshelf. Listen to it compared to other speaker systems costing up to twice as much. And listen carefully.

The difference you'll hear is the sound of experience.

The sound of experience.

1515 South Manchester, Anaheim, California 92803

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For complete information on The Bookshelf, please write to the Audio Information Group at Altec.



of black-and-white movies is, to borrow a phrase from Leibnitz, neither here nor there.

The tritest aspect of Bowie's penchant for "good taste" is his rather stale sense of lyrical aesthetics. *Aladdin Sane* (RCA), the latest bid from the gent with the henna hair, constitutes nothing so much as an over-all surfeit of mollified sentiments and pretentious lyrics. The banal emulation of Anthony Newley and Tommy Steele that dominated his 1967 *Deram* album has become increasingly irritating, and, in light of his adopted astrofag posture, a bit humorous to boot. The injection of hip references to Billy Dolls and Quaaludes here doesn't place his hack songs of poetical pathos in a class above, say, Dusty Springfield's *Windmills of Your Mind* or Anthony Newley's *And the Heavens Cried*, nor does the presence of a fuzz-tone and a prominent percussion track raise such pieces above the realm of easy listening and classic pop. His attempted coupling of loose imagery with sonorous asskick on *Watch That Man* sounds pretty juvenile to anyone who's ever heard *From a Buick Six*. Likewise, the cops from McCoy Tyner's *Kulu Sé Mama* pianisms in the title cut are transformed by some warped alchemy into something more reminiscent of Henry Mancini's *Moonlight Sonata*. And what saintly creature stalking these humble planes could pos-

sess such virtuous forbearance as to greet *Panic in Detroit*, a weary addition to that endless and increasingly tedious series of Motor City *qua* geographical symbol songs, or *The Jean Genie*, yet another cutesy imitation of late-Sixties psychedelic blooze, with anything short of aural dry heaves? Are tenderly crooned lines like *touch the fullness of her breast/ feel the love of her caress* supposed to represent the forces of amphisexual revolution?

Significantly, the jacket of *Aladdin Sane* features a stylized likeness of the lad, his noble nudity rendered somewhat droll by the conspicuous absence of a bad thing. Now, come on, I like this weirdo shit as much as the next guy, but, as any 11-year-old who's blown a sweat-stained five-dollar bill on Renwall's Visible Woman model kit will tell you, there's nothing blander than a person without a bad thing.

Jeez, what's happened to the old values?

From the fellow that gave us Joe Blow, Bo Bo Bolinski, Lenore Goldberg and her Girl Commandos, and the Simp and the Gimp, come a pair of flaming platters guaranteed to make the blind see, the lame walk, and the psoriasis-ridden up and stop itching. That's right, R. Crumb, in association with the Ordinary and Good Tone record companies, presents



four songs that have been neither thought of nor missed since the last time the Carolina Tar Heels topped a bill. Both records are 78 rpm and "electrically recorded." The Ordinary disc, bearing the banner "A High Standard of Standardness," consists of *River Blues* and *Wisconsin Wiggles*, both recorded in Milwaukee last year at a cost of \$500, with Crumb, forsaking Rapidograph for banjo, ukelele, piano, and, on *River Blues*, vocal (a voice straight out of Schumann the Human), Mickey Rat creator Robert Armstrong on guitar and musical saw, and Alan Dodge on slide whistle and the

The Altec 891A Bookshelf features a 12-inch frame, 53 square inch piston Dynamic Force low frequency loudspeaker and a 2.4 square inch high frequency direct radiator, precisely matched by a 1600 Hz dividing network. The enclosure is solidly constructed of high density compressed wood and selected walnut veneers.* Hand finished with the finest furniture oils, The Bookshelf is accented by a Charcoal snap-in grille of sculptured reticulated foam. Dimensions: 25½"H x 14½"W x 12½"D.

*Also available in walnut-grained vinyl at \$109.

like, using the catchy group name of R. Crumb and His Keep-On-Truckin' Orchestra. The Good Tone waxing, which gives artist credits to the Good-Tone Banjo Boys, wears those old favorites, *Duck's Yas Yas* and the *Beautiful Missouri Waltz*.

The Ordinary platter goes for \$2 from Ordinary Records, c/o Krupp Comic Works, P. O. Box 5699, Milwaukee, Wis-

consin 53211. The Good Tone sides zero in at \$1.50 from Good Tone Records, c/o Cherokee Book Shop, 6607 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028.

Other tunes, *Beach at Waikiki* and *Kiwi Bump* among them, have already been cut. Watch for another Ordinary release, plus one from Crumb's own Apex Novelties. Reet. —NICK TOSCHES

Sean Connery is not James Bond; Andy Warhol is not Andy Warhol

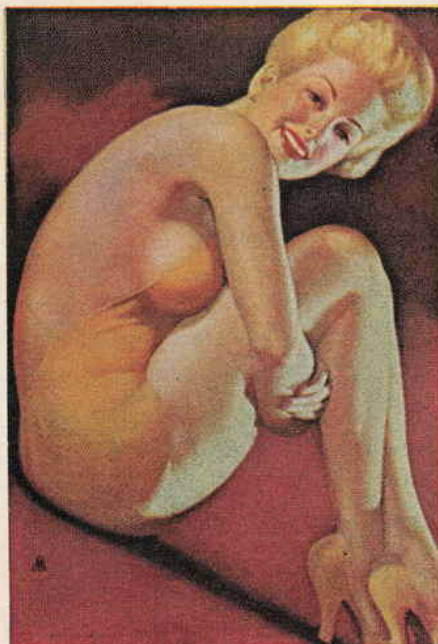
The Offence is so tough it'd kick sand in your face at the beach: a British *Dirty 'Arry*. Sean Connery is Detective Sergeant Johnson, who thinks testicles are a kind of handle for the human body. He looks like a middle-aged *Cosmopolitan* centerfold, breaks Michael Caine's record for straight dialogue without opening the teeth. Bet you thought Sean Connery couldn't act: wrong again, snobs. I remember a Connery Hotspur ten years ago that was lovely as an August thunderstorm. And Trevor Howard. And Ian Bannen. Neither of whom is a slouch. (Have you heard of anyone who is a slouch? Seems to be something you can only not be.) There is a physicality about *The Offence*, a maleness that winds you. It's what the British do best: put two men in a linen closet and let them give each other fat stiff upper lips. You can't afford to look away. *The Offence* bullies attention. Also, it's good.

There's the bloke, see, what likes to have it off with 12-year-old bints. He's rung up more cherries than a slot machine. The constabulary has a suspect, Ian Bannen. We never learn whether he's guilty or not since Sean, a walking rubber hose, cross-examines Bannen mortally. Sean is somewhat insane. His stream of subconsciousness—flashback-directed perhaps overliterally by Sidney Lumet—is *True Detective* covers interspersed with daffodils: flowered, deflowered, flowered. In the pit, Bannen and Connery play Can You Top This? with your psychoses. Sean cracks: he'd really like to have it off with 12-year-old girls himself, but you know how things are in the department—day shift, night shift, no free time. His self-revelation is fatal to Bannen. Trevor Howard does the in-house lay psychiatrist. He's had this role half a dozen times; the world's sanity is stored in Trevor Howard's face, bless him. A hackneyed theme: repressed prude who secretly dreams of being a child rapist in his Maidenform bra. The morality is hard to figure: the film may or may not come down on the side of 12-year-old girls. *The Offence* is tight, chunky as a fire hydrant. Not an important film, but it's played. My God, is it played.

Which, my God, Andy Warhol's *L'Amour* is not. Connery and Howard

arm wrestle with their vision; Warhol people are walleyed—they don't quite see. It is characteristic of Warhol—and, if I may presume, of gay gesturing in general—that the action is all oblique, misstressed. Warhol starts a cut with someone's cough. Hershey Bars and Sara Lee cakes earn a close-up; death, love, taxes are just outside the frame. You want to punch Warhol's screen. The women wear eye shadow to mid-cheek; even their breasts are half-hearted, androgynous. Sex is inconvenient, might as well make out with a loaded paint roller. In bed one girls says, "I get more excited by make-up." The masks, the fluttered gestures nudge reality aside as a horse flicks flies with its tail, bitchily. *L'Amour* is the outline of a massive, unconsummated shrug.

Yet the film is reactionary in the Warhol oeuvre. Rated "R"; advertised on my Mrs. Grundy classical music station; called, laughably, "an entertainment." *L'Amour* even tries to work out a plot: cheap commercialism. The improvisatory dialogue has an armature of intention. And the camera moves: at one point it tracks from a face, halfway around the room, to a mirror image of the same face. Arty: where is the soup-can hardness? Like an incompetent hooker, Warhol is merchandising his body.



Paper Moon will gang bang the box offices. Baby, they'll lay back and love it. The film features a raffish, glib con man, and his name isn't Ryan O'Neal. No, Virginia. His name is Peter Bogdanovich. Director-prince of the happy hustlers. Thirties Nostalgia, kids, chase scene, sentimentality, delivered COD with impeccable grace. It don't fool me, Peter. I know when I've been took in style. *The Last Picture Show* made me suspicious; smelled like *Summer of '39* or '53 or something. I thought *What's Up, Doc?* was a quick-buck sellout, a young director's compromise. But *Paper Moon* gives the game away: rated PG for Prodigious Gross. Peter Bogdanovich knows how to make money.

You could call it *Ryan's Daughter II*. At age nine Tatum O'Neal eats her poor father for appetizers. Man, it's tough to follow a dog act. Tatum is special: Shirley Temple with biceps or maybe a prepubescent Huntz Hall. She projects from size-11 adenoids in a mug like a cauliflower ear. And a little child shall make them rich. Everything she says is a knee slapper. Bogdanovich didn't direct, he cajoled. It's the oldest gimmick: superprecocity, cleverness, now and then a four letter word coming, ventriloquised, from the mouth of a babe. Man and child set out to swindle the American Midwest, and learn to love each other. Ryan O'Neal is weak—he looked OK opposite Ali MacGraw; people should pay Ali to act with them—he's inept and oaken, the quintessential burlesque straight man. But who cares? *Paper Moon* is the kind of film audiences talk back to. "Watch out! Be careful! Don't go in there!" Or, "That's a 1928 Pierce Arrow, Maud. I had one before the market collapsed." Something for everyone: half *Juvenile Jury*, half antique show. Take your wife when she's been refusing you in bed. *Paper Moon* will repeal the menopause. A piece of Bogdanovich's action is more action than most directors will ever see.

A word about Duo-Vision. This is the latest film process: twin screens separated by a thick black line, two thirds of a Cinerama. SAG should strike for time and a half. **Wicked, Wicked** has trouble being one decent film, let alone two—a *lumpenproletariat* horror flick: mad hotel employee provisions his attic with murdered mother figures. But director Richard L. Bare, who invented the technique, seems to understand it well enough. I think Duo-Vision has possibilities—should last longer than 3-D anyway. Bare shows off. Plot left, flashback right; plot right, subplot left; plot left, answering metaphor right. Left and right coming together like some microbic form of life in conjugation. Duo-Vision would make Bogdanovich twice as rich, Warhol twice as boring. Yet a symbolist director might have some fun with it. And think what Duo-Vision would do for the double feature.

—D. KEITH MANO



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

Satellite

(Continued from page 21) A *laissez-passer* can't get you a work permit either. Twenty people recently answered an ad for a sales job in Beirut. Two were Lebanese and 18 Palestinian. None of the Palestinians could be hired: no work permit. The only job they can hold without one is farming. Fortunately, "Palestinians are born farmers." Education is what Palestinians have turned to now. "We can't work but we can become educated. We have the highest literacy rate in the Arab world."

Shafik Al-Hout's attitude toward Israel is dogmatic: "The mentality of the Zionist Jews is a threat to the whole world. Israel is the only country in the world that hasn't agreed where it starts and where it stops. It has no defined borders. And the Israelis, they are not a defined people. Israel is a big military base for the U.S. We could defeat Israel in two weeks—two weeks!—if it weren't for the United States. Everyone makes a big deal about Munich. No one talks about the 500 people, including women and children, killed afterward by the Israelis. Six million Jews were killed by Hitler. That is a lot of people. But Russia lost 20 million of its people. And other countries, millions. But it's only the Jews who are remembered. Why? Why is that? Everyone remembers the Jews. Everyone wants to forget about us."

As we part, Shafik Al-Hout says, "To the Arab quote FBI unquote, every Palestinian is a revolutionary. I think we are nice people." —MELINDA BENTON

Bung starters are ready to open Oktoberfest

MUNICH—"How can one speak of Munich but to say it is a kind of German heaven?" wrote Thomas Wolfe in *The Web and the Rock*. It was the 1930s, and he was putting his protagonist at the *Oktoberfest* in Munich.

To many Germans and travelers, *Oktoberfest*—so named because it starts in September and ends in October—is a kind of heaven. To others, it is a kind of hell, a Breughellesque scene of dalliance and debauchery. In these days of cultural downdraft, *Oktoberfest* has regained its initial purposefulness—and that is to provide a lusty blow-off from the more mundane world of spiraling inflation, governmental intrigue, and nuclear tiddlywinks. It is, as Wolfe described it, a "Paradise of Cram and Gorge."

On the surface, *Oktoberfest* is a festival where a lot of people get really drunk. Indeed, the whole thing is one of those charming, refreshing events that never get more complicated nor go deeper than the surface. It's the granddaddy of all beer blasts. There are oompah brass bands sounding like boilermakers on holiday, spicy chicken that barbecues the cold night air with parsley-flavored

smoke, salty pretzels as big as the tires on your trashmo bicycle, and phallic sausages that make even Nathan's hot dogs look like pinkie fingers. Everything is larger, noisier, and smellier than life-size.

This giant party that lasts 14 days and nights had its debut 150 years ago when the royal Wittelsbachs of Bavaria threw a mass wedding. It seemed like such a good idea that the Bavarians made it an annual event. The breweries of this thirsty region concoct special broth for this event, and it sure isn't 3.2. The darkish amber stuff runs 14 percent alcohol, at least four percent more than the usual German export beer you get in the States. The beer is served in liter-sized glass steins, with hefty ladies porting as many as a dozen at a time through the crowds.

The festival takes place on the Theresienwiese, a field where Dr. Zeppelin's giant dirigibles used to land. Now, the only lighter-than-air gas is the beery belch. Inside each tent is a giant orgy of eating, drinking, and singing. It is primi-



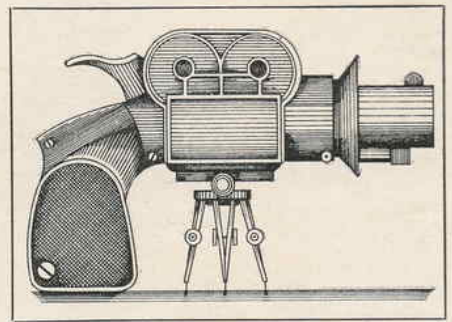
tive; everything is excusable. Squeeze a tit, pinch an ass. People are rollicking around in peasant clothes—leather britches and dirndls with lacy tops with breasts hanging out.

The festival shuts down each night at ten o'clock. What remains open is the Hippodrom, a pavilion about the length of a football field. Here, you drink German *sket*, a dry champagne, or gin-like booze called Doornkaat or Steinhäger.

The best place to park yourself is at the big bar at the far end of the Hippodrom. The bar girls work only during *Oktoberfest*. They are recruited from among the best-looking girls in Munich. They're worth a trip to the fest themselves. They travel well, I'm told. But for most, *Oktoberfest* is just high-calorie fun. —JON BORGZINNER

Cinematic intrigue in Yugoslavia

BELGRADE—The Serbs and the Croats may share a hyphenated language (the elusive Serbo-Croatian), but otherwise they hate each other's guts. In 1934, a Croatian group called the Ustashi set up the assassination of Alexander I of



Yugoslavia. After World War II the Ustashi terrorized Croatia and happily mutilated any Serbs they could get their hands on.

Marshall Tito's unified Yugoslavia hardly pleased the Ustashi, who have continued their operations (and political loyalties) to this day. In 1970, for example, a group of Ustashi living in exile in Sweden bumped off Vladimir Rolovic, a much admired Yugoslav politician who was serving as his country's ambassador to Sweden.

A young Serbian filmmaker by the name of Rotka Illic made a film about the Ustashi and other Fascist Croats, calling it *An Ambassador Is Shot in Stockholm*. By posing as a Danish student working with a German TV crew interested in the Croatian People's Committee, Illic managed to film a meeting that was held in Munich on the day Rolovic's cortege was winding through Belgrade. Illic's camera caught one Munich Croat raising his beer mug in praise of "the two brave Croats who committed this act of justice."

Illic claims that the film is of great importance to Yugoslavs planning to live and work abroad. The Ustashi, he says, "operate somewhat like the Mafia in America. They befriend homesick Yugoslavs by helping them with a strange language and by finding them a place to live. As soon as the worker begins to earn some money, his new friends demand 'protection payments' or 'membership dues.'"

But Yugoslav politicians are not very happy with the film. Although not banning it outright, they have kept it from general release, fearful that the majority Serbs will activate their hatred of the Croats. By the time Illic finished his film, things had already gotten so bad that Marshall Tito felt obliged to purge a couple of Serbs soon after he had cleansed the Croatian Communist Party of nationalists. Illic, meanwhile, consoles himself by thinking about his former boss Dusan Makavejev, whose film on Wilhelm Reich, *W. R.: Mysteries of the Organism* never got shown in Yugoslavia, though it managed to clean up at Cannes and in America. Illic's only problem right now is that Americans are far more likely to be interested in Wilhelm Reich's orgones than they are in Serbo-Croatian relations. —BROOKE SHEARER



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SEX IN THE CONFESSIONAL

BY NORBERTO VALENTINI
AND CLARA DI MEGLIO

What you are about to read is sacrosanct, privileged information, fresh from the Roman Catholic confessional booth. Though the confessions are phony, simulated by a couple of agnostic Italian journalists, the priestly responses are real. For three years, Norberto Valentini and Clara Di Meglio "confessed" to 632 Italian clerics in order to tape-record their comments. The results were published last February in a book titled Sex in the Confessional. Catholic Europe was immediately in an uproar and the authors and their publishers, Marsilio Editori of Padua, were excommunicated. The authors often posed as an engaged couple contemplating premarital sex. Only 14 of the priests would approve even kissing before marriage. A number of them said masturbation was lamentable but better than intercourse. The examples cited come from churches throughout Italy. OUI presents them with an eye on the future ecology.

Recorded in The
Cathedral,
at Como

Confessor: God bless you. When did you make your last confession?

Penitent: Well, about three months ago.

Confessor: Three months ago? Why did you wait so long?

Penitent: I don't know. Maybe. . . I don't know. There's sort of a crisis, father. More than confession, I need advice.

Confessor: We'll see what we can do.

Penitent: I'm engaged and my fiancé and I have decided to have intimate relations. I know that I risk being rejected by the Church. This is my problem, father.

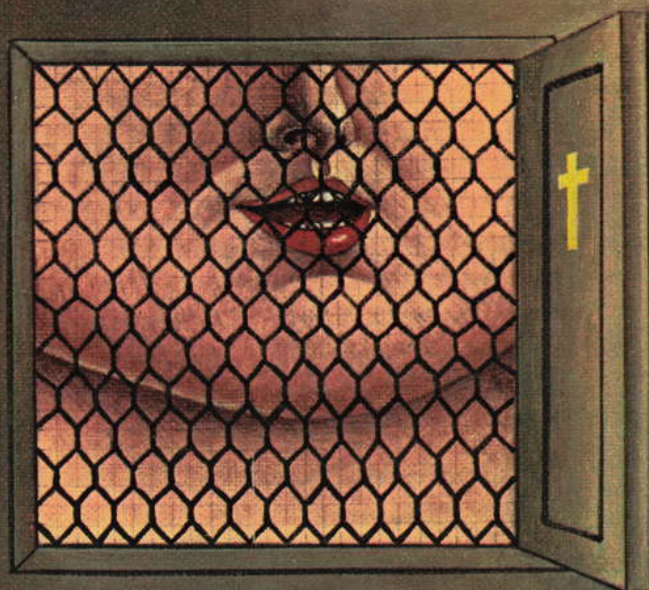
Confessor: Of course, by making a decision so . . . let's say so deliberately, you lose God's grace, my dear child. Did you already have intimate relations?

Penitent: No, not yet. I mean, not completely.

Confessor: So, you have restrained yourself to the licit limits?

Penitent: What does "licit limits" mean, father?

Confessor: Did you only kiss?





Roy Larruthers 1973

SEX IN THE CONFESSIONAL *"When we love, we love reciprocally, father." "But God doesn't want this to happen, my child. Orgasm is only allowed inside the holy sacrament."*

Penitent: Well . . . no.

Confessor: Tell me, my child, what did you do?

Penitent: What you usually do when you're engaged, not more than that.

Confessor: Caresses?

Penitent: Yes, father.

Confessor: Does *he* just caress *you*, my child?

Penitent: Yes . . . well, together.

Confessor: But do you caress each other without malice, I mean, with affection, or lasciviously?

Penitent: Well, father, I never thought of it like that. I do it instinctively because I love him.

Confessor: You mean . . . Does he touch you in delicate places? Breasts? Bottom?

Penitent: What's the difference?

Confessor: A big one, my child, a very big one. Because caresses of that kind are lascivious and have nothing to do with the love you have for each other.

Penitent: Are they sins?

Confessor: Of course. And grave ones, my dear child.

Penitent: So, then—

Confessor: But do *you* also touch *him* everywhere?

Penitent: Yes.

Confessor: Only with your hands, or also with your mouth?

Penitent: Father, I feel embarrassed to talk about that. We don't feel that we do anything bad. Love is also made of these things and we love each other. And it's for that reason that I've waited so long for a confession, father. I expected you to condemn, but I don't see anything dirty in these things. It's natural for us, as it is for any other engaged couple.

Confessor: My dear child, those are not natural things, as you say. Those touches, those caresses, are licit only if they prepare for the complete sexual act, and you can't do this final sexual act as long as you're not united in a real family by marriage.

Penitent: I don't understand.

Confessor: The fact that you caress and kiss your fiancé in delicate places is not, how can I say, a manifestation of love but an animal excitation of your senses. Do you understand, my child? He gets excited, you know! This stimulates an animal instinct—the same one that leads animals to procreate. But you can't procreate, because you're not husband and wife. Or do you want to have a child?

Penitent: We don't want a child now; we simply want to be more intimate in our love. Father, is marriage a serious matter for you?

Confessor: Of course!

Penitent: And we also think it's a serious matter, and we want to achieve marriage after . . . after having realized that we have a sensuous harmony.

Confessor: But God doesn't allow that, my dear child. You have already very badly violated the rules of Christian marriage, consenting to your most vulgar instincts. And you were not ashamed . . . your virgin's prudishness . . . I mean, when your fiancé's hands or mouth explored your nude body, you were not ashamed? And then, you aggravated that by exciting his member. Did you cause him to ejaculate?

Penitent: Well, yes.

Confessor: And did you bring him to that point with your caresses, without him doing anything?

Penitent: When we love, we love reciprocally, father.

Confessor: But God doesn't want this to happen, my child. The orgasm is only allowed inside the holy sacrament of marriage, in the procreation act. You are free to behave in the way you think is best, but you can't expect God's approval.

Penitent: Well, father, that's what I wanted to know. I don't think that this relationship with my fiancé is wrong. I think it's only natural. To have done these things on the first day I met him, without knowing who he was, would have compromised my virtue, but now that there is a very strong feeling between us . . .

Confessor: My child, we cannot agree. God has dictated laws and you . . . you accommodated those laws to your own feelings. You want me to allow you to transgress those laws. But I can't.

Penitent: But, father, you said that these things are not pure if they are not followed by the sexual act.

Confessor: No, I didn't say that, my child. I said that they are not allowed if they are too lascivious, do you understand? Exactly because you never intended the complete act to occur. With affection, you can very well kiss or caress each other—only on the face, of course.

Penitent: I understand. But the fact is that a short time ago the Church did not even allow a kiss between two engaged people; then a few things became allowed. I believe that we are not obliged to stay precisely confined to the licit and the illicit. Everything depends on the good faith and on the conscience of the one who acts.

Confessor: The Church, my child, cannot consider a law for each one.

Penitent: I understand. But the confessor can evaluate case by case, don't you think so?

Confessor: No, no. I don't know. You may even be right for that, but again, I've no authority to do what you want me to do, my dear child. So, if you promise you will reconsider your intentions and do your best to behave with your fiancé, I can even give you an absolution. Other-

wise . . . otherwise, I regret, my dear child, but what can I do?

Penitent: All right, father, thank you very much. I will think about it.

Confessor: Yes, my child, you'll think and come back. It will always be good for you to talk and confide. Meanwhile, I give you God's benediction.

Recorded in The Church
of the Holy Annunciation
Genoa

Penitent: You see, I'm engaged, and with my fiancé—we're officially engaged—well, we have intimate relations.

Confessor: When are you getting married?

Penitent: Maybe next year. Well, you see, at this point, I don't know what things I can allow him to do. All my friends have intimate relations.

Confessor: Look now. For a Christian, what the majority does is not important and doesn't have to influence your own acts. Actually, the question you're asking is what kind of intimacy you can grant him. You can grant him whatever you can grant a brother.

Penitent: But it's different!

Confessor: Yes, it's different, but you can't grant him more. Kisses? Well, a kiss of affection, of welcome, that's all.

Penitent: Of welcome?

Confessor: Yes.

Penitent: A kiss between engaged people is not like a kiss between brother and sister, is it?

Confessor: It should be.

Penitent: But it's absurd! It's not natural!

Confessor: What do you mean, not natural? I consider the kiss to be an expression of affection.

Penitent: Well, yes. But there's affection and affection. Unless you consider the affection between a brother and a sister to be the same as the affection between engaged people.

Confessor: Well, you see, there's everything in this world. Everything. It all depends on which line you want to stay in. Yes, there's everything. There're even lovers. And prostitutes. And adultery. And you, well, you have to know in which category you want to stay.

Penitent: But I'm a normal person who leads a normal life and who—

Confessor: . . . There's everything. Excuse me, but I don't understand: why do you want to stay in the middle of the road?

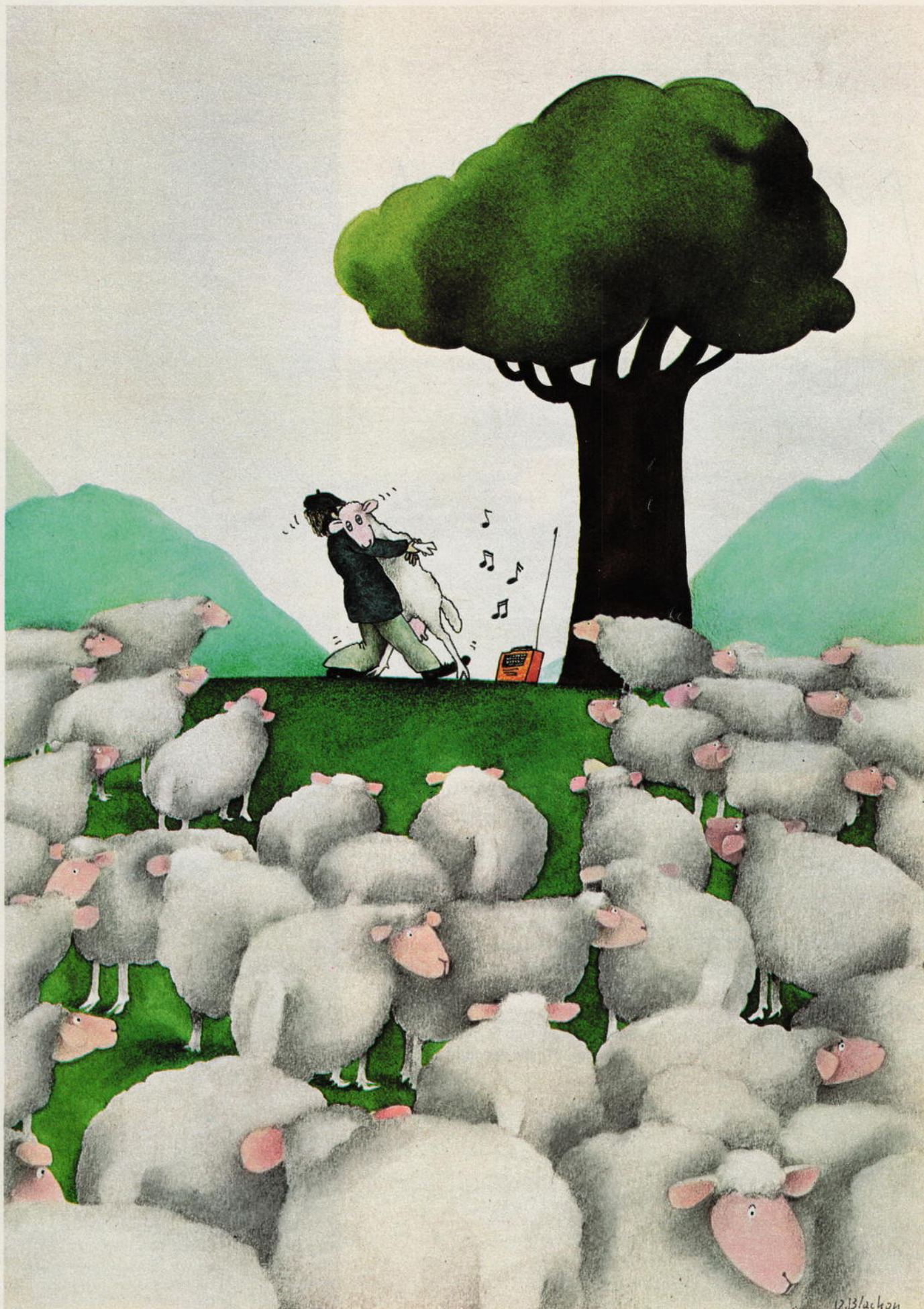
Penitent: I don't know what you mean.

Confessor: You said that your friends have intimate relations, right?

Penitent: Yes.

Confessor: Is this normal for you?

Penitent: I think it's only fair to try to realize a sexual harmony. Otherwise, there are separations and divorces. I would like to avoid those errors. It's better to (Continued on page 102)



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MARINA



OUR LADY
OF THE PALETTE
EMANATES
HER VERMILIONS,
MADDERS, OCHERS,
AND UMBERS AT
299,792.5 KLINKS
PER SECOND

Sunlight brings out the best in her, for this girl is made of pigments. Marina Langner first made this discovery when she wanted to study art. You see, her grandfather actually went to the Bauhaus in Germany and was a friend of the great architect Marcel Breuer. Trouble was that the Bauhaus people loved right angles and straight lines, and Marina had none of these. In the 19 years that she was building from her pink period, which began in Düsseldorf on a May 21, she accumulated curves,





SHE MAKES
WHISTLER'S MOTHER
LOOK LIKE AN
ARRANGEMENT
IN CRAYOLAS
UNDER ULTRAVIOLET

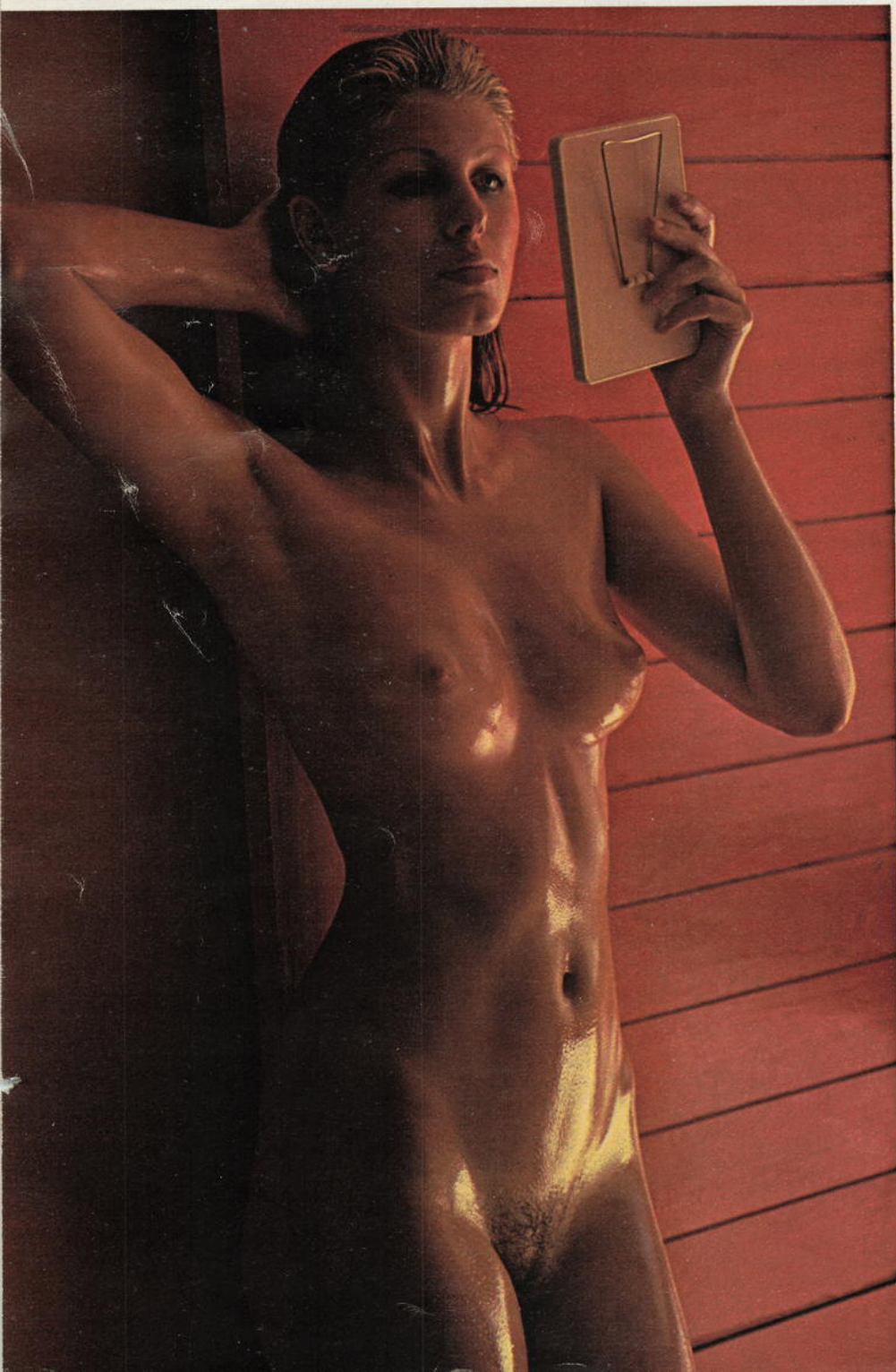
parabolas, asymptotes, and hyperboles—but nothing that had a hypotenuse. This imperiled her career in art until she realized that she herself was a palette. Others realized the innate colorfulness of Marina's facture; they exposed film at it, but the only way they could frame her beauty was on magazine pages.

For these traces of Marina, rotogravure master artisans crawled into giant web presses the size of cottages on the Riviera to twist tiny keys, trying to balance her hues and capture the nuances of her pigments. To them, she passed on the words of Vassili Kandinsky, the great painter and friend of her father at the Bauhaus: "The vermilion now rings like a great trumpet or thunders like a drum." She told them about orange: "Its note is that of a church bell, a strong contralto voice, or a largo of an old violin." The master printers kept twisting the keys and holding Marina up to the light. "The sound of colors is so definite," she repeated from Kandinsky, "that it would be hard to find anyone who would express bright yellow with bass notes, or dark lake with the treble." The printers trebled their efforts, whistling while they worked. More than most, Marina is aware of her *Gestalt*—her altogetherness as a perceivable image. She knows that red becomes a square, yellow a triangle, blue a circle. But she also has come to





THE SKIN IS THE LARGEST ORGAN OF THE HUMAN BODY, AND FOR MARINA IT SOUNDS SWELL



understand that her body can confuse such distinctions. There was no categorical imperative to her movements through light. It pleases her that philosophy had little to do with her movements, that her toes could not stumble over a syllogism. This fact makes her more congenial. "Absolute green is the most restful color, lacking any undertone of joy, grief, or passion," said Kandinsky. "On exhausted men this restfulness has a beneficial effect, but after a time it becomes tedious." Marina knows from her study of the Renaissance painters that all skin has a hue of green beneath it, but she rejoices in her ability to overlay her verdant vibes with burnt umbers and siennas, with crimson lakes and cerulean blues. She washes her skin carefully to make sure that these show through. Being a living palette is not easy: Marina has to look into mirrors to see if her colors are arranged carefully. She likes to float in water because the ripples reflect her tints in crinkly highlights. It also keeps her palette wet and her colors concupiscent. When you don't have right angles, this is important to any young lady. Especially one who rattles up and down the spectrum as Marina does.



ARE NEW YORK AND IRRECON

NEW YORK—California was invented as a place that people would go to rather than come from. What they did there was their business—even if they wanted to build Disneylands and Forest Lawns and disguise their restaurants as giant brown derbies or huge hot dogs. A dizzy, Disney place. Nobody anticipated how preoccupied they were going to get with exporting eastward an idealized version of their own eerie life style. The export version of the life style consists of many things—among them, distant horizons, a single costume for barbecues and wakes, groupsex, convenience, and generally what is implied for conduct in *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*. There is also an ideological component, which says that the above-mentioned life style is spiritually therapeutic and, if taken regularly, will clear up pimples and result in cosmic equilibrium. Shantih shantih shantih.

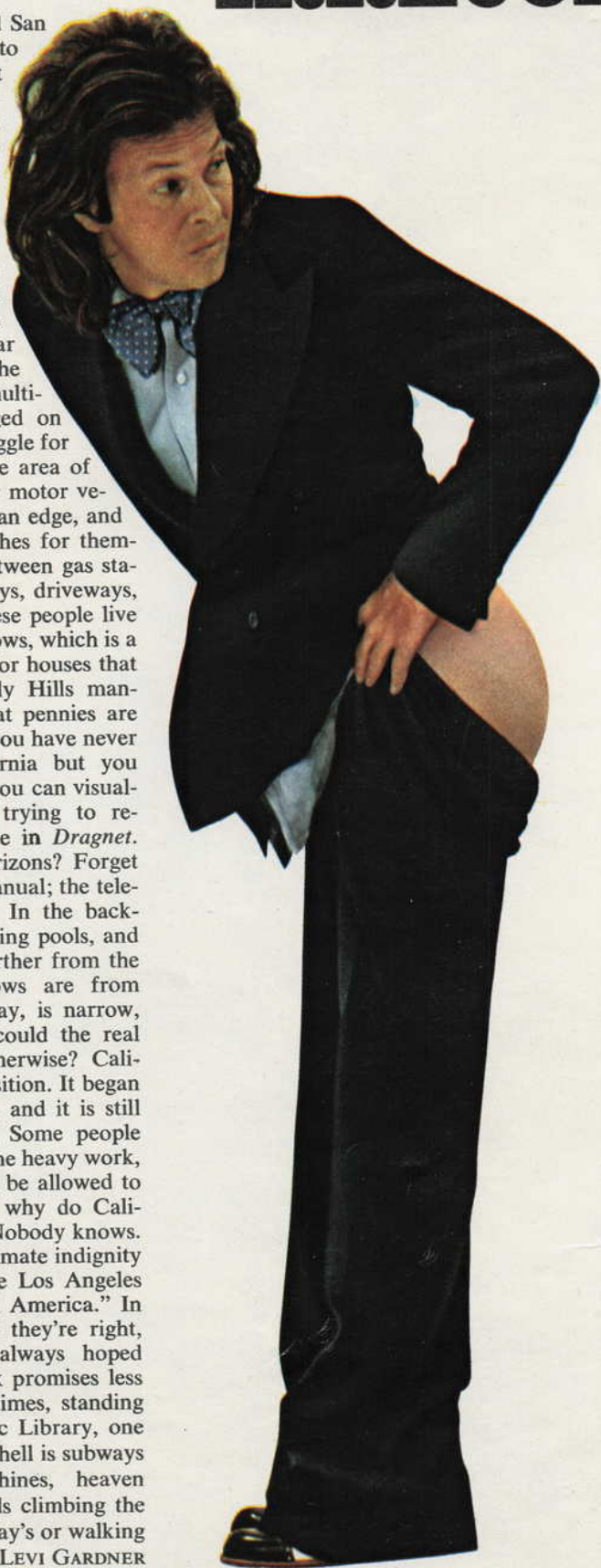
What life in California is really like we shall come to presently, but linger another moment over the incredible, perpetual high. Californians are optimists. New Yorkers take fierce pride in looking pale and tight-lipped even when they are enjoying themselves; Californians smile even when they are mired in traffic on the Santa Monica Freeway. Nobody's cynical, ill-tempered, or skeptical. Nobody's even ironic. Nobody asks tough questions. Nobody thinks before he talks. Conversation could be the name of an Italian luncheon meat, and nothing is crisp except the lettuce.

What makes Californians so happy? Could it be the sunlamps over their shaving mirrors? That vast supermarket in the San Bernardino Valley with its copper pushcarts and teak vegetable bins and 24-hour service seven days a week? The feeling of exhilaration that comes with having a population larger than New York's? Or is it that remarkable conviction of theirs of a special occult relationship with the future? The idea that what we do must be right because everybody tells us that by century's end even Paraguay will have drive-in funeral homes and Nigerians will be eating tacos? At least California's attachment to its zanyness is comprehensible. The Watts Towers might be a meaningless, tasteless monument of scrap and junk, but even New Yorkers can see the fun. What isn't comprehensible is how the high survives the real California, which isn't zany so much as it is dreary.

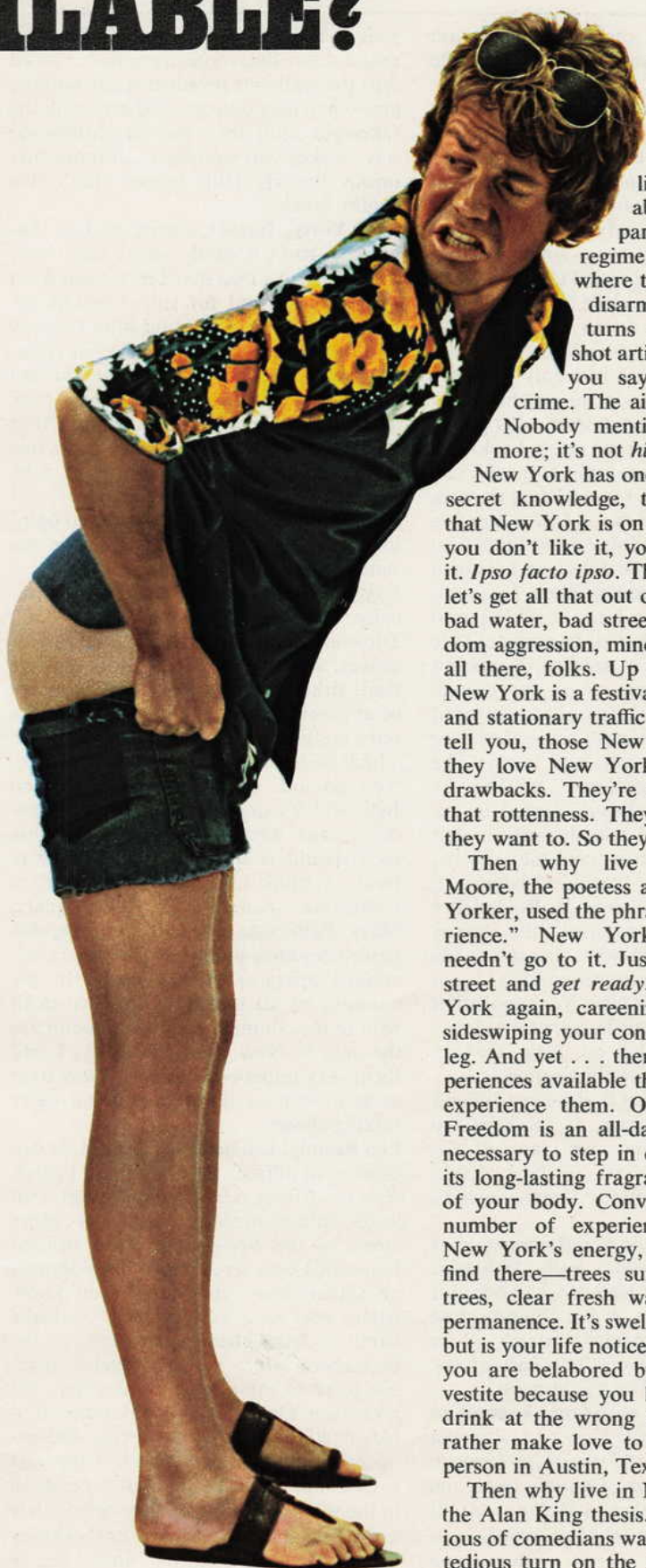
Let no evil be spoken here of San Francisco. San Francisco is a charming town that bears the same relationship to

Berkeley and Oakland and San Mateo as Manhattan bears to its outlying boroughs. But San Francisco is embarrassed by Los Angeles, and its separatist movement is almost as active as Montreal's. Nobody pretends that San Francisco is the real California. No way.

Los Angeles is a terrific place to live, if you're a car. In Los Angeles, cars are pampered, and the car population increases in the spirit of fruitfulness and multiplicity that the Lord urged on Adam and Eve. In the struggle for hegemony over the surface area of the county, cars and other motor vehicles enjoy something of an edge, and people carve out little niches for themselves in the interstices between gas stations, parking lots, freeways, driveways, and carports. Many of these people live in dwellings called bungalows, which is a romantic-sounding name for houses that are comparable to Beverly Hills mansions in the same way that pennies are comparable to dollars. If you have never been to Southern California but you watch a lot of television, you can visualize these bungalows by trying to remember where people live in *Dragnet*. Groupsex and distant horizons? Forget it. The can openers are manual; the televisions, black and white. In the backyards there are no swimming pools, and Coney Island isn't any farther from the Bronx than the bungalows are from Malibu, which, by the way, is narrow, gritty, and rocky. How could the real California have been otherwise? California is a business proposition. It began as a business proposition, and it is still open for business today. Some people were going to have to do the heavy work, and they weren't going to be allowed to live in Beverly Hills. So why do Californians smile so much? Nobody knows. For New Yorkers, the ultimate indignity is that foreigners who see Los Angeles say, "Now *this* is the real America." In our hearts we know that they're right, but somehow we had always hoped otherwise. For New York promises less but delivers more. Sometimes, standing on the steps of the Public Library, one can almost believe that if hell is subways and broken gum machines, heaven must be the beautiful girls climbing the open stairway at Doubleday's or walking Fifth Avenue at noon. —LEVI GARDNER



CALIFORNIA REALLY CILABLE?



LOS ANGELES—Discussing the less fortunate aspects of life in New York City is a little like writing a book about the unhappy parts of Adolf Hitler's regime: one hardly knows where to begin. New York disarms you in this area, turns you into a cheap-shot artist. The street crime, you say. Yeah, yeah, the crime. The air. Oh sure, the air. Nobody mentions pollution anymore; it's not *hip*. Don't be a rube. New York has one lever, the myth of secret knowledge, the self-assumption that New York is on the cutting edge. If you don't like it, you don't understand it. *Ipsa facto ipso*. The closing circle. So let's get all that out of the way. Bad air, bad water, bad streets, noise, rats, random aggression, mindless arrogance. It's all there, folks. Up front, as they say. New York is a festival of crazed junkies, and stationary traffic patterns. They will tell you, those New Yorkers will, that they love New York despite these, er, drawbacks. They're not addicted to all that rottenness. They can quit anytime they want to. So they say.

Then why live there? Marianne Moore, the poetess and confirmed New Yorker, used the phrase "access to experience." New York finds you; you needn't go to it. Just step out into the street and *get ready*. Here comes New York again, careening out of control, sideswiping your conscience, biting your leg. And yet . . . there are lots more experiences available than there is time to experience them. One has to choose. Freedom is an all-day sucker. It is not necessary to step in dog shit to imagine its long-lasting fragrance at the bottom of your body. Conversely, there are a number of experiences that, for all New York's energy, it is impossible to find there—trees surrounded by more trees, clear fresh water, the sanity of permanence. It's swell to be thrill-crazed, but is your life noticeably enriched when you are belabored by a drunken transvestite because you happened to buy a drink at the wrong bar? Wouldn't you rather make love to the most beautiful person in Austin, Texas?

Then why live in New York? There's the Alan King thesis. That most obnoxious of comedians was taking yet another tedious turn on the *Dick Cavett Show*,

preaching like a missionary rabbi—"I'm sick of people knocking New York," he says. "If you haven't made it here," he proclaims, pointing with his cigar at the floor, "then you haven't made it!" The audience cheers, a wintertime native talk-show crowd. Why? The people who comprise the audiences of talk shows are not, by and large, rich and famous. They haven't made it there. They're trying. They know it's the Big Struggle. They are ennobled by it. Who says it's the Big Struggle? They do. Why? Because they're there. If it isn't the Big Struggle, well then . . . they've been swallowing all that nonsense for nothing. *Nothing*. Vietnam must be important, else why would we be there? Echoes in the sands of time. Mumph, mumph, mumph.

The problem with all these circular justifications is that they've become internalized, one with reality. The media are controlled from New York—yes, it's true, and God bless you, Spiro Agnew. The people who run the media live in New York. They're there because that's where the action is, and the action is there because they are. Sound familiar? And if these folks are lying to themselves, what do you suppose they're doing for you? Well, they say, that's life in the big city. Right. In Paris and London, almost as big, it is possible to walk the streets at any hour in safety.

The truth, we have come to believe, is that New Yorkers have chosen their town not in spite of but because of its liabilities. They like living close to the edge of survival. They prefer the jungle. It gets them off; it makes them cook. Jaded by civilization, they are turning to an older life style. You eat my dog and I'll eat yours. Well, we all like excitement. But . . . aren't there enough real challenges? Could it be that the people who get into the struggle for dominance in New York do so to avoid real battles, the quieter, tougher stuff? Externalized despair is just another room without mirrors. It's easier if that person knocking on your door is just another maddened mugger and not, you know, a friend.

Forget about it all, New York and the whole damn thing. In 25 years, it'll be one with Carthage, just another ghost megalopolis haunted by rats and wild dogs. And everybody who is anybody, and lots of people who aren't, will be living in Los Angeles. New York is just an anomaly, a fad of the British, a decaying monument to the bad ideas of the 19th Century. —ARTHUR MOODY

Real people take a stand. See overleaf.

ARE NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA REALLY IRRECONCILABLE? *In principle, no. New Yorkers and Californians watch the same networks, read the same wire services, worship similar gods—more or less like the Northerners and Southerners who made a sentimental habit of calling each other “brother” while at the same time preparing for civil war. But of course this time there is nothing serious at issue. It’s just that there are bad feelings. New Yorkers and Californians can’t stand each other. We asked various people in New York to comment for us on California and others in California to tell us about New York. There was much sputter and spitfire. Here is what they said:*

Ed Koren, New York cartoonist: The reason that Eastern intellectuals hate Southern California is that it represents the ultimate corruption of all the values dearest to their hearts. The car culture, for example, is really unbelievable. They have this radio program where people call up to get dates, and everybody identifies himself by age, occupation, and what kind of car he drives. Once I picked up two kids hitchhiking in L. A. I had barely gotten into third gear when one of them said, “We get out here.” I asked them why they would stand for half an hour waiting for a ride to go 300 yards—couldn’t they walk?—and they said, “Why bother if you don’t have to?” That sums up the whole thing.

David Winters, motion picture and TV director-producer: One has to be a masochist to live in New York. All of the elements are against you. In the summer you perspire and your face gets covered with little black spots; if you wash you have all the same little black spots two hours later. In the winter there’s the cold and the snow, it’s impossible to get around, and forget the cabs! You know, as soon as I get off the airplane in New York, the sound of the traffic gets to me. It’s an abrasive city, and the people are coarse and very uptight. The only way I’d return there to live is if I could take the weather, the people, the feelings, the atmosphere, my sense of freedom, my house, my pool, my dog, and all my friends with me. In California one can make one’s own rules; you don’t have to follow any guidelines. It’s freewheeling!

Vincent Sardi, restaurateur: San Francisco is delightful and delicious, Los Angeles is for the birds. They tried to get me to go into business in Century Plaza one time, but I declined. Los Angeles is a wonderful place to work in theater and television, but it’s not cosmopolitan. It’s not even urban. It’s just a suburb. Everything is done in homes and groups. About every ten years I go out there and take a look, and decide it’s not for me.

Gary Stromberg, public relations wizard, Gibson & Stromberg: Wouldn’t want to live in New York ‘cause it’s too tall! I don’t even want to die and go to heaven, I just want to stay in L. A.

Liz Harris, book reviewer, *The New Yorker*: I found Southern California very disappointing. I expected it to be spectacularly, garishly vulgar—the sort of thing you see in Hollywood novels or in films like *Sunset Boulevard*. I thought that the tacos would all weigh four pounds, and that there would be all these

enormous electric signs. But when you get out there, you see dry, desolate blocks and vacant lots—it’s much more like Raymond Chandler than like *Sunset Boulevard*.

Edy Williams, actress: Los Angeles is warm and casual and friendly. I was in New York in February of this year and it was really terrible. My former husband Russ Meyer and I were staying at the Pierre Hotel and I needed to find a drugstore, so I caught a cab in front of the hotel and asked the driver to take me to one. He took me way out of the way, downtown, I think. I had only a twenty dollar bill when I went to pay him, and he got mad. He said it wasn’t his policy to make change, so I ran into a bookstore for it. I noticed him jump from the cab and come after me. I met him on the way out and he grabbed me as I gave him five dollars for a three-dollar fare. I told him to unhand me and he didn’t, so I slapped him. Well, he slapped me back. I was yelling for help and a large crowd started gathering, but all they did was watch! He kept hassling me for nearly five minutes until a hippie came out of the crowd, pulled a pocket knife and threatened him; he split, but I can’t remember ever being so scared, upset, and angry. The next day Russ took me to The 21 Club, where I’ve always wanted to go. I was dressed as I usually am—in hot pants and a halter top—and they refused to let me in! Well, I couldn’t believe it. We left and walked over to Rockefeller Center where we bumped into Johnny Carson, and I told him the story. He looked me up and down and said, “I can see why.” People in New York looked at me like I was a weirdo because I didn’t have a lot of clothes on. New Yorkers have no idea what sophistication is.

Bill Blass, designer: I find it very difficult to work in California. It can’t be the people, because they are many of the same people one sees in New York. There’s a lack of vitality there—perhaps it’s the climate.

Don Williams, father and manager of teen idols David and Andy Williams: What do I think of New York? I heard it put perfectly once: if the Pilgrims had landed in Los Angeles instead of on Plymouth Rock, everything east of the Rockies would still be a wilderness.

Anthony Perone, president, Eyeball to Eyeball Advertising: I go to California often on business, and one of my favorite rides is over Laurel Canyon from the San Fernando Valley to Hollywood. At the bottom of Laurel, just before you turn onto Sunset, there’s a huge stone

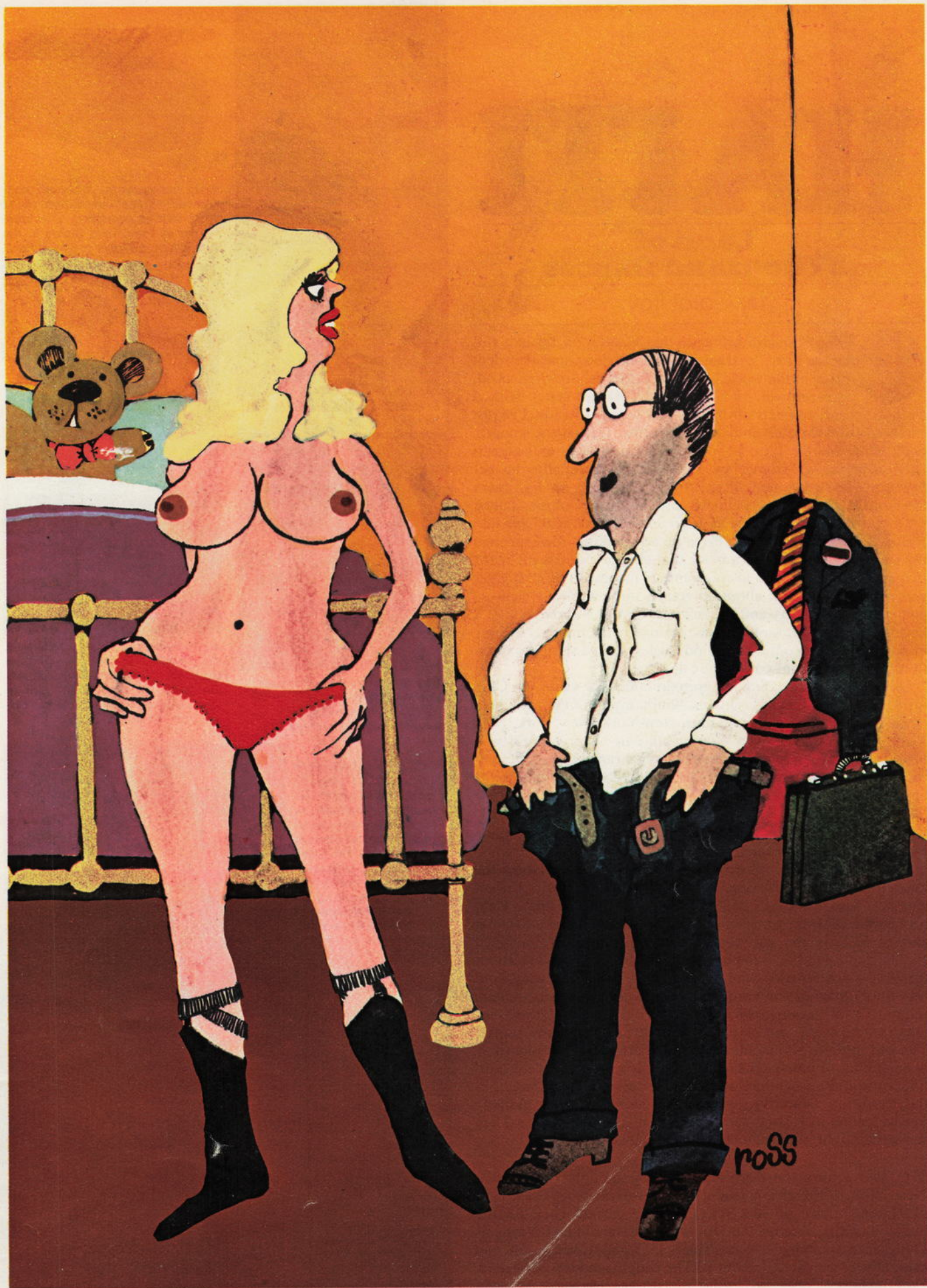
wall that I’d always admired. The last time I drove that route, a car had crashed into the wall and revealed it for nothing more than plywood covered over with the fake-rock stuff they use on Hollywood sets. Makes you wonder if all those luxurious Beverly Hills homes aren’t just studio facades.

Sam Yorty, former mayor of Los Angeles: I can’t honestly say I hate New York City; it’s true that I might not want to live there, and for sure I would not want to be its mayor. I told John Lindsay that during a recent telephone conversation, when he advised me he was not going to seek re-election. While New York City’s problems are far from unique, its very size and scale is so vast and complex that solutions appear to be doomed by seemingly endless debate. As a matter of fact, it is my considered opinion that L. A. is the only big city in the nation that still has a chance.

Ray Sokoloff, food writer: Gastronomically, California’s nowhere. They don’t know anything about classical cuisine or sauces, and they don’t do ethnic cuisine well, either, because there is no concept of authenticity in the culture. About the only thing they do well is freeway food, which comes out of their zany life style. You go into an Orange County Taco Bell, and it’s quite good, because everyone knows what a Southern California taco should taste like. I enjoy freeway food—I think everybody should try a California malted every five years.

Mary Patterson, Los Angeles long-distance telephone operator: I’ve been a telephone operator for 28 years. In my opinion, of all the operators I’ve dealt with in the country, the most difficult are the ones in New York. Basically, I find them very impatient and curt. They treat us as though we don’t know what we’re talking about.

Leo Braudy, teacher, film critic: Los Angeles is so diffuse; there’s no real center. You’re driving along some street that looks interchangeable with any other street in the city—some long, straight boulevard with stretches of development on either side—you don’t even know where you are. You pass by a cheese store, and the chances are that it’s the best cheese store in Los Angeles, stuck out there in the middle of nowhere, for no reason. On the other hand, that’s double-edged because it preserves the pioneering spirit; somewhere over the next ridge there might be the best taco stand in the world. It’s funny, even though they make so many movies there, I don’t know of any that capture that ambience. ■



"Those black stockings and garters are not quite what I had in mind."

HAITI

Land of a Thousand Dances

by Carol Troy

Olivier Coquelin promises that Habitation Leclerc will be the most "extraordinary, lascivious, and decadent place in the world." Olivier is fortyish, rosy-cheeked, horn-rimmed, rich. A New York jet setter with a French accent, and extraordinarily fast with his hands. I've just emerged from the sunken bath of my suite, feet on the smooth, cool, white marble tiles, wrapped in a tiny towel, and here is Olivier, just down from New York. Zip! A hand slips up between my legs from behind . . . zip! . . . between my legs from the front. Mmmnnn, says Olivier, sniffing the tips of his fingers.

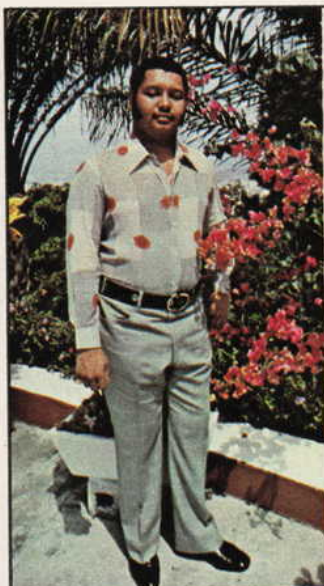
Olivier Coquelin is trying to usher a taste of Radical Chic into Haiti. Where else could you drive up a rutted dirt road through the slums and come upon a place that charges \$150 a night for two in a country with an average annual income of \$78? It gives you something to talk about on return to New York: riches and politesse; poverty and the reign of terror. No matter that a lascivious, decadent fantasy, once formed in the mind, is forever impossible to flesh out. Habitation Leclerc is just an approximation. Approximations count these days.

Olivier has been dealing in approximations for years: Le Club (private) in New York; L'Oursin, Southampton; Ondine, Cheetham, Le Drugstore, Hippopotamus, New York, New York, New York. But just what Olivier is doing building his private Eden in Haiti is his secret. Haiti is an exceedingly strange place; the morality play of the Sixties, blood in the streets with a chorus of beggars and amputees.

My partner squeezes me tightly on the dance floor, then curls his monkey face into an expression of innocent disbelief when put at arm's length. Offended one moment, ingratiating the next; offended, ingratiating. It's the rhythm of Haiti. Robert Rotberg, who wrote 378 pages on Haiti for the Twentieth Century Fund, said the whole country was full of "states of mania and depression and paranoia, the magnification of imagined slights, and a kind of sullenness. . . ." But he was writing about the Politics of Squalor, and Haiti is now stumbling wide-eyed into the Politics of Tourism, all those Caribbean tourist dollars ready to stroll in when smiled at. The old Dump-on-the-Peasants routine seems out of phase; peasants are suddenly useful. The old mulatto-white-elite edge, comfortable as an old shoe, is beginning to pinch. The insular elite is going to have a hard time of it in the scramble to come. The ruling class is caught in the transition from the barter-crop economy to a money-tourist economy. They seem confused and defensive. They sense their tight island can't last forever. It can't.

C. and I took the three-hour American flight down from New York, \$261 coach round trip. I was listening to a tape of Haitian music on her Sony, starting to feel good on the music and the champagne. As we were landing at François Duvalier Airport in Port-au-Prince, C. leaned over to me and said, "Don't get excited about it. The people are very poor here. You might get depressed."

The plane lands, African huts run (Continued on page 105)



President for Life Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier of Haiti.



At a traffic circle in downtown Port-au-Prince, a symbol of the friendship between tinted peoples, topped by Papa Doc.



Dirty money reads: "This bill, conforming to the convention of 12 April 1919 is payable . . . in legal tender of the United States at the rate of five gourdes to the dollar."



White-suited Aubelin Jolicoeur, the Petite Pierre of Graham Greene's *The Comedians*, standing with an Australian girl in front of the Hotel Oloffson, setting for Greene's novel.

A suite at Habitation Leclerc, \$150 a day, all you can eat and drink. Its doors open onto the lush jungle outside. Larry Peabody below, who decorated the hotel, with some of the Haitian primitives he used in the suites. Peabody set up the first Museum of Haitian Art in Haiti.





The proprietress, wig-hat on her head, at Trois Poissons, an open-air dance hall with a flashy decor on the beach road south of the capital.



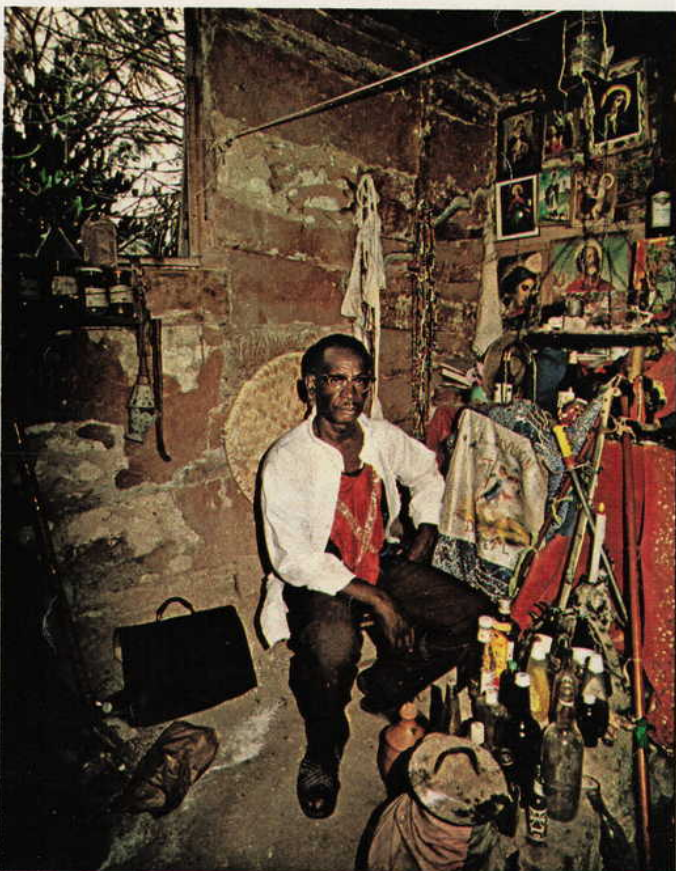
Those lovely hula eyes: one of the beautiful Haitian girls. She is of Dominican and South American extraction. At the houses on the Carrefour Road south of Port-au-Prince, the women often have very light skin. Haitian men prefer women from the neighboring Dominican Republic, which shares the island with Haiti but has a Spanish colonial history. The houses of the light-skinned women, whose smiles are sweet and prices low, have relaxed outdoor bars and dance floors.



Fin-de-siecle Victorian elegance in an exquisite Port-au-Prince house, above. To the right, a native hut subjected to the Haitian decorative impulse: double doors surrounded by brightly painted panels. A basic thatched hut in the country costs about \$80 to build.



Props of a voodoo performance: a silver baby in a bottle, left, and a portrait of President Duvalier, right, with the voodoo priest Dieu Juste Midy, who eats burning coals, sprays rum, and rests his entire weight on a sword.

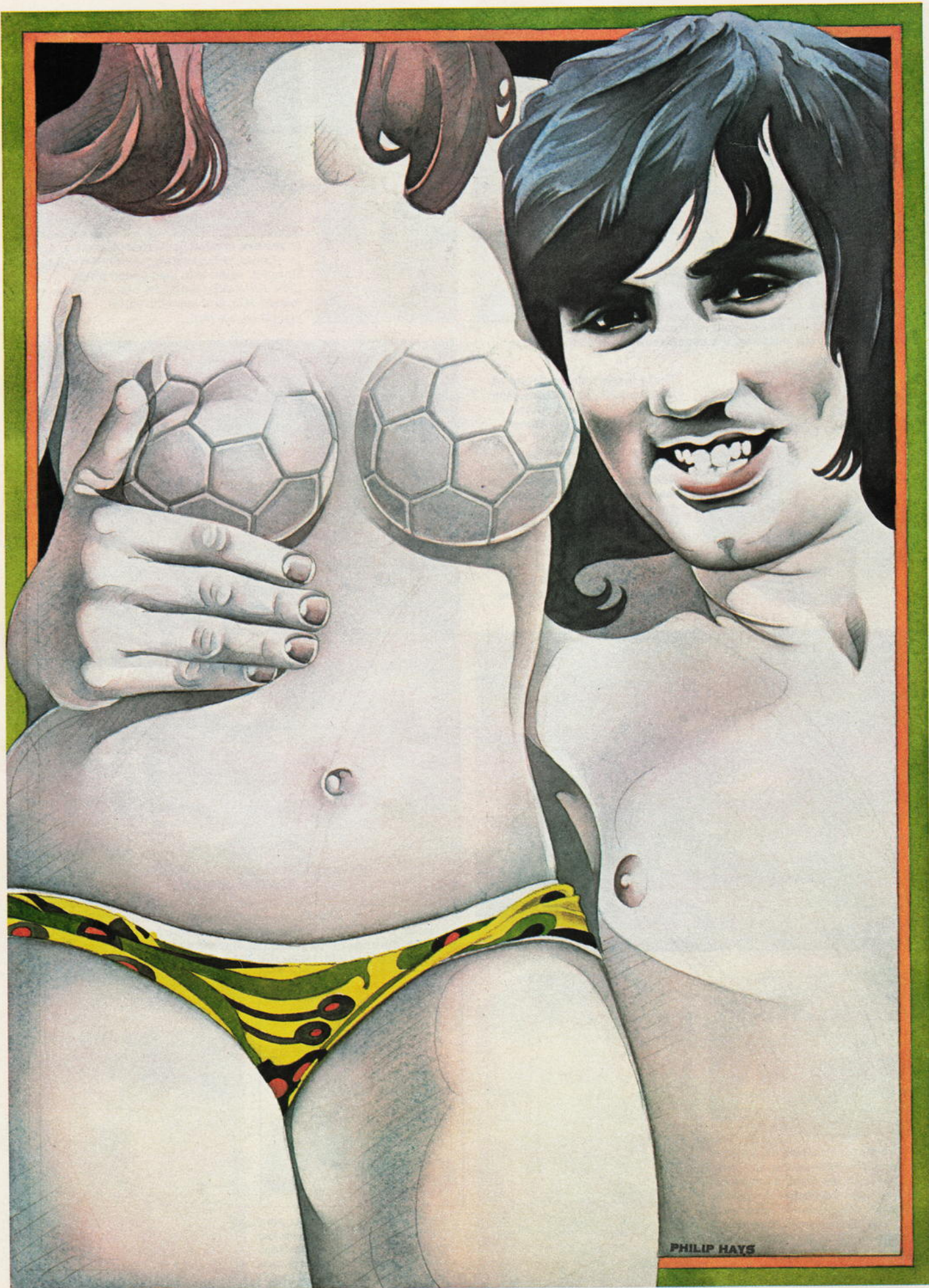


Monsieur Vincent, a voodoo priest who inherited his secrets from his father. On the floor, bottles of rum and magic herbal mixes; on the walls, portraits of the saints. M. Vincent often visits Habitation Leclerc with talismans and fortune cards in his briefcase.



Spotted goatskin shoes copied to order, seven dollars, on the Carrefour Road. From the Mont Joli in Cap-Haitien, a primitive painting for nine dollars, right.





PHILIP HAYS

MEET MR. KICKS

GEORGIE BEST HITS HARD, RUNS FAST

BY H. JOHN ADE

Aside from the Church of England, which has nothing to do with reality, the only prosperous spiritual institution in Great Britain revolves around a ball that is moved in arcs, trapezoids, and dodecahedrons. It is English football. This game, born in 1863, is the one true world game. It is poetry and it is madness. And in most of England, especially through its industrial belly in towns like Liverpool, Burnley, and Manchester, where smoke and fog curl around ghostly sodium lights and each day can be as long and empty as hell, the anatomy of each week is as obvious as an English meal: six pointless days and then Saturday.

The game grew up along this gloomy belt, fired by the frustrations, miseries, and lostness of a once-robust people suddenly buried in coal mines and woolen mills—the first captives of the industrial revolution. Only one day each week was left to them, and they spent these on cold, windy pitches, eventually retiring with their torn muscles and darkening, bloody shins to a pub and pints of bitter. It was an act of violent communion, and the generations that followed these hard men swept the workingman's pastime to the top of the English sporting life. For decades, the cloth-cap masses rushed toward their dismal stadia like an angry sea, until it was no longer a mere game but an infection endemic to all social classes.

Even the socially hip—usually impervious to games in England—are not immune to the sport. The young, who wander the funky walks of Chelsea or Jermyn Street in Manchester, alighting over glasses of wine to ponder ways of reaching gold-warm Majorca . . . well, they see in soccer some metaphor or other. Then there are the intellectuals who bring to it a donnish fascination for its subtle patterns and mysterious intangibles, not the least of which is a slight Belfast man who plays the game like nobody before him, whose moves on and off the field are those of silk loosed on the wind.

His name is George Best, and it is not likely that anyone will ever forget him or his genius for turning a football match into supreme theater. He is the poet of English football. The game has not been the same since 1965 when he joined Manchester United at the age of 18. From the start, he was an original who

suddenly transformed a somewhat plodding, doltish game into light ballet. Only 5'9" tall and a stripling 150 pounds, he is a frail rail in comparison to the heavy crunchers and hatchet men in the game. He was to soccer what the Beatles were to Liverpool music, what Carnaby Street was to fashion. His "Georgie girls" swarm round him like May flies. For absolute panache and individualism, Best has no American equal in sports—not even Joe Namath. His likeness in wax stands near Jack the Ripper's and Winston Churchill's at Madame Tussaud's Museum.

On a soccer field, only the legendary Pelé—now semiretired—was superior to Best, who, along with that Brazilian, ranks among football's great art treasures; looking at the two of them, it is simply a matter of whether one prefers Rembrandt or Picasso. At top form, the quiet, unflappable Pelé was worth \$1.2 million in the world market. The top estimate of Best's value is close to four million dollars. But as one Italian expert says: "How can you price genius? The only thing you can say about George is he is priceless." Value to their clubs and to football, their exquisite abilities, that's all that Best and Pelé have in common.

In England, Pelé is portrayed as a sad millionaire, an introverted, remote figure imprisoned by his own fame. That view is understandable because he is rimmed by a devious, rude palace guard. Pelé simply acts satisfied, happy, and grateful, which are states of mind that George Best never seems to know. Those three words, of course, carry small credibility around much of the world today, and they have seldom been found in the vocabulary of the blacker Irish. The darkest

sort of Irishman, Best seems to have traveled far on some long day's journey into night. He does not understand how and why it began, cannot fully comprehend the immense talent that is his. He knows only that one day, as if in a dream, he suddenly saw himself standing on one side of a vast room, and everybody was looking at him.

"By the time he was 18," says Arthur Hopcraft, a British soccer writer who has closely watched the phenomenon of Best develop, "George was famous. At that stage he was visibly and touchingly immature. Tight suits. A sheen on his face. A bag of sweets in his pocket. Always shyly playing snooker in a Temperance Hall. When he was 21, he was talking about the glamorous possibility of owning a sports shop. In Mrs. Fullaway's boardinghouse, where he stayed, there was a scrapbook on the table in the living room and it had 'George Best' written in painstaking round characters on the cover. 'A lovely lad,' Mrs. Fullaway used to say of him."

A lovely lad, indeed. One evening back in January in a Manchester club called Rubens, Best stands at the bar talking to a friend. He is wearing a blue velvet suit, a blue-and-white polka-dot shirt opened at the neck, revealing a large Gemini medal. A girl by the name of Stafanja Sloniecka walks up and slaps him. Then she retreats, but not without a broken nose and blood trickling from her mouth. A week later Best is in court, charged with assault, and once more there are those big, black headlines the English papers use to titillate the rabble: SHE WAS DRUNK, SAYS GEORGE; HE WAS AN ARROGANT, ILL-MANNERED BULLY, SAYS PROSECUTOR.

What happened, Best said in court, was that the girl had been saying some obscene things about him: "Irish navvy, big-headed bastard, and an animal." Earlier, he said, "I had walked over and said: 'If you continue to say things like that I will have you out of the club.' I wanted nothing to do with her. So I went back and continued talking to my friend. The next thing I knew, I was hit across the face. I just put my arm up to knock her arm away. My hand with the two rings caught her face. I had no intention of hurting her, just wanted to protect myself from being hit again." In answer to his counsel, Best said he agreed he had "to be careful about strangers in public

GEORGIE BEST "Nobody knows me," he yelled. Then the media began stalking him, as if he were some rare, threatened species of wildlife. Throwing mud at a referee wasn't English.

places." The girl denied all of this, but did admit to slugging a disc jockey in the same club. George was fined £100. Miss Sloniecka sold her story to a newspaper: **GEORGIE AND ME—BY THE GIRL HE HIT!**

The incident could have happened to anyone, and often does, but any news of Best, however mundanely hedonistic or mischievous it may be, seems to be a voyeuristic treat in some papers. So much so that one paper buried a much better story, depending upon your taste, in favor of George's latest situation. The buried story concerned two American girls who claimed that one Gunner Tarick Seif, of the Fifth Light Regiment, had picked them up hitchhiking and offered to take them to see Stonehenge, where, instead of a tour, they were raped at gunpoint. "Remarkable," said the judge, after hearing testimony that the girls had had sexual intercourse three times in a few minutes. "Perhaps it is physically possible, but do you think it is likely? It seems remarkable."

"Look at this," said Best the next day, pointing to the few inches of type on Gunner Tarick. "Why do they give me such splash when they have a bloody miracle worker like this?"

After the incident (which was viewed by those who sincerely care about him as one more plank in the scaffold of self-destruction that he has been steadily building), it was thought that Best would go into seclusion, that he would surely be on his way to the Seychelles Islands off the coast of Africa. Instead, he turns up that night once more in Rubens, and when he enters, girlish whispers are heard in the club: "Here he comes, here comes Georgieeee." He takes a position in a dark corner, then leans back on a pole. Vodka—a preference that he consumes with great dedication—is brought to him. Then, a woman is suddenly upon him. "My 14-year-old daughter is crazy about you," she says. "So am I." Thanks, he says, and then he walks to another corner, this one much darker. "I love birds," he says, "but my God, what bloody trouble I've had with them."

Trouble and women are a combination that Best seems unable to avoid, and he never seems to learn. He is smart enough now to ignore all of those girls who suddenly expose their dreams at his front door. But more often, he seems in frenetic pursuit of women. Once while dining he saw a girl walk by the window, and he sent a waiter out onto the street to pull her in. She and Best dined together. That is all they ever shared, for the girl was off to the Continent the next day. Best pursued her all over Europe with telegrams, and he even dispatched a special agent to entreat her to come back, all of it to no

avail. Once, again in Majorca, he was with a girl in a suite; she did not seem to fancy him, so he took her pocketbook and threw it out the window. He was sulken for days afterward, not because of the girl but because of his petulance.

There is no real meanness in Best. It is just that he has never matured socially. Early fame to a boy who had known only drabness in Belfast, more money than anyone had ever earned in soccer, hordes of people looking to chip a piece off him—all of this has been stunting and confusing. Women have been particularly adroit at using him; American women may be mouthy and pushy and grabby, but European women (especially the English), for all their purported innocence and cute servility, are shrewdly diabolical and just as enamored of the long green. It seems that every girl he has been near comes away with something. He falls in love with a Danish girl, splits with her, and she sues for breach of promise while selling her story to a newspaper. She drops the suit only after he lays \$500 on her for a nose job. His involvements have now reached the point where he is almost a plastic man. If the plastic starts to melt, he backs off. He left one girl not too long ago with a completely unexpected note on her door: "Nobody knows me."

That note, Best says, includes himself as well, and most certainly the press of England. With the exception of *The Observer* and *The Times* among the major London papers, none has tried to examine him seriously. It may be that he is too mercurial, too much of a strain on the neat lines of formula, but there is no question that what appears in the papers is not George Best. He is usually bound up and delivered as only an errant plaything of the new culture or as just one more example of carefully calculated rebellion by an athlete. The trouble with the latter is that Best has never been careful in his life and cannot even calculate his next step.

When Best first arrived from Belfast, football's maximum-wage standard, which had subjected players to the worst sort of peonage, had risen. But the game wasn't chic. Best, by his improvising brilliance, would slowly leave his mark on the game. No longer baggy, the uniforms would have a youthful flair and fit to them. The players themselves would gain much more individual recognition, not as good-natured clods with fleeces of wool still in their hair or thick dirt under their fingernails. Polish and pizzazz, those were the words that became one with the game, and George Best was the game.

In Manchester, Best was like some frail prince with magical powers who had suddenly materialized out of the dark-

ness. Back in 1958 half of United's team was wiped out in a Munich air crash, and it was Best who brought them back to excellence. Smartly, the owners encouraged his youthful values and his zest for sociability. They supported his style, which was bold and enterprising, the kind of flamboyance that brought a new look to soccer. Unlike the other Europeans, the English hate defensive football. Best seemed to make a fascinating appeal to the senses, while bringing back the lost art of the dribble—moving the ball forward with short kicks between the legs.

"No other virtuoso could match his range," remembers Arthur Hopcraft, "and it was a variety of talents that made him so important: a barely credible capacity for forcing his way out of a ring of defenders; his courage in a crowded goal-mouth, allowing him to head goals against much bigger men; his inspired eye for a long ball from a deep position behind him. With all this there was a relish for action. Some people, though, were now calling him playboy; but no playboy was ever more captive by his craft."

Best exploited his name commercially. He opened boutiques, endorsed products, came out with a regular soccer publication. While relaxing, he usually could be found someplace under a Mediterranean sun. The media began stalking him, as if he were some rare, threatened species of wildlife.

Continually in trouble, Best began to change. At times there was a great vacuity in his eyes. Bad behavior alienated the press and fans. Throwing mud at a referee or knocking the ball out of his hand aroused the ire of the British. They do not like exhibitions of temper by a player, no matter how badly or unfairly the opposition is assaulting him. The fans demand stoicism—coolness in the face of abuse. That was not the nature of Best. Soon he began missing training, disappearing into London, where on one occasion, with half of Fleet Street banging on the door, he was found with a beauty queen. "I was so bloody mixed up," he said, "that I just wanted some peace and quiet. In the end I panicked. I didn't know what the hell to do. I only wanted some breathing space. I'm so nervy now I even look over my shoulder to see if anyone is following me or watching me."

Once more, in January 1972, Best disappeared. He had been playing brilliantly, but then things started to turn badly. The United players, who had loved him dearly, no longer remained patient. "He'd been part of the decline," said one, "and he should have been training with us all week to put it right." Another said: (Continued on page 121)

TRUCK STOPS

I HAVE LOVED



Photographed by Frank Gitty

IT'S DIFFERENT IN FRANCE: THE FOOD IS GOOD /by Rudy Chelminski

I have tried that old saw about stopping where the truck drivers stop often enough to know that it is one of the cruelest canards ever visited on the race. Without exception, the men who heave their bulks atop those foolish little round chrome stools own stomachs like crushing plants, capable of digesting king pins and tie rods. The only thing drearier than a mid-American highway is the oppressive procession of precooked chili, infrareddies, Hostess Twinkies, and pale coffee on a chrome-rimmed countertop.

There exist on the face of the earth, though, a few professionals who have somehow missed the benefits of Jimmy Hoffa and the Pepsi Generation. Consider the *relais routiers*.

The *relais routiers* are the French truck stops. Not just any chain of beaneries, but a quality-controlled and exclusive national syndicate of more than

4000 family-owned restaurants whose aim is to serve the truck driver generous quantities of good food at modest prices. They are the only ones that have the right to display outside their doors the characteristic red, white, and blue disc, the one that millions of tourists pass by, wondering idly what it could mean.

What does the typical French truck driver eat to ease his hunger and break the tedium of a long run between Lorient and Belfort? Oysters, frogs' legs *provençale*, *coq au vin*, veal Marengo, *steak au poivre*, and, if he feels like spending a few francs more, lobster à l'*armoricaine*. (All these specialties are quoted from menus.) He will drink a pitcher of a light *vin du pays*, probably tamp it down with a cognac or mirabelle that is the natural accompaniment to his little cup of strong, black coffee, then, finally contented, walk out to take the wheel of

his 35-ton dreadnought. And he won't be out more than three or four dollars.

No one but the French could have done it. No one else takes the preparation and consumption of food with their single-minded seriousness. The idea began with oil stains on the highway. In 1934, two Parisian journalists, François de Saulieu and Louis Navière, began noting down the good, inexpensive little restaurants favored by the truckers and inevitably identified, even in the off-hours, by the puddles of oil left by trucks parked on the roadside. De Saulieu and Navière founded an association and began publishing a newsletter. Their listings grew until, by the end of the Thirties, some 2000 inns displayed the disc and the newsletter had evolved into an annual guide. Shattered by the war and the German Occupation, the association did not become active again until 1967, when

TRUCK STOPS *The language is rough, and the acrid, masculine smell of Gaulois Bleue fights for air space with the odors of gigot and poulet. You can't have everything.*

two of de Saulieu's sons, Bertrand and Thierry, reorganized the *Guide des Relais Routiers* along the lines of its prestigious big brothers, the *Guide Michelin* and *Guide Kléber*. After beginning with a circulation of only 1000, they sold 75,000 last year, a third of which went in a special English edition for the touring-wise, pound-pinching British. From their sympathetically chaotic headquarters at 6, rue d'Isly in Paris, Bertrand, 28, and Thierry, 26, direct a score of national and regional inspectors. Many of these men are truckers themselves, visiting the inns to check on the three criteria the drivers demand: friendly atmosphere, good quality food, and low prices.

"It's strictly family style," says Bertrand. "That's what makes the *relais* different from other places. Everyone knows everyone else and there's a lot of noise and joking going on. Often the father does the cooking while the mother and kids wait on the tables. I know some places that barely make any money because the owners are so reluctant to raise the prices on 'their boys'—and in Madame Vallée's *relais* in Le Mans, for example, her daughter has a doctorate in geography but goes on waiting on tables rather than taking a professorship. They believe in it."

The *relais routiers*, which one Parisian paper called "the last authentic bistros," are invariably ugly, or at best plain, since an effort at decor would cost money needed for the food and be a certain sign for the professional clientele that the boss is trying to go bourgeois. The tables are squeezed together to make as much room as possible, the dining areas are tumultuously crowded, the language is rough, and the acrid, masculine smell of *Gaulois Bleue* fights for air space with the odors of *gigot* and *poulet*.

"If a *relais* seems to you to be less clean than others," Bertrand writes in a brochure, "but it is still jammed with truckers, you're not obliged to stop. The *relais* are first of all for the truckers. But if you persist, take it as it is. If you are accompanied by a pretty woman, don't be angry if you are greeted by whistles or songs—it is simply homage to your companion."

The restaurants aren't always good, but there is always plenty of food—at least three courses—and it is cheap. All the *relais* have a daily menu offering hors d'oeuvres, meat and vegetable, cheese, dessert or fruit, and coffee for 20 francs or under, that is to say a four-dollar maximum. You can eat for less, but not in a restaurant. Bertrand and Thierry award a little casserole symbol to 120 *re-*

lais that make special efforts with their food, and in some of them a meal can be a true gastronomic festival. I splurged, for example, at the Relais de la Poste in Varzy, a little town south of the cathedral city of Auxerre, and opted for the 22-franc menu. It began with *délice de la Poste*, a homemade duck-liver mousse served on fresh, warm toast, moved on to grilled trout accompanied by a little bowl of the super-garlicky mayonnaise known as *aïoli*, then a farm chicken *en casserole* cooked in wine with *girolle* and *trompette de la mort* mushrooms. After a fresh, lemony salad, there was fresh goat cheese from the neighboring Morvan district, pears baked in wine, and coffee. Pierre Langlois, chef and owner, even had a surprise with his recommended table wine—a Sancerre, which is logical enough since Sancerre is almost next door, but red this time instead of white. (I would be willing to bet that 95 percent of American wine merchants and sommeliers don't know that a red Sancerre exists. It is light and refreshing and best served slightly chilled.)

It was inevitable, of course, that "civilians" both native and foreign would discover and become attached to the *relais*. In fact, it is mostly for them that the de Saulieus put out their guide, since the truckers already know their routes and the restaurants they prefer. But for the other fauna of the truck stops, those lucky ones whose business or leisure sends them traveling through France, the game of hunting new *relais* becomes something akin to the passion of the collector. Best of all, the game keeps them on a beautiful network of secondary roads, since there is not a single *relais* on the superhighways, and not likely to be. Superhighway restaurants are a state monopoly, auctioned off to the highest bidder. The result is a chain of steak-and-hamburger joints that Bertrand scornfully writes off as "a few caravansaries, exceedingly expensive and exceedingly mediocre..."

The following is only a drop in the bucket, a sampling of a few *relais routiers* that I can recommend without reserve and that lie in areas the tourist might be likely to visit.

PARIS:

Au Rendez-Vous des Routiers, 29, rue Beaubourg, 3rd arrondissement. Madame Pagès has been running this great old bistro for as long as anyone can remember. Her son runs the bar and waits on tables. I had a *plat du jour* (*boeuf gros sel*) for three and a half francs.

A l'Enclos de Ninon, 21 bis, boulevard Beaumarchais, 4th arrondissement. Cas-

soulet, game, and goose liver are the specialties of this place so renowned for its regional food that it is listed in both the Kléber and Michelin guidebooks.

Le Relais Chez Françoise, 137, avenue de Versailles, 16th arrondissement. Sympathetic little bistro offering home cooking in an area of Paris that is otherwise a gastronomic wasteland.

Le Restaurant des Chauffeurs, 10, rue Max Dormoy, 18th arrondissement. I had a menu at six francs: soup, kidneys in white wine, half a camembert, wine and tip included. Always crowded.

Le Relais de l'Etape, 351 rue des Pyrénées, 20th arrondissement. The boss wears a white jacket, and his wife does the cooking. A *pâté du Périgord* for two costs 6.80 francs, *truite aux amandes* 7.50 francs, and a dessert soufflé au Grand Marnier only three francs.

ROUTE TO NORMANDY:

Le Relais du Beau Site, 3, Route Nationale, Mezy (78 Yvelines). Just outside of Paris, near the superhighway that leads toward Rouen and le Havre. You can settle for a simple 12-franc menu, but if you have the time and ambition, this is what M. Berthollet serves you for 25 francs: mixed hors d'oeuvres, lobster quenelles au gratin or turbot à l'armoricaine, pigeon stuffed with *foie gras* or loin of lamb or grilled sirloin steak (bluish-pink, as it should be), a huge cheese platter and *poire belle Hélène* for dessert. Wine and tip not included.

Le Pile ou Face, 68, boulevard Hébert-Fournet, Lisieux (14 Calvados). A friendly little restaurant with three low-priced menus, in a city where it is difficult to avoid the tourist traps.

Le Relais du Viaduc, 25, avenue de Verdun, Coutances (50 Manche). Eleven menus, from seven to 32 francs.

ROUTE TO BRETAGNE:

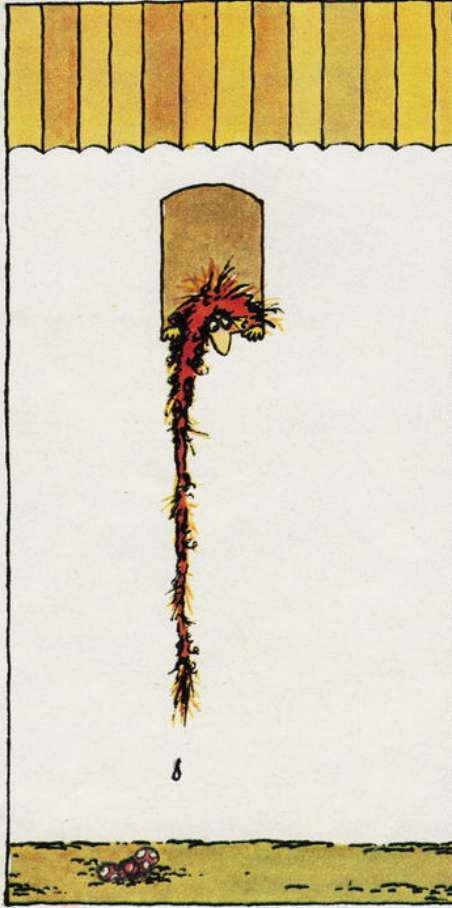
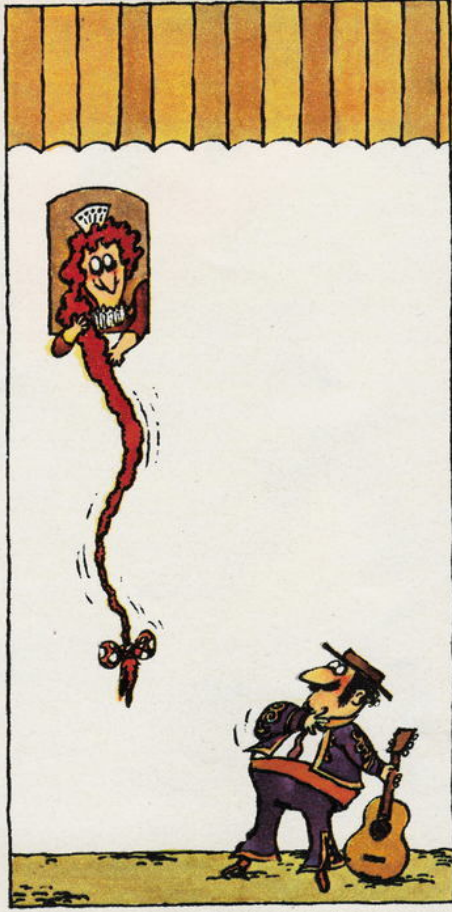
Le Relais Beauceron-Mignières, national route 10, Chartres. Smack on the main truck road, dreary on the outside but roomy and relaxed within.

Le Relais St. Maurice, 20, rue St. Maurice, Chartres. Of all strange combinations, Monsieur Banquetti and his son offer Marseilles and Chinese specialties. Monsieur Banquetti learned it all when he worked as maître d'hôtel aboard the Marseilles-to-Indochina passenger ships.

Le Relais du Square, 1, place des Jacobins, Le Mans. Madame Vallée and her doctorate daughter serve you in this little inn hidden behind a stand of elms.

Hôtel des Touristes, 114 Avenue Félix-Geneslay, Le Mans. A true truck stop, on the Le Mans bypass. Everything from onion soup to lobster.

Le Relais (Continued on page 116)





EVERY KNOWN FACT ABOUT GUNILLA BERGSTROM

These are some of the things Gunilla Bergstrom believes in: God, the *Svenska Dagsbladet*, evolution, reincarnation, every last one of the Ten Commandments, heaven, the United Nations, popular sovereignty, the four-day work week, the Swedish economy, open-stack libraries, a good night's sleep, the superiority of butter to margarine, no-fault automobile insurance, rock and roll. These are the things she is skeptical about: hell, marriage, motherhood, the Wankel engine, the rhythm method, the sincerity of German remorse, folk wisdom, love, bleached blondes, lie-detector tests, progress, the stock market, the claims of breakfast-food advertisers, the Process, Jesuits, men who claim to own airplanes, men who claim the Ferrari is being repaired, most men, most promises. These are the things she is afraid of: rape, pregnancy, breast cancer, mutilation, the attractiveness of other women, revolving doors, escalators, aging, night sounds outside her window, entropy, big dogs, abandonment, loss of faith, midterms. These are the things she jokes about: the small town she was born in, the idiocy of rural life, innocence, sex-change operations, Japanese businessmen with Nikons trying to pick up Swedish girls, Swedish girls who fall for Japanese businessmen, Xaviera Hollander, the Loud family, the American preoccupation with size. These are the things that give her the creeps: Ingmar Bergman movies, Alfred Hitchcock movies, the idea of infinity, the possibility that the universe is finite, ideology, chicken fat, *cuchifritos*, mossy teeth, ideology, infibulation, the "Greek" arts and English "massage," artificial insemination, bestiality. These are the things she is concerned about: racism in South Africa, the impending extinction of the leopard, the population explosion, the energy crunch, bombing in Cambo-





A pretty girl is like a catalogue
of all the marvelous things there
are in the universe to dream of,
worship, discuss, or kiss.





dia, poverty in Appalachia, the British-Icelandic dispute over fishing rights, the suppression of dissent in Eastern Europe, nuclear fallout, sickle-cell anemia, ecological imbalance. These are the things she thinks are foolish: picnics, beauty pageants, sex fairs, flavored douches, dirty jokes, Italian grand opera, English accents, despair, suicide, the life of the mind, the death of the heart, competition, computer dating, football, Paris fashion, people who do crossword puzzles, people who make lists, people who worry about LSD in the water supply, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, card games, dorm rules, the interminable midnight sun. These are the things she likes: body make-up, body massage, the odor of men's bodies, hairy chests, men's magazines, mirrors, doorknobs she can see herself in, target practice, touching, room service, monkey business, animal crackers, duck soup, blankets, sauna, promotional T-shirts, Swedish meatballs, nude sun-bathing, throaty voices, high fidelity, movies with happy endings, secrets, appointments, rum drinks, hanging indoor plants, licorice. These are the things she doesn't understand: malice, cruelty, militarism, computers. These are the things she doesn't try to understand: people who go to encounter groups, the reputation of Swedish women, Hegel's *Phenomenology*, Einstein's *Relativity*, guilt, perversion, people who are embarrassed by their bodies. These are the things she is curious about: the dating habits of the Communist Chinese, the sex lives of cannibals, the intelligence of dolphins, the meaning of dreams, the life of Al Capone, the future of heterosexuality, intelligent life on other planets, acupuncture, the truth in conspiracy theories, Ari and Jackie's table talk, the teachings of Don Juan, the authenticity of Truman Capote's Chinese vases. These are the things she envies America for: Harvey Wallbangers, McDonald's French fries, Hamburger Helpers, motels, oppressed minority groups, political prisoners, space technology, the Indianapolis 500, cowboy boots, Touch-Tone telephones, *Soul Train*. These are the things she fantasizes about: life in a commune, life in the harem of a fabulously wealthy and handsome sheik, the society of Amazons, Cuba before the revolution, Rome before the Christians, a bathtub large enough to swim in, voluntary male birth control, herself as Prime Minister.





oui









CONVERSATION WITH

MARCEL MARCEAU

*In 1928, when Marcel Marceau was five, his mother took him to see a Charlie Chaplin movie and he never recovered. He went home and began imitating birds, trees, fish—anything that moved, animate or inanimate. By the time his father was captured and executed by the Nazis during the Second World War, he was already well down the road, entertaining the soldiers of the French Army with mime routines. In 1946, Marceau entered the School of Dramatic Art in the Sarah Bernhardt Theater in Paris. He studied with Etienne Decroux, who had taught mime to Jean-Louis Barrault. Marceau eventually joined Barrault's acting company and won his first fame in the role of Arlequin in the play *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Before this, Marceau had considered a career as a more or less conventional actor, but his success in mime persuaded him to forget that. In 1947, at a tiny Paris theater, he presented his white-faced character Bip for the first time. The name Bip was inspired by the character Pip in Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations*, but Bip so strongly recalls the classic "white clowns" of Italian Renaissance theater that critics were quick to make predictions about the "modernization" of the mimetic form. Marceau had a loyal following from that point on but didn't*

*become an international star until the 1951 Paris season, when his company had a three-month run at the Studio des Champs-Élysées, presenting both a full-scale mimodrama based on Nikolai Gogol's *The Overcoat*, and Marceau's personal favorite, *Pierrot de Montmartre*. Since then, he has appeared on the BBC, French and American television, and has toured extensively, elaborating his art and simultaneously eschewing stagi elaboration. The slender, 5'9" Marceau makes his home in Paris. He still goes before audiences with one assistant, dressed as a clown, who holds up cards to introduce each number, ten duplicates of his basic Bip costume, a lot of make-up, and nothing else. He wound up his most recent American tour by drawing S.R.O. crowds at City Center in Manhattan, collecting an honorary L.H.D. degree (Doctor of Humanities) from Linfield College, and talking to OUI. As we talked, into the dressing room swept Rudolph Nureyev, who had rushed over from an adjacent theater during intermission in his performance with the Canadian Ballet. It was the first time the two men had met, and the proud Nureyev left no doubt about the high artistic regard he had for the mime. Kneeling, he kissed Marceau's hand and told him, "You are the greatest."*

OUI: What is your definition of mime?

MARCEAU: As I practice it, the art of mime is a combination of meaning and style. I often use my concentration to hypnotize my public. If I walk against the wind, it's not only the idea that is impressive, but the feeling that I'm really pushing a force called wind. I re-create with my body—stairs, height, weight, anything. I can also re-create space and even a kind of metaphysical anguish that the public perceives directly and personally. When I'm walking on a rope that does not exist, and when the public sees me in the space when I'm actually on the floor, well, this can happen only because theater has the virtue of making time abstract. Even if the public is conscious of the artifice, at the moment when it is paying rapt attention, it forgets the artifice. Chaplin used to say about movies: "The art is to hide artifice." He was right. Everything seems to be real in movies. Life is normally represented and reproduced, and yet everything is stylized. In the theater, art consists in showing the artifice, and still the public is subjugated in the same way. This is one of the theater's mysteries. In mime, there's a poetic concert. The public and the artist must both give more. A primary public cannot transpose as easily as an educated public.

OUI: Then isn't your art confined to an intellectual elite?

MARCEAU: No, not at all! I don't believe in any intellectual elite. I meant that

a primary public is a public that can perceive the transposition but, not being used to perceiving, can be disoriented, shocked, and so be unresponsive at first. A man's education is achieved by observing nature and also by improving his culture. This requires intellectual training but doesn't mean a man is an intellectual.

OUI: But—since mime was originally performed in the streets "for the masses," and you have chosen to perform a solo act in a theater—aren't you reserving your art for an elite?

MARCEAU: Certainly not. For financial reasons, theater will never be an art for the masses as movies are. And it can be argued that theater was *never* a mass art, even when it was in the streets. Happily, there's television. It's not as good as it should be, especially to give the volume and magnetism of mime, but it can pick up a certain dimension. Success is now a matter of masses: a mediocre movie actor will be much better known than a fantastic theater actor. It always surprises me that, without being a movie actor, I am as well known as I am. I have nothing against movies, I really think they are the seventh art. But if Chaplin and Keaton had existed before the movie industry, they would have been great mimes, just less popular. The public does need a certain culture to perceive a transposed, refined form of art. When a society lacks the ability to perceive higher art, it goes decadent. In Rome, it got to the

point where they would bring slaves onstage among the actors, and the actors would actually mutilate the slaves. When the blood would start flowing, the audience was delighted with the "realism." It was the happening of that time, real proof of real decadence. Art is the power to sublimate a feeling and give it back in its purest state.

OUI: What do you make of the realism of the new erotic films?

MARCEAU: To have good realism, they should not need to make love on the set. One can suggest the act of love through stylization and the public's imagination does the rest. That's what I do in my show, whenever I suggest a woman. I think that blue movies, the best of them, are those where the director tries to transpose eroticism and sexuality to make it more poetic, more beautiful. Even in life, we need stylization to be impressed. Those lovers you see on the screen, are they really artists? For me, to be a lover, one has to be an artist.

OUI: Which eliminates quite a lot of people.

MARCEAU: Yes . . . possibly. A human being can be vigorous and able to give pleasure—I even think some people can be a sort of machine to give pleasure, but that doesn't mean sex doesn't get boring after awhile. There has to be emotion in love. To create that emotion, man has to be an artist. I can't see any other solu-

MARCEL MARCEAU "I was the first one to re-create a mime in the 20th Century. . . . If mime companies exist now, it's because I opened the road for them."

tion. Instinct alone is greedy. It has to be bridled, modulated. Like a violinist plays with his bow. To make love, you have to play love; this doesn't mean that it has to be artificially controlled, or that you have to simulate the act. The sexual act is, for me, more than just natural and exciting. It's a game between a man and a woman, a game with your body, with your eyes. This is what the animals understand perfectly. For the animals the brutal possession—I mean what we perceive as brutal—is already the end of the sexual act.

OUI: An American critic said recently: "Marceau is the most naked artist in the world."

MARCEAU: I think he said that, first of all, because he wanted to react against the gratuitous invasion of nudity onstage. I'm not referring to the ballets, where the body is exposed for artistic reasons, or sculptural reasons, but to all the plays like *Oh! Calcutta!* that show naked artists to attract people. Of course, that's a form of freedom, and in that way it's good. Finally, maybe *Calcutta!* was necessary to react against a certain puritanism, against society's hypocrisy. But then it started to become a business.

OUI: The same critic said: "He's essentially a white clown".

MARCEAU: It's beautiful. . . . yes, it's a beautiful homage. Nijinsky used to think of himself as "God's clown." I'm not like that, but even my friend Henry Miller says: "The supreme clown is the artist."

OUI: What is your relationship with Miller?

MARCEAU: We have a fantastic relationship. We write to each other very often.

OUI: How long have you known him?

MARCEAU: I've known him through his books since 1938. I've known the man since 1968. I think his eroticism is very sane, transposed, marvelous. A cubism of eroticism.

OUI: You've been called the first and last mime of the 20th Century. Would you agree with that?

MARCEAU: I am certainly . . . well, it's not up to me to say that. But I think I was the first one to re-create a mime in the 20th Century. I owe it to a personal gift, and also to my master Etienne Decroux, who taught me mime from 1944 to 1946 and confirmed me in this discipline, giving me the first rudiments of the grammar of mime. When I left his school, I worked on my own style and created the theater of mime. Theater is the fusion between an actor and his public, and I think I was the first to create this contact in mime, at least the first to do it successfully all around the world. If mime companies exist now, it's because I opened the road for them. Apart from that, I created a character named Bip that

succeeded Pierrot, a character from Italian comedy. Then style pantomimes allowed me to use my body as an instrument, the same way a musician creates variations on a theme. I have built a mime which is the synthesis of what I feel toward the art of silence. The last one? It's hard to say . . . we still have 25 years until the end of the century. I hope I'm not the last, but I'm certainly the first.

OUI: Bip is a romantic character. How similar is he to you?

MARCEAU: I'm romantic—which doesn't mean I'm maudlin. I'm not overly romantic. As a performer I'm still a romantic essentially because I'm lyric. The mime as I practice it is a sort of aerial gravity, which necessitates what we can call a state of grace. I think the young people have that now. They are romantic, especially in the way they dress. That may be why they love mime so much. When I play Bip committing suicide, the more grandiloquent it is, the more enchanted they are, because they love transposition. I don't think naturalism can move the public.

OUI: What is your life like when you're not performing?

MARCEAU: I need a lot of concentration. I can't afford to disperse. I love sports. I used to practice a lot of fencing. When I go to the Aikido club a few times a week, I learn how to get my thoughts down to my center of gravity, instead of taking them up to my head, which is distracting to the physical concentration I want. That's what an artist has to do. Marceau is a man entirely centered on his art, but not egocentrically. It's rather childish of Western people to think that a man who looks at his navel is egocentric. The real artist is very much self-centered, but only to take as many forces as he can from his self and then create the concept of meditation. Being self-centered is very important to deliver a thought by means of writing, speaking, or action. This is my aim. The only thing I do for recreation, to take me away from this concentration, is to take care of the trees at my house near Paris. I enjoy planting new trees every time I come back, which is not very often, since I play 350 shows a year. But I'm very concerned about ecology. I do love spending time for nature.

OUI: How deep is your concentration during your show? Do you ever think of something else?

MARCEAU: I must concentrate and be cool at the same time. I have to be very lucid: one eye on the set, one on the audience, the other on the navel. I have to be conscious of anything that can happen, a bad light, a bulb that doesn't work. But above all, I have to be cool and never lose

my self-control. People don't realize that it's a job with certain risks, I mean physically. It's very easy, for instance, to pull a muscle. It's an everyday risk.

OUI: How "real" are your feelings when you're onstage?

MARCEAU: I play emotion by transposition. Which does not mean that I don't feel it. But I try to play every evening with the same freshness, so I play on two levels: the conscious state, and the "re-created" state. It's what the public perceives as the state of grace. But I simulate pain, I don't feel it.

OUI: When you mime a conversation, do you re-create the words in your mind?

MARCEAU: First of all, the gestures are entirely settled beforehand. The number is constructed in my head as a musical score. There is no improvisation onstage. Rhythm can vary by a few seconds. I admire the jazz musicians who improvise. But in the theater, I don't think any improvisation can take place if the actors don't have a complete science of self-control. Well, I mean for silent improvisations.

OUI: Are you afraid of routine?

MARCEAU: Yes, that's the thing you have to be careful about. Personally, I don't want my technique to take away the freshness of my acts. I try to keep the spontaneous side of it, and I think I play every night as if it were the first time. But, you know, it also depends on the public. Audiences change every day, but are still alike. I played in 65 countries and I moved people in all of them, regardless of race, religion, or color. What the public does not know is that I don't see it. Sometimes I receive letters that make me smile: "I'll be there tonight, in the fourth row; I'm the young lady with a red dress. . . ." It's marvelous, but so naïve. I only see a big black hole.

OUI: Yet you don't always play the same way.

MARCEAU: Yes, of course, there are changes depending on the public's reactions. And there are the "big evenings." As Louis Jouvet used to say, "Tonight, the public has genius."

OUI: You performed in prisons. What kind of experience was it for you?

MARCEAU: I've even performed for prisoners who were sentenced to die. It hasn't always started well, but by the end of the show, I would usually have complete communication with them. Their receptivity was remarkable. For instance, I was performing one day in front of about 300 prisoners. At the end of the show, one of them stood up and came to give me a portrait that he had made with some friends. I thanked him and put my hand on his shoulder. Everybody was watching silently. And at the precise moment when (Continued on page 114)



*"I'm tired of Love; I'm still more tired of Rhyme.
But Money gives me pleasure all the time."
Hilaire Belloc*

Aslan

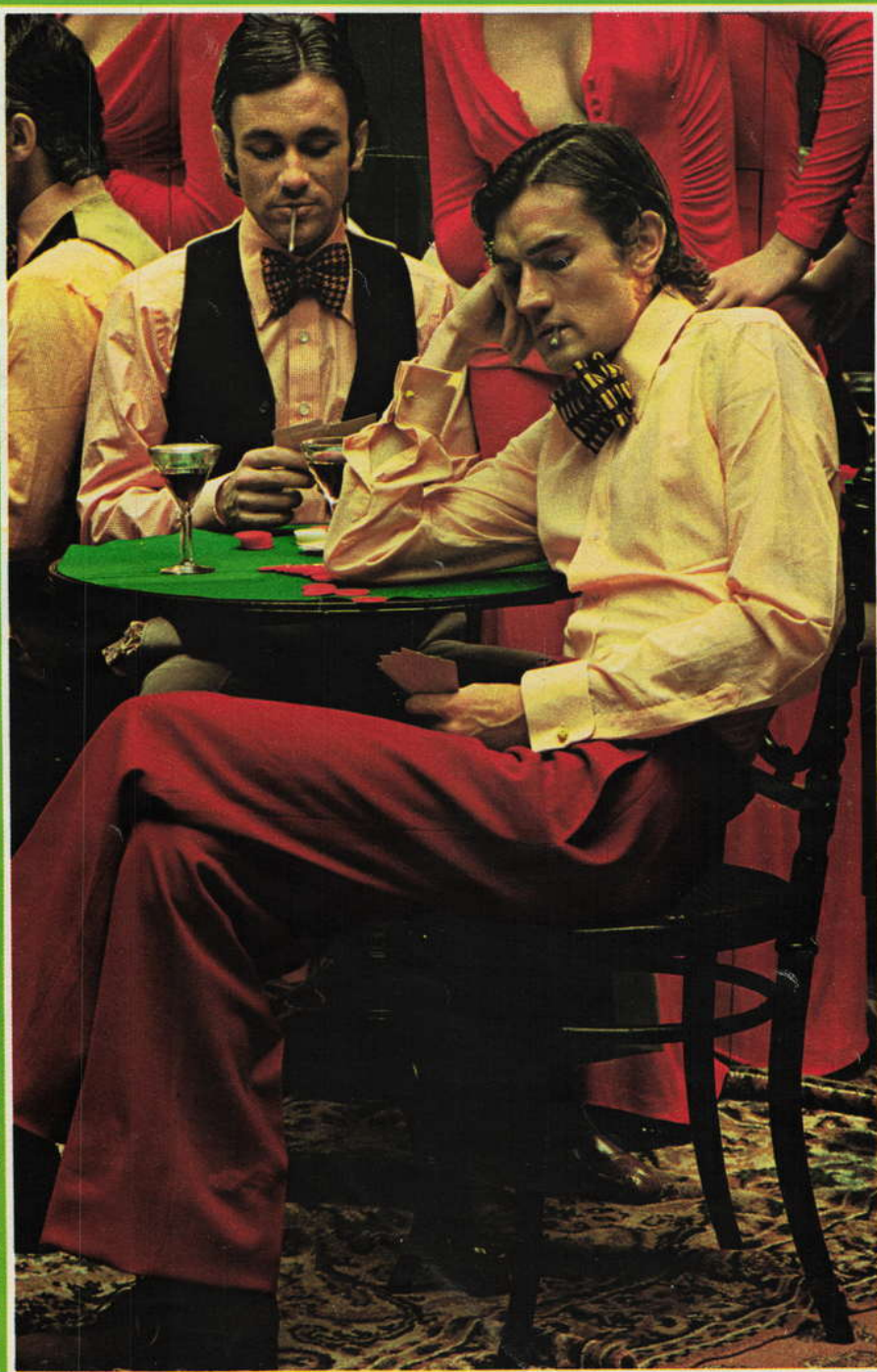
FORE FLUSHERS

TIE ONE ON AND THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

The gaming house is quiet and warm. A close environment—the kind of air that makes one remove one's jacket. Nothing up one's sleeve. You've got to push your best front forward in two-people poker, the mano a mano contest. The decks of cards are thinned of all but the face cards, aces, deuces, and treys. And the stakes are trebled. The play will be stylish, sly and strained.

Dom on the left opens with a John Comfort tie (\$7.50) fronting his Kilgour French & Stanbury shirt (\$25), and a Bread & Butter vest (\$20). Max in front holds his cards low, trying to dazzle Dom with his Pierre Balmain shirt (\$24), St. Laurent slacks (\$80), and Bill Blass houndstooth tie (\$20). Where Nimble's eyes are, as she looks over the game, is anybody's guess, but the rest of her is in the red jersey sweater and pants by Vicky Tiel. Watch Nimble. She doesn't wear that name for nothing.

As the game drags on, the mood darkens. The odds against a straight flush may be 66,591-to-1, but at midnight everything's spades. Stripping to a black minislip by Lillian Dreyfus for Vogue, Nimble slips Max a signal to lose more, setting up Dom, whose chips are piling up. Max keeps a poker face above his striped Turnbull & Asser shirt (\$30) and Bellini tie (\$20). Notice the way his braces match Nimble's suspender belt. That's right: the game's in a posh London gambling club closed for a bank holiday. Don't expect ladies *always* to

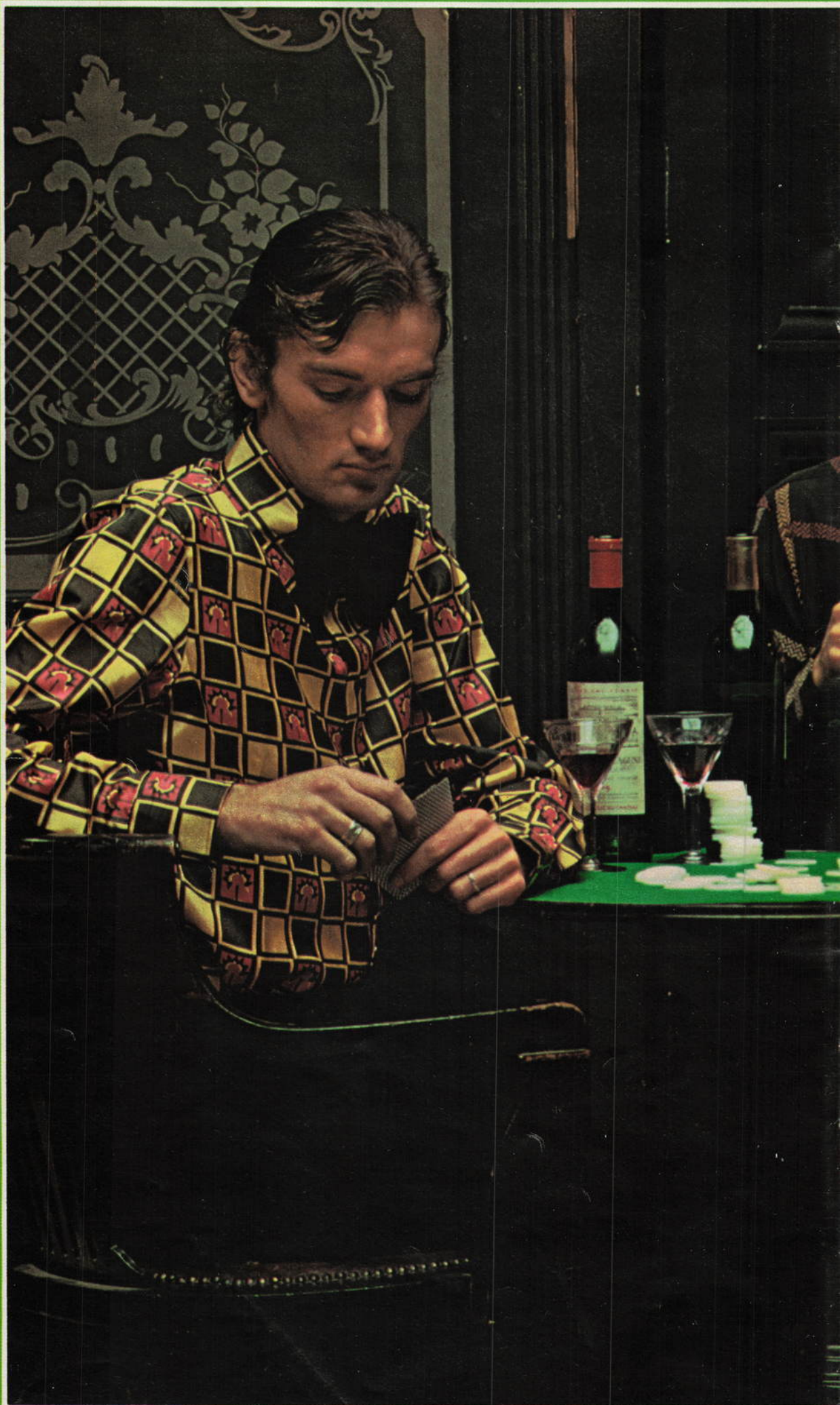


dress this way, but Nimble is known as a game girl. Dom, who doesn't know he's being duped, fills his straight flush from the inside. Outside, he's dressed in a Prince Rinaldi shirt (\$22.50) and Turnbull & Asser polka-dot tie (\$8.50). His \$18 Celia Sebiri ring helps him manipulate his cards.

By one o'clock, Nimble has flaked out in a Vicky Tiel jersey top and skirt (\$160), resting her feet in \$60 Charles Jourdan shoes. She didn't even bother to take off her Adora of Paris bracelet and ring. She's saving them for table stakes. They've finished the wine by now. The chips have shifted to Max, calm underneath his Bread & Butter vest (\$20), Parkley shirt (\$16), St. Laurent tie (\$20), and Rafael pants (\$40). Dom studies his cards carefully through his demilunettes. He wears his Piccolo shirt (\$20), St. Laurent tie (\$20), and Rafael pants (\$40) loosely as he readies to make his big play. It is two o'clock in the morning. Dom and Max have just returned from the bar where Nimble saw them whispering to each other. Between whispers, they cast gimlet glances at her.



Surely, Max would not snooker her— But these games for table stakes are too dangerous, and Dom preferred to play stud. Was she in his cards? Or in *his*? “Hey,” she said, “I don’t like this.” “Shut up,” said Max. He turned to Dom and said, “Deal.” The fan was turning so slowly that the blades didn’t even blur. Between the ante and the call, time seemed to gather like dust on a shelf. Dom raised recklessly, and Max followed suit. “Hey,” said Nimble again, suspecting she would follow Max’s last chip into the pot. She had nightmarish flashes; she had heard tell of Dom’s quaint preferences. “Shut up,” said Max again quietly. How could he be so rotten, she thought, so well-dressed in his wild Egon Von Furstenberg shirt (\$36) and his Paul Stuart tie (\$6.50)? Then again, she thought, Dom over her shoulder was equally natty in his Pancaldi shirt (\$85) and golden Paul Stuart tie. And much more of a rotter. Nimble had to cast her lot. Rolling her eyes over, she saw Dom purse his lips. He must not have made his three-of-a-kind after drawing two new ones. What a basket, she thought, to lose his poker face at such a moment! Her hand slithered over her Vicky Tiel beige dress (\$195), and she subtly laid her finger on her stocking top. It was the prearranged signal to Max. He always held his hand at table level when he had two pairs. Max had Dom. The fan blades blurred again. Dom and Max bumped each other by a thousand pounds a raise. It would be an early evening, or would it? Dom bet his wardrobe. At the last call, he and his stash were totally tapped out.







These boyos in bow ties, Nimble thought, sure do play rough. The game is over by three in the morning. Dom is walking home without his shirt. In fact, without his entire wardrobe. Max tries on some of his winnings—yellow Egon Von Furstenberg shirt (\$22), St. Laurent tie (\$20), Willie Woo belt (\$5), and New Man pants from D. D. Dominick (\$45). Sleepy Nimble doesn't quite wear her Kamali shirt (\$18) and black pants (\$26). It is four o'clock, and Nimble dawdles with a red thousand-quid chip, which matches her not-quite-altogether Kamali



shirt and pants. Max relaxes in his Cerruti tie (\$12.50), St. Laurent shirt (\$75), and New Man slacks (\$45). By five in the morning, Max is explaining his winning mechanics to Nimble, while trying on another St. Laurent shirt (\$75) and tie (\$20). By six o'clock in the morning, Max breaks open some champagne to celebrate their evening's work. He feels very sexy in his Male black velvet pants (\$25) and his St. Laurent belt (\$18). Nimble is also feeling sexy. There may be a new game in the offing. Max is also wizard at strip poker, and Nimble is quick.





FRIDAY HARBOR DREAM WAR

Fifteen hares on a deadman's chest

By Skip Burns

Friday Harbor comes to you with an 80-minute ferry ride among narrow straits and misty isles 20 miles out from Anacortes, Washington. A hundred miles north of Seattle, the San Juan Islands sit quiet and firm, cliff-faced and pine-topped, among the white Cascades peaked on the mainland, the blue Vancouver range across the water on the west and, behind them, the alpine rain forests rising from the Olympic peninsula—splendor and simplicity in perfect accord, but wait, that's not all. The islands are an American Valhalla, a pay-off for dreaming the American dream. Here, suddenly, your personal grandeur is apparent, perhaps for the first time—the kind of revelation you'd expect only from an afterlife. It has nothing to do with Mainland America, with your Mainstream American success or failure. Because of that, you are splendid here, a witness to inestimable majesty, a warrior spent, heroically perhaps, but rewarded for that expenditure with a worthy vision: sea and sky and mountain reduced and manageable in the visible distance.

Particularly during the sunny summer months, the long boat ride out softens and tames you. Islands loom before you but rise gently, intimately beside you as you pass among them. You are relieved. The water churns in the passage ahead where startled whales whistle and dive. You follow them, leave them behind, safe now, like them, from strife and fable.

Yachts and seaplanes abound where the ferry doesn't stop. Cool, remote islands, expensive and incontrovertible, seeming (so deceptive is



FRIDAY HARBOR DREAM WAR *Are wildlife and good vibes going to be enough to satisfy the newcomers? The islanders are vigilant.*

the calm of the waters in Puget Sound) to weigh anchor and move off, shrinking from public access. But they are complete, and you are in progress. You pass them by on your way to glory. You are rising through the light to Friday Harbor.

The harbor itself hides behind one island and then another. It is a safe place. This is America as it once surely must have been, America as it must yet be, fellow citizens. A safe place to keep safe, to preserve for America. From America. You sense that almost immediately.

Always then, in all seasons, awaiting the arrival of someone else, there are several sleek pedants at the ferry slip. They are stationed here at the University of Washington's Marine Laboratory. Prosperous and tidy and immensely serene, these unpedagogical professorial gents. Oceanographers they are not, no tough flippy scholars of the deep-diving sea, not these. They are marine biologists—bayside orderlies, shoreline social scientists, calibrating the death of the seas as long as the market holds. On the dock, their wives trade recipes for plankton and anemones. They are, all of them, pleasantly upholstered.

There is also among them, very likely, someone from a neighboring island—a farmer, a merchant, a fisherman, a vacationer—wondering if he's missed the last ferry out; he can't fly home this time, he's brought the car.

If you're a tourist yourself, you won't notice the other tourists. What does strike you immediately on disembarking are rabbit netting, Pig War, and ONE WAY ONLY. The ONE WAY is no surprise—just a summer resort's belligerent effort to sort you bastards out as you approach, letting you know who's in charge here, welcoming you by carloads direct to the taverns and antiqueries and quaint awful studios, which, in Friday Harbor, take you right around the corner to the next sign (ONE WAY) back to the ferry. But no. The people here turn out to be kindly and obliging, proud of the abundant beauty of their place, hoping you'll like it, see enough of it, it's just that. . . .

Well, recently a California town of 10,000 souls was to have been installed here. That's what they say. Roots and all, transplanted, self-contained and self-sufficing—industries, banks, churches, schools, services—a "planned" community dropped intact onto the abandoned farmsteads and wildernesses around False Bay. No particular thought was given to the consequences. California is crowded; False Bay is not. But the locals balked, didn't like it somehow. Enough was enough. The county council

zoned it out, and the California developer sued. The issue is stalemated, and False Bay for the moment is safe, preserved for America . . . except, the local constabulary confides, and no fooling, that it's a drop area for some sort of well-known international dope-smuggling ring.

It's the Californians, really. The place has got to be made safe from Californians. They're here in droves, the summer transients, the permanent aliens, year-rounders, and day-trippers. Other than the islanders themselves, there are three groups apparent here: the professors, the hippies, and the "new" people. The professors are conventional and quiet and keep to themselves. The hippies and the new people are the problem. One way or another, they are Californians, dropped or zonked out from SuperNow, overloading yesterday's island with today's exhausted energies and expertises. They are miscellaneous middle-class merchants, most of them—in dope or air conditioners or professional abracadabra—who either made it or didn't back in the thick of things and opted finally for Friday Harbor, a simpler life, an easier hustle. Like the Bay Area police reservist who abandoned his zizzed-up sales execudom to peddle insurance here on the mellow island. Or the burnt-out hollow-socketed dope dealer who finally freaked on the seamy streets, getting it together now with his people instead, luring them up here one by one from L.A. with promises of trees and love and air.

But are wildlife and good vibes and a little bit of biz going to be enough? What do these people want? Why are there so many of them, bringing in their friends, too? The islanders are vigilant. Who knows what evil lurks offshore aboard seaplanes and dinghies in the quiet midnight coves?

Behind or beside all that are the realtors and the rich. They're not worried. The realtors are becoming rich, and the rich consort in Roche Harbor near English Camp.

Extraordinary place, English Camp. The flags of Britain, Canada, and the United States, solemnly lofted at dawn, are solemnly recovered at the end of the day with a gun salute, a sunset cannonade. It lifts the herons and cormorants from the bays. The legend in a realty-office window reads:

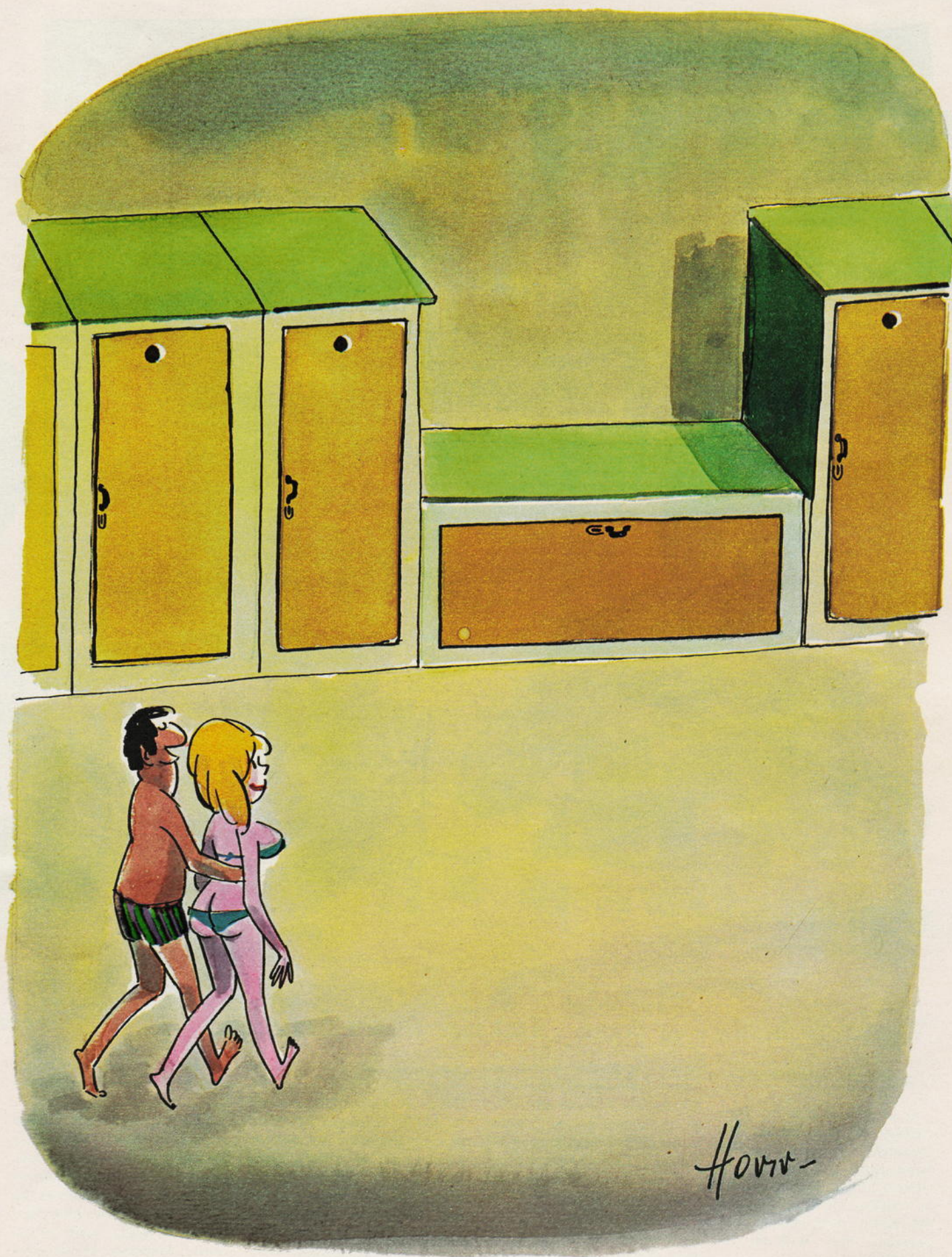
This spot pays tribute to the time when men of wisdom and patience tried peace instead of war to settle differences. . . . In June 1859, an American settler living nearby shot a boar belonging to the British Hudson's

Bay Company. This began the Pig War, a confrontation that could have erupted into a major conflict. Cool heads prevailed, however, to remind us that senseless wars over insignificant causes do not need to happen.

English high camp? The spot is no longer British. A deal was made among wise and patient men. There's continuity in this American tenure, this white Anglo-Saxon American proprietorship, the stuff of the prevailing cooler heads. Hark, non-Aryans, mocha and beige and ochre and rouge, now hear this and try to get it straight: there have been sensible wars over significant causes and these wars certainly needed to happen. But not here. Who are these new people, anyway? What can they possibly want?

Friday Harbor's Pig War has never heard of Pig Culture. Chances are it won't, the hippie colony notwithstanding. The rest, officially, anyhow, is rabbits. You can kill as many as you like, but spare the deer. You can crush them rabbits under the wheels of your car, you can crack their skulls on your eyeteeth and kneecaps. But leave the falcons in the sky. As you motor about the island you notice bunnies hopping leisurely in hundreds. Their corpses are squashed innumerable on the roads, their mothers and cousins swarm in field and forest. They bore hawks overhead; too commonplace, too, for the Gaines-burger hounds below. The only snakes in the islands are the yellow- or red-striped garden variety, large and timid, anxious themselves to be spared. In fact, every predator introduced against the bunnies has either expired of some rare and painful infection or has preyed unaccountably on something it oughtn't. So, rabbit turds are a kind of indigenous island pebble. They roll and bleach and stiffen in the sun. They seem not to dissolve in the winter rain, aging merely, impermeable, organic rocks. The bunnies flee no one, they have nothing to fear. They don't fear the cars that mash them, the farmers who curse them, the hunters who net them. Nobody eats them and they eat everything. The bunnies are safe here, preserved for America from America.

What then, besides the sporting whales, the shying snakes, the gothic Americans, the innocent isle? The weather? Generally speaking, the weather runs like this: sun, endless in summer; mild impenetrable rain otherwise. It seldom freezes, never scorches, always refreshes, effortlessly. Crocuses, elsewhere sensible and tough, are fooled by it, this leniency, this failure of ordinary seasonable cruelty, (Continued on page 120)



GREAT MOMENTS OF OUR TIME



WITH ONE STICK OF BUBBLE GUM



Narrative history is dead. Analytic history is dying.

Infra

BY ANTHONY HAYDEN-GUEST

It is obvious that the True History of Our Times—the chronicle of *exactly what has been going on*—is yet to be written. It can, perhaps, never be written. The Captains and the Kings *may* depart, but probably they will do no such thing.

So just who is in charge

here? The Multinational Corporations? The Media? The electronics whizzes and other programmers of the Technoculture? The exploiters of the Leisure Boom? Dope, Sex, Art, and Revolution, the Four (stumbling) Horsemen of the New Apocalypse?

It all comes down to Hegel's Theory or, rather, Napoleon's hemorrhoids, which

(possibly) lost the Battle of Waterloo. People, places, things. In a period dominated by public relations, the great historic moments are not the Declaration of War (when that occurs), the Signing of the Pact, the name-studded and fluorescent International Ceremony. These are the wax-works dramas, pseudo events at best, and about as relevant

to history as the Oscar wing-ding is to the growth of motion pictures.

Critical moments occur without warning. Sometimes the effect is obvious, instantaneous (somebody has been assassinated). Or sometimes the effects are visible later, like bruises (Muskie howls in the snow, Eagleton prevaricates on the telephone). Sometimes



Illustration by Joe Saffold

history is coming from between the lines and into the black and white

the episode is revealed much later for what it really is: the symbol of a reality yet to come. What tremors were there when the first Swiss bank was founded, when the first adviser arrived in Southeast Asia, or when geneticists first split the human chromosome, raising the possibility of innumerable identical replicas of an individual?

And then there are the moments that, somehow, never got noticed much at all. Just contemplate, for instance, the crucial changes that were crystallized, or brought about, or (in some cases) *almost* brought about, by the following:

The time that Oscar Wilde observed, "I put my genius

into my life. I only put my talent into my works," and set a style for a whole coming culture.

The party during which Fatty Arbuckle explored an unusual use of the soft-drink bottle and death came to Virginia Rappe and censorship came to Hollywood.

When Mr. Frederic Tudor, the Boston Ice King, adopted his technique for chopping ice into easily transportable chunks, and New World cuisine was born.

When James Joyce ran Dublin's first movie house in 1909. The project failed, so he went off dismally to Trieste to write. (Continued on page 117)

GOLDEN "GOLDIE" PELT

VS.

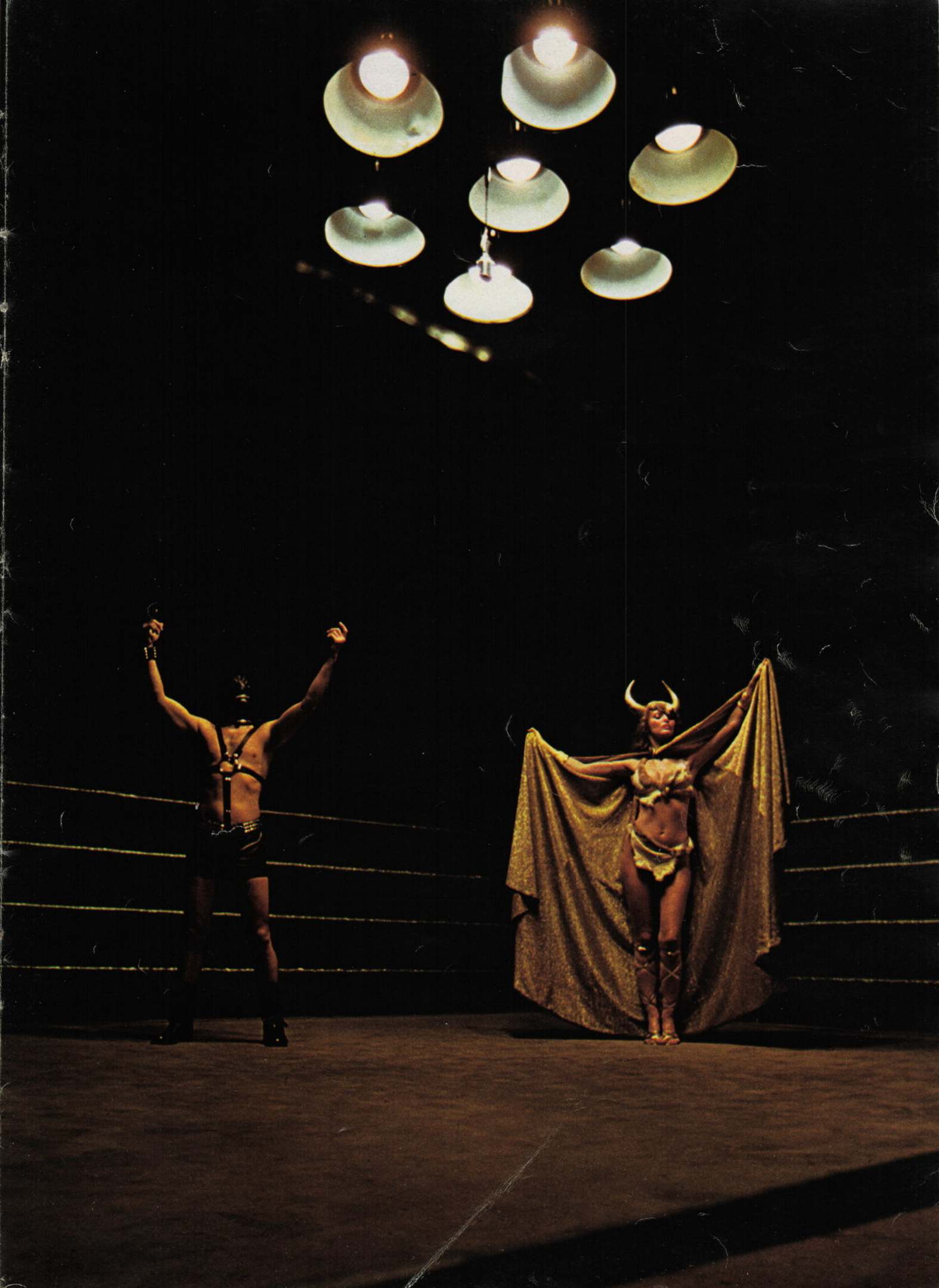
THE MIGHTY MOLOCH

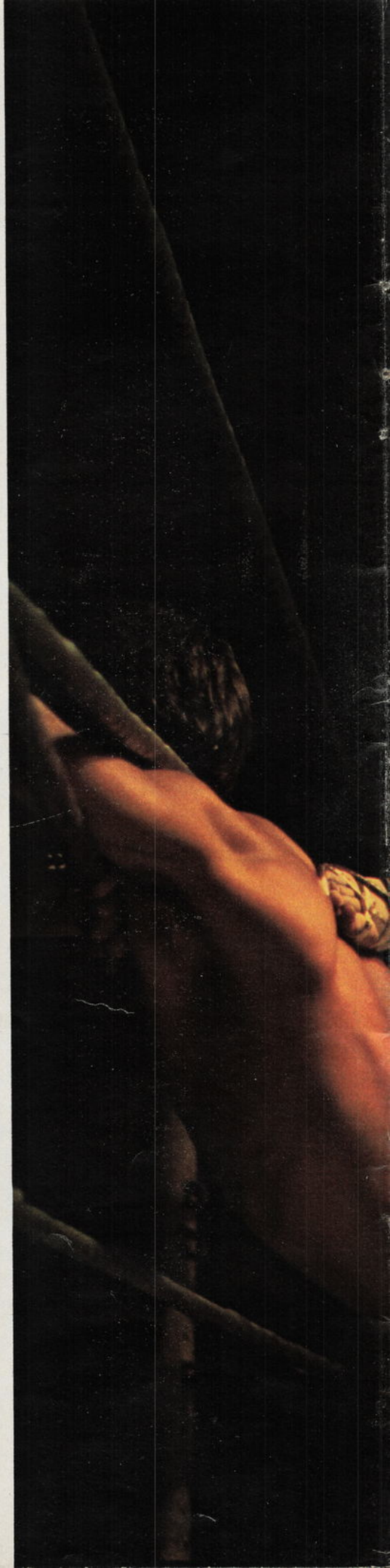
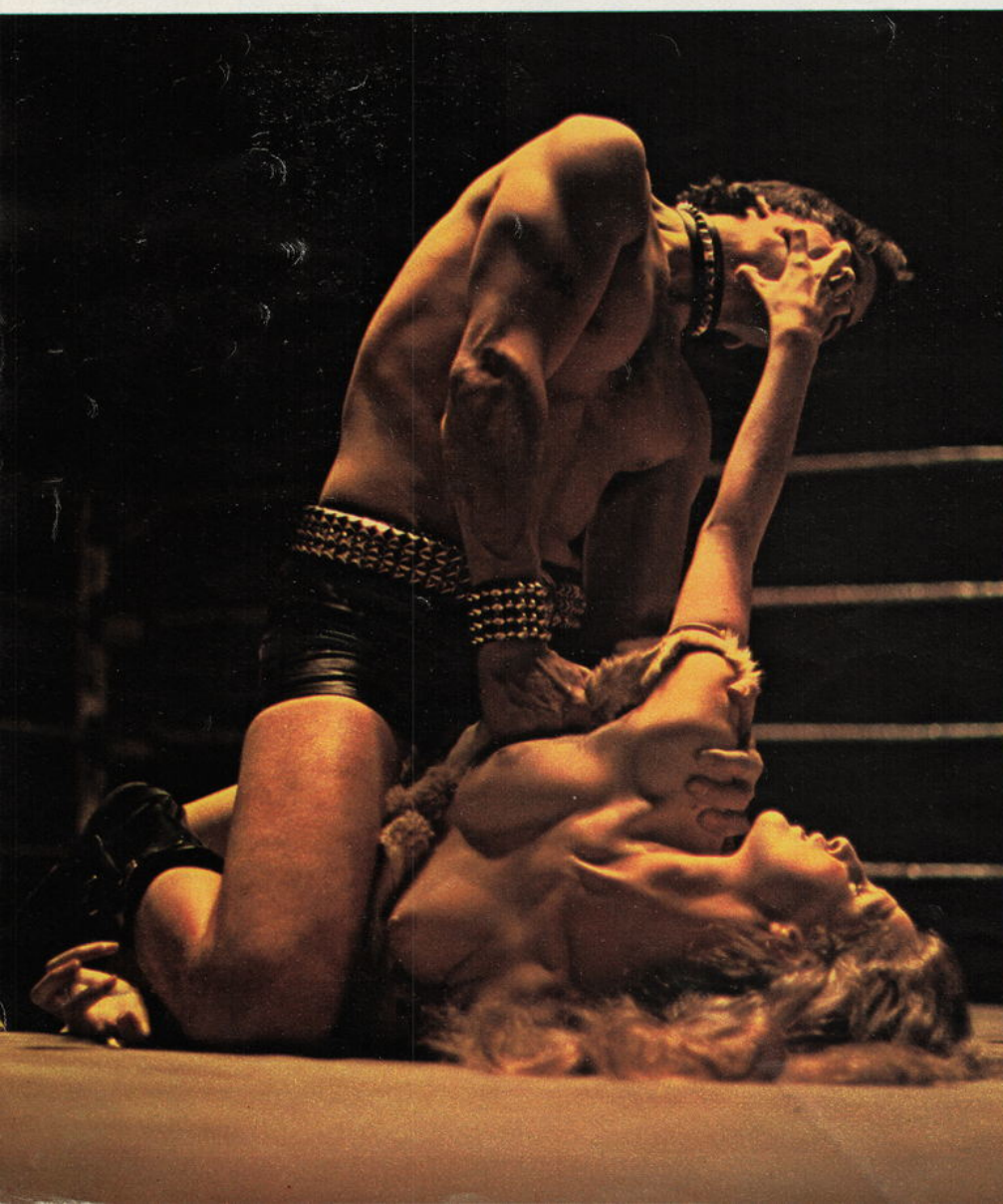
The Match of the Century! Goldie says "I'll stay on top!" and the crowd goes

wild. The Mighty Moloch roars that he will force this beautiful woman

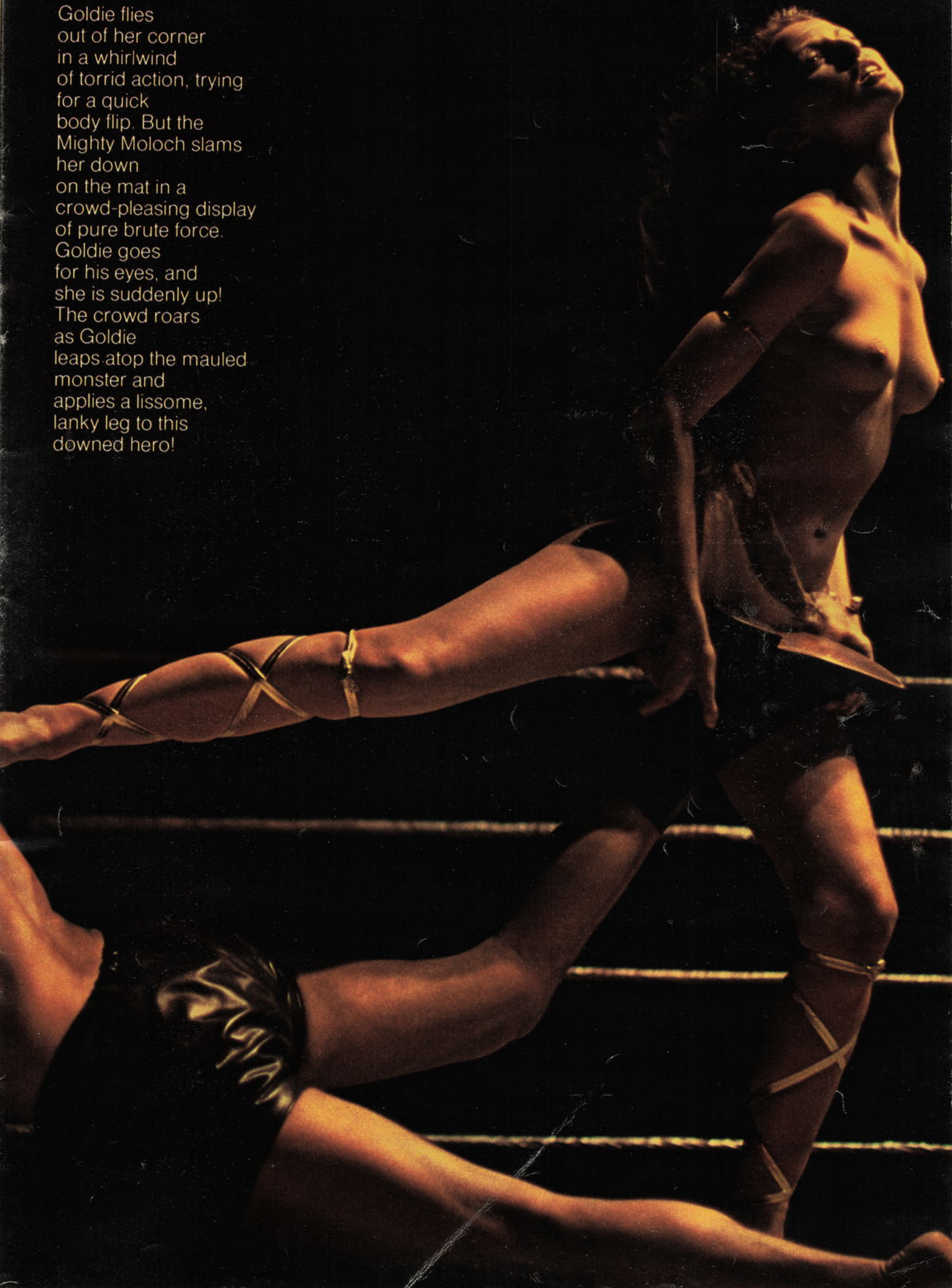
down to the mat and keep her there. It will be wrestling's biggest night!!!

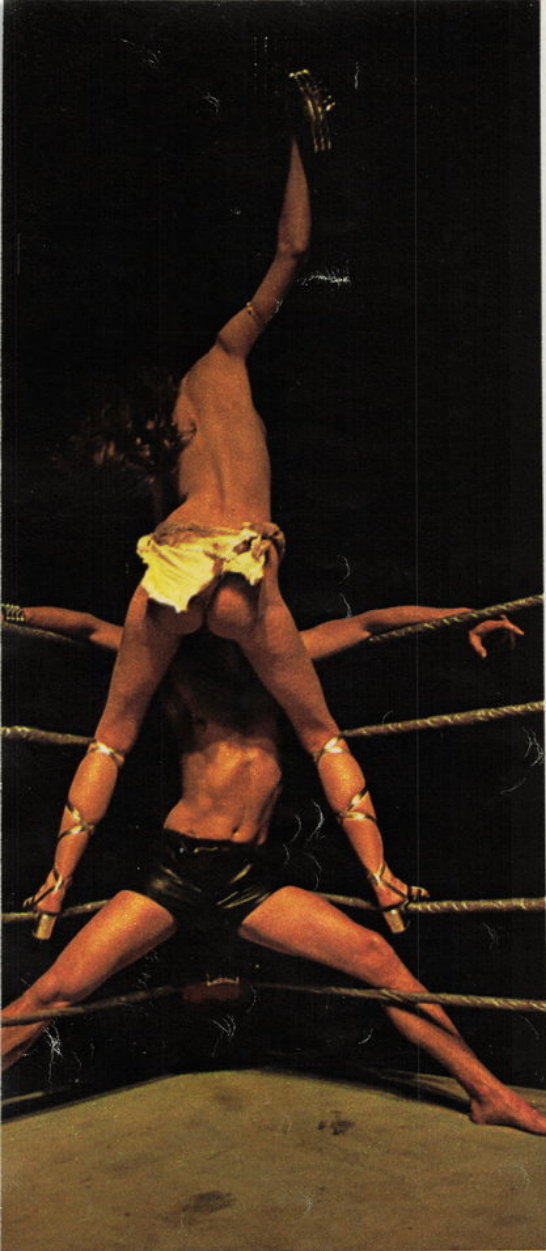




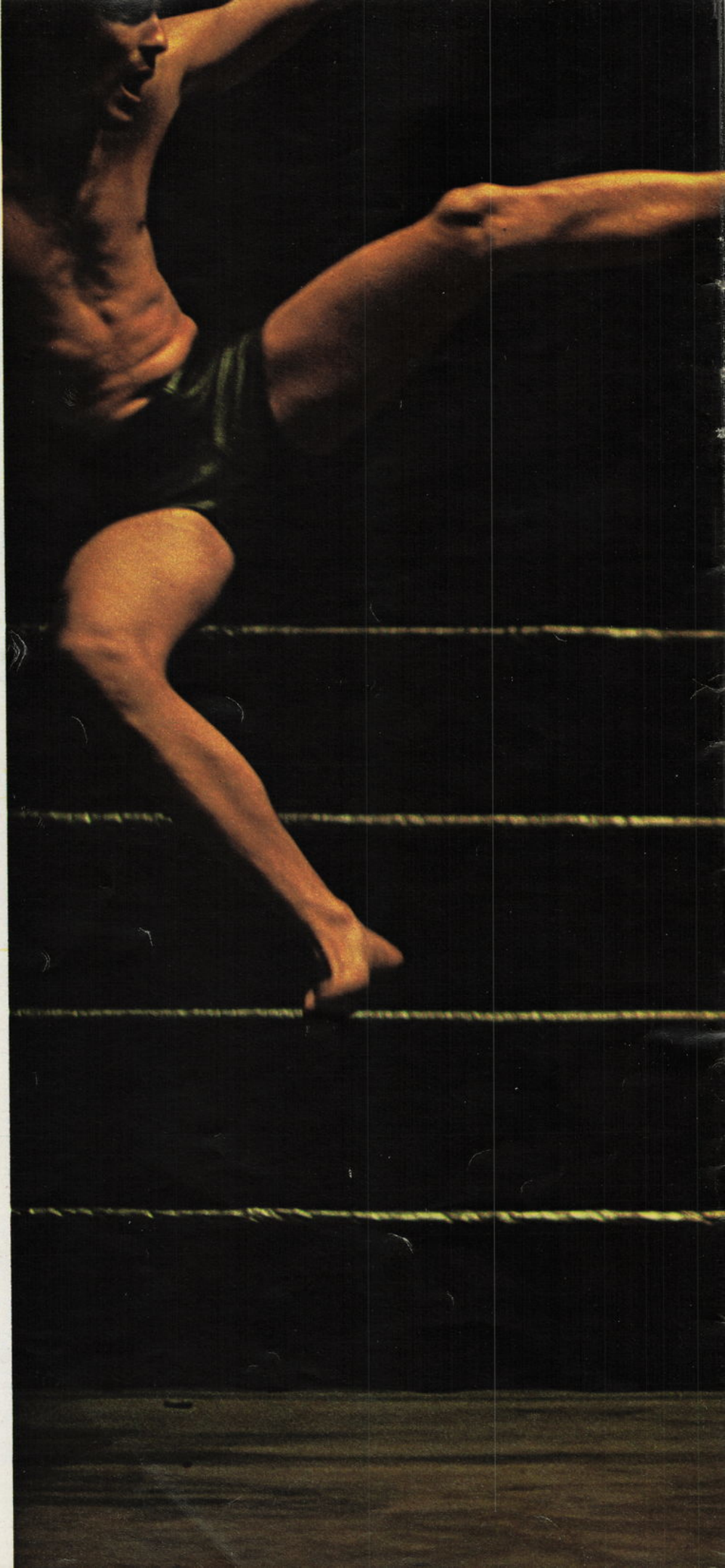


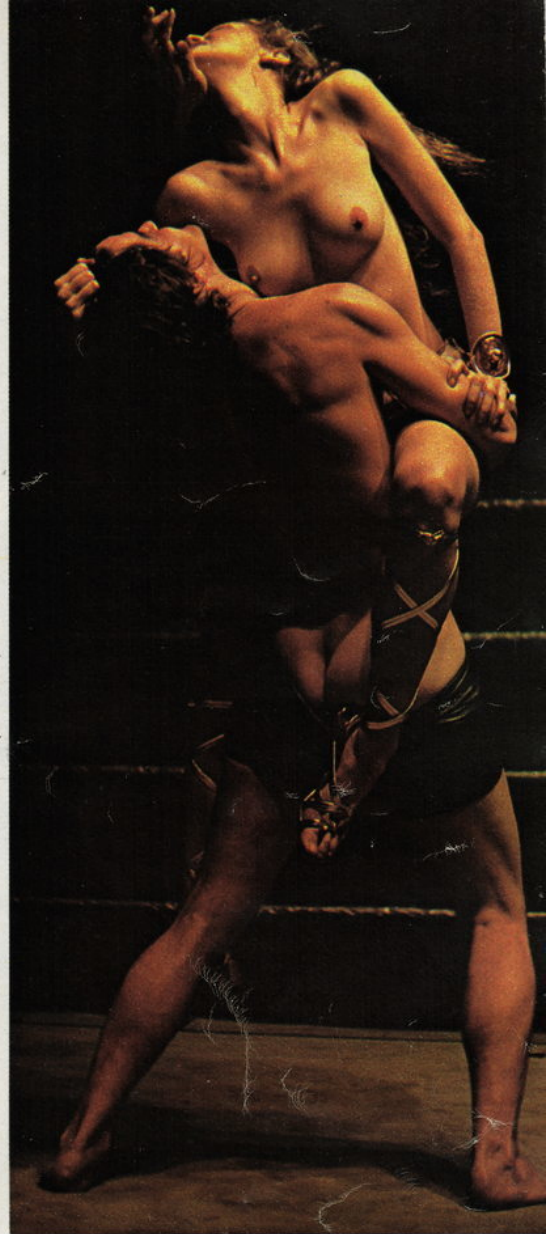
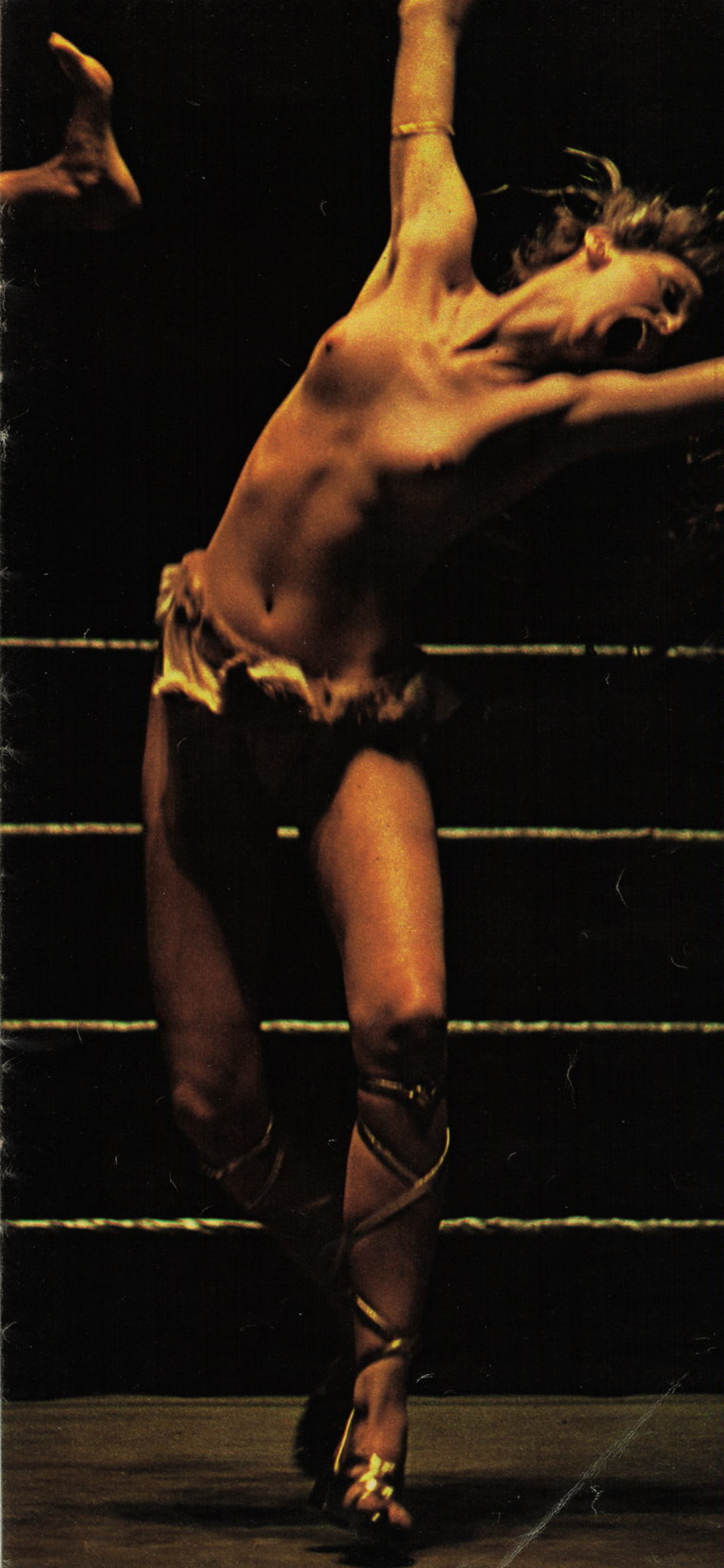
Goldie flies
out of her corner
in a whirlwind
of torrid action, trying
for a quick
body flip. But the
Mighty Moloch slams
her down
on the mat in a
crowd-pleasing display
of pure brute force.
Goldie goes
for his eyes, and
she is suddenly up!
The crowd roars
as Goldie
leaps atop the mauled
monster and
applies a lissome,
lanky leg to this
downed hero!

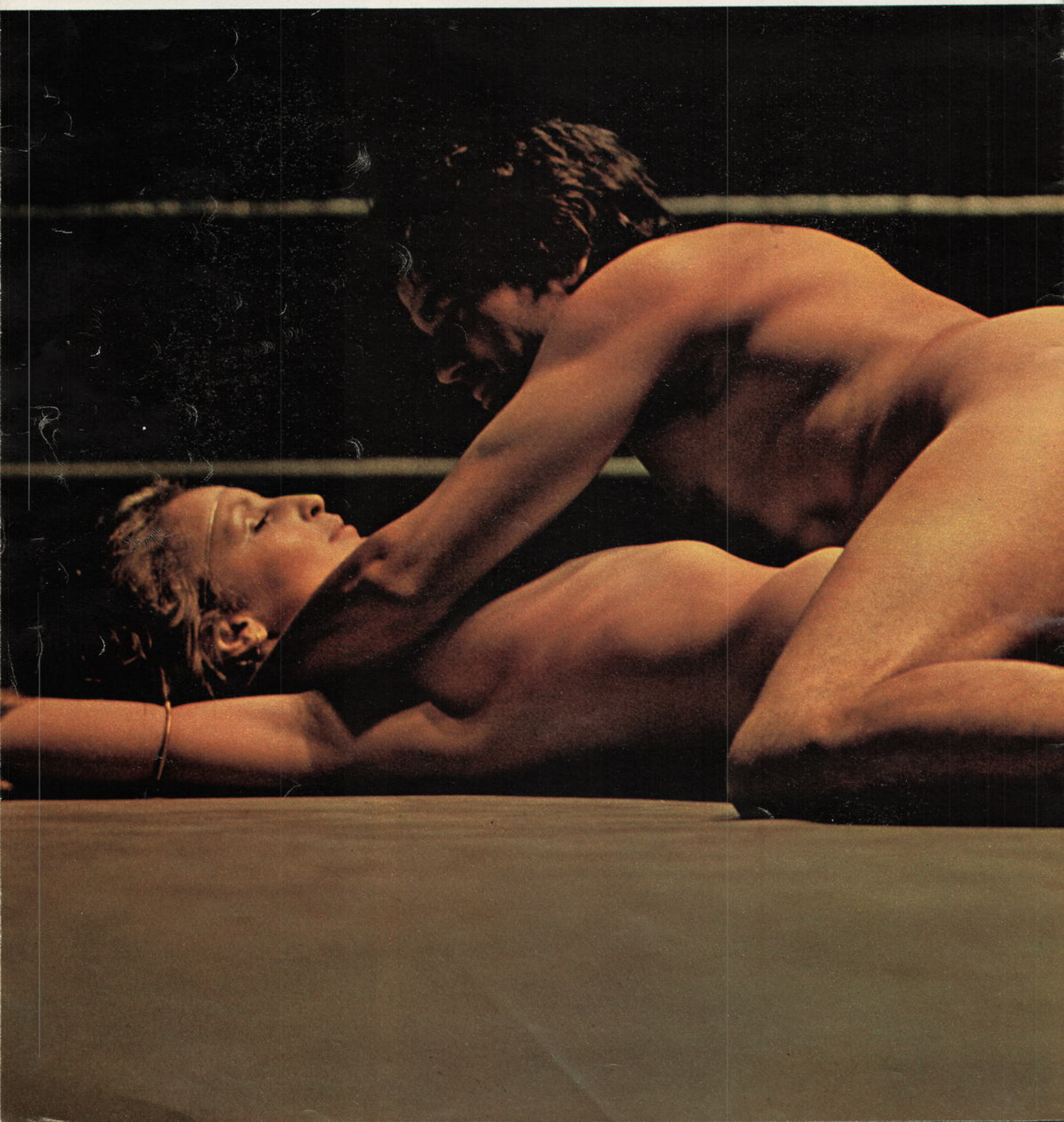
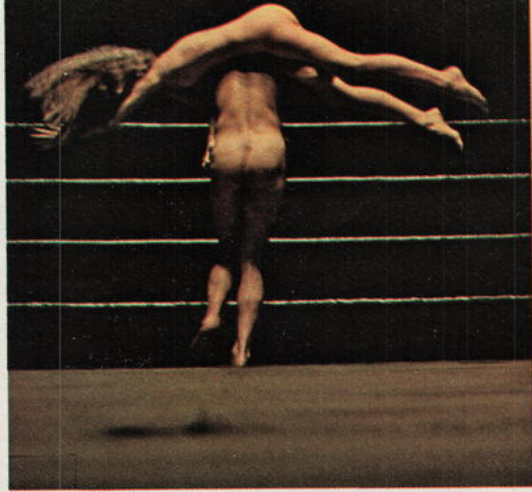
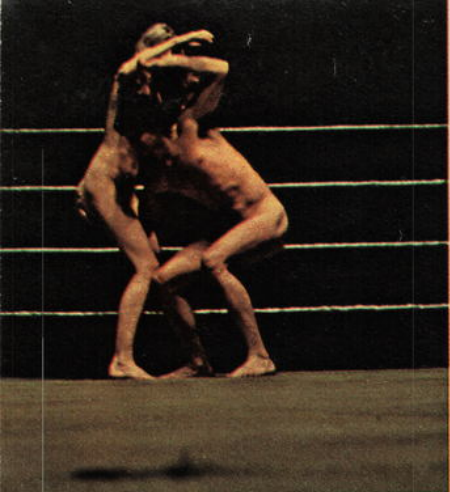


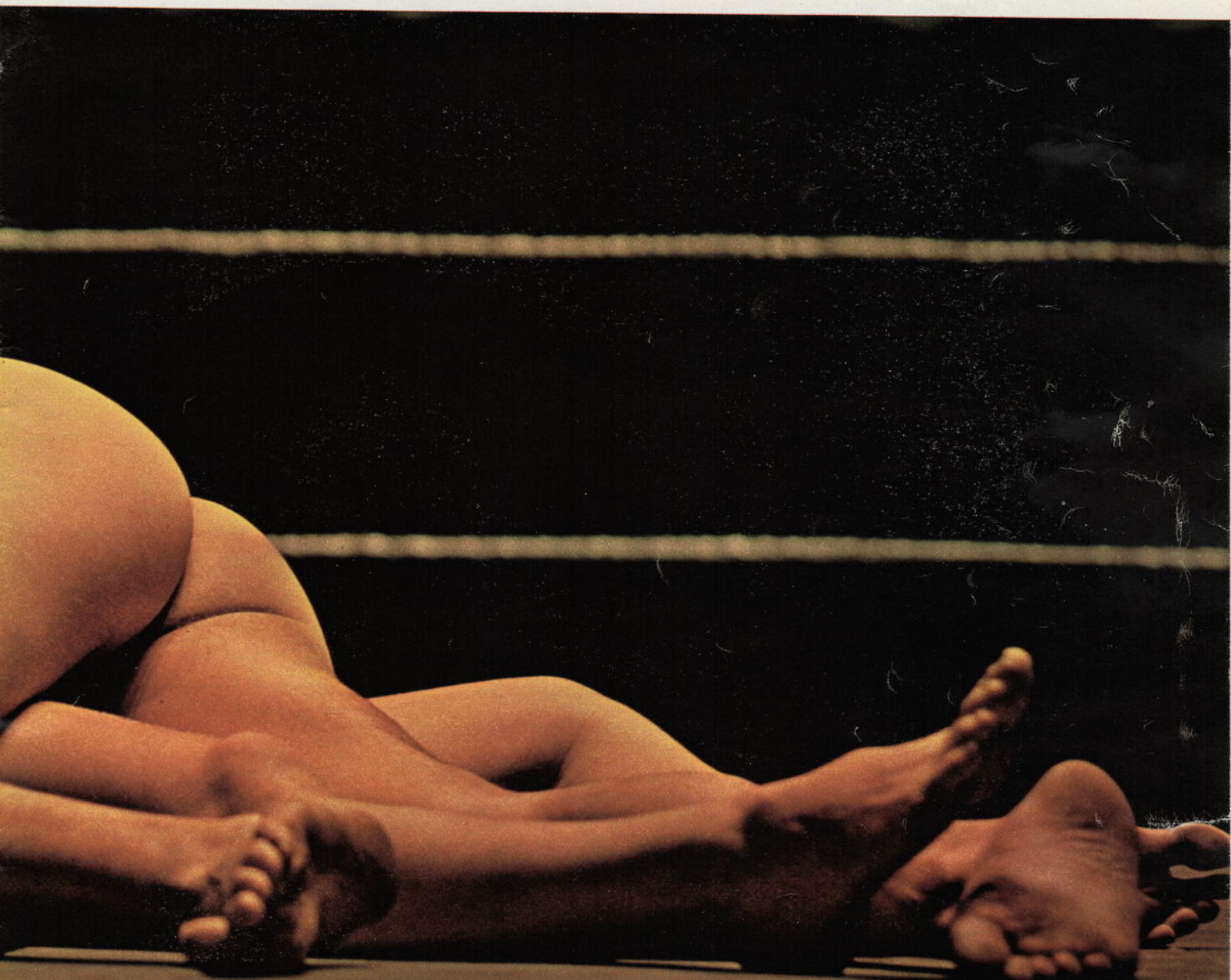
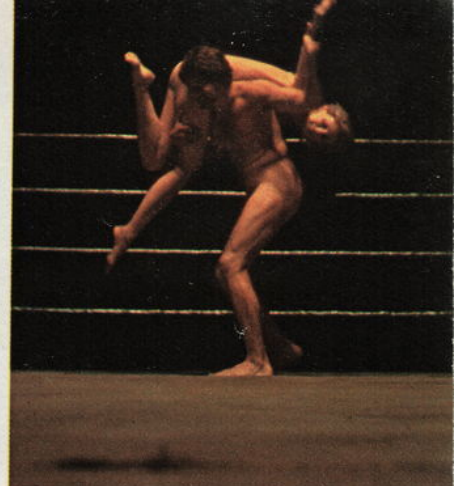


Moloch's hung on the ropes, begging for mercy as Goldie smashes him on the side of the head. Suddenly Moloch growls and throws her off. Her mouthpiece flies across the ring, raining drops of spit. The crowd is getting hot now, pumping up and down in their seats like a bunch of wacked-out pistons. The body contact is whipping the spectators to a frenzy as Goldie beseeches the Mighty Moloch to have pity.









The Mighty Moloch growls and throws Goldie over a bulging shoulder, spinning her above his head like a piece of raw meat. A rogue bolt

of electricity flows through the spell-bound spectators as Moloch throws Goldie to the mat with a surprisingly gentle bodyslam and pins her.

Goldie slaps the mat and protests briefly. And then a subtle smile passes across her face, and her body relaxes. Call it a draw.



McCOY

LLOYD

MARKOVITZ'S REVENGE

WHO EVER HEARD OF A JEWISH MARINE?

BY STANLEY COHEN

The hot afternoon sun shone down on the unshaded Parris Island training ground. C Platoon, brows soaked with sweat, stood stiffly at attention, tensed for their next command.

"What's the purpose of the bayonet?" Sergeant McCoy yelled.

"To kill," the recruits shouted in unison.

The idiots, Markovitz thought.

"What's the purpose of the bayonet?" McCoy yelled again.

"To kill, to kill, to kill!" the recruits screamed back.

Markovitz mouthed the words, silently cursing McCoy and his assistant drill instructors. His small eyes blinked from the sun. He felt faint from the heat. Why did he join? What was he trying to prove?

"Who ya gonna kill?" the sergeant boomed.

"Kill mother, kill mother, kill mother!" came the response.

Markovitz thought of his mother, his freshman year at college, his two jobs after he flunked out.

"Markovitz!"

"Yes, sir."

"Were ya yellin' with the rest of us, maggot?"

"No, sir."

Sergeant McCoy approached him, his junior D.I. trailing. The sergeant scrutinized the recruit.

"Ya shave this morning, Markovitz?"

"Yes, sir." He squinted from the sun.

"The sun in your eyes?"

"No, sir."

"If it is, say so. I'll lend ya

my sun glasses." He removed the glasses from his ruddy face and offered them to Markovitz. The trainee's eyes did not move.

"Don't ya want 'em, Markovitz? We do everything out here to make it comfortable for ya and ya don't want to cooperate. Don't ya like us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can't hear ya."

"Yes, sir!" he yelled.

"Who ya like to kill?"

"Kill mother, kill mother, kill mother."

"Louder!"

Markovitz strained his voice. "Kill mother! Kill mother! Kill mother!"

"Hold the bayonet out straight!" McCoy ordered. He looked Markovitz over with disgust. "Markovitz, why are ya such a maggot?" He moved closer to the recruit. "I asked ya a question!"

"I don't know, sir," Markovitz said, his voice quivering.

"Ya don't?"

"No, sir."

"I'll tell ya why. Because

ya a mama's boy. She held ya hand while ya went to the latrine and ya never got over it. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

McCoy moved in closer. "And now ya don't want to kill her. Ya don't have the heart to jab this bayonet in her gut and pull out half her inners. Not even if I order ya to. Right? Damn it, I said right!"

"Right, sergeant, sir."

"Then jam!"

Markovitz kicked out his left foot and lunged with the bayonet. "Kill mother!" he shouted.

"Kill momma. Hold that bayonet out until I tell you to rest! . . . Ya went to college, didn't ya, Markovitz?"

"Yes, sir."

"They drop ya?"

"No, sir."

"Too dumb, eh?"

"I—"

"Too damn dumb, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Markovitz, I hate ya guts. Ya know why?"

"No, sir."

"Because ya a maggot . . . It's gettin' heavy, ain't it?" He moved to within an inch of Markovitz's face. "Ya hate me, don't ya? . . . All right, Markovitz, when ya lunge that bayonet ya say to yaself, 'Kill Sergeant McCoy, kill McCoy.' But out loud, like ya got the biggest pair in the world, ya yell 'Kill mother!'"

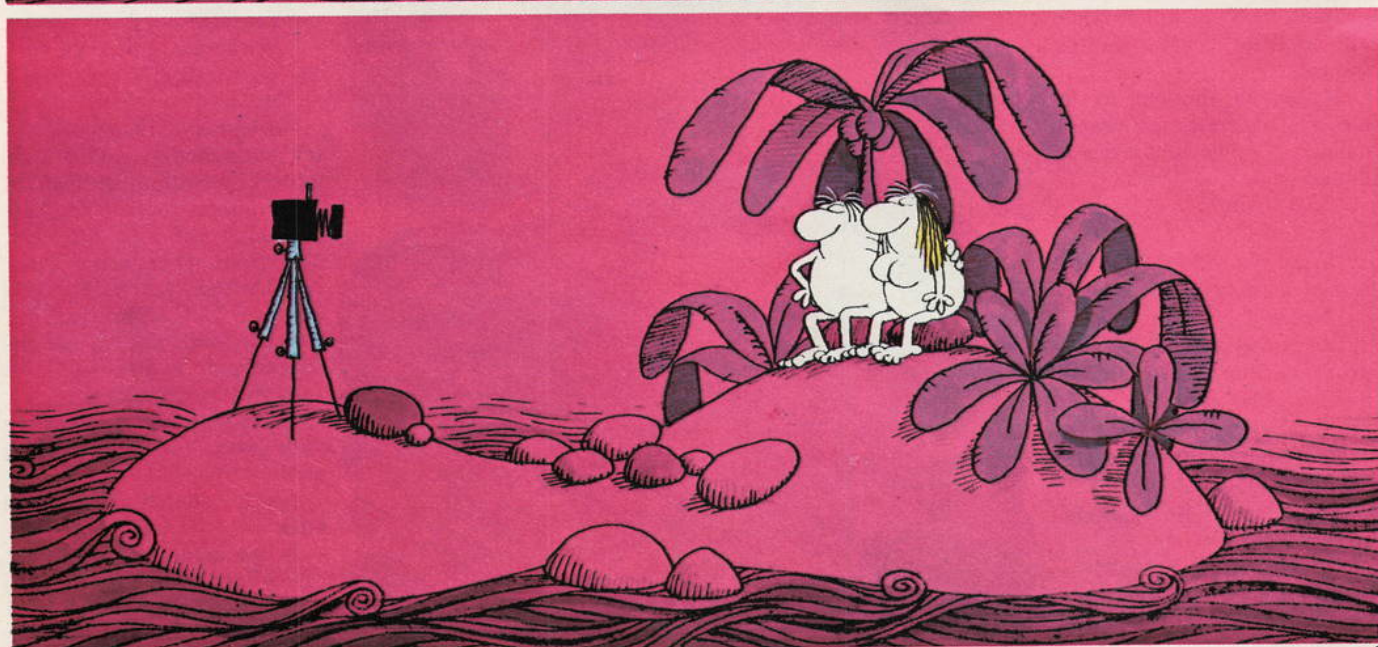
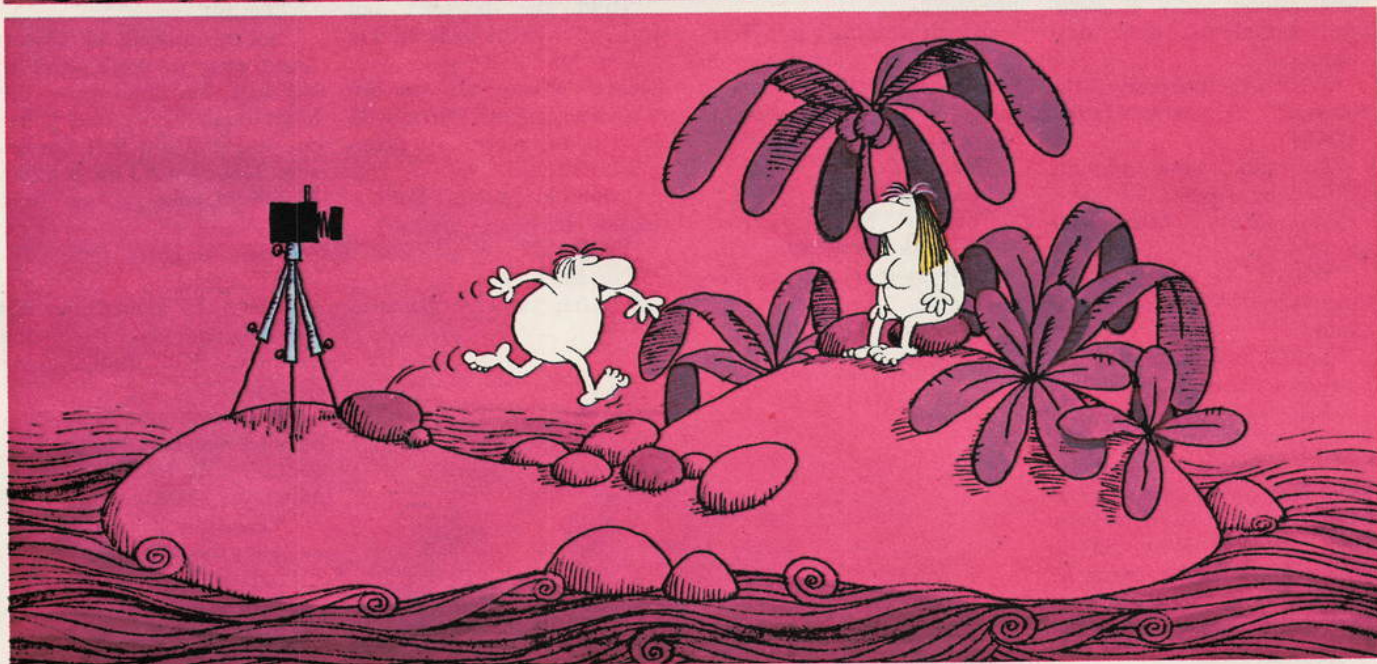
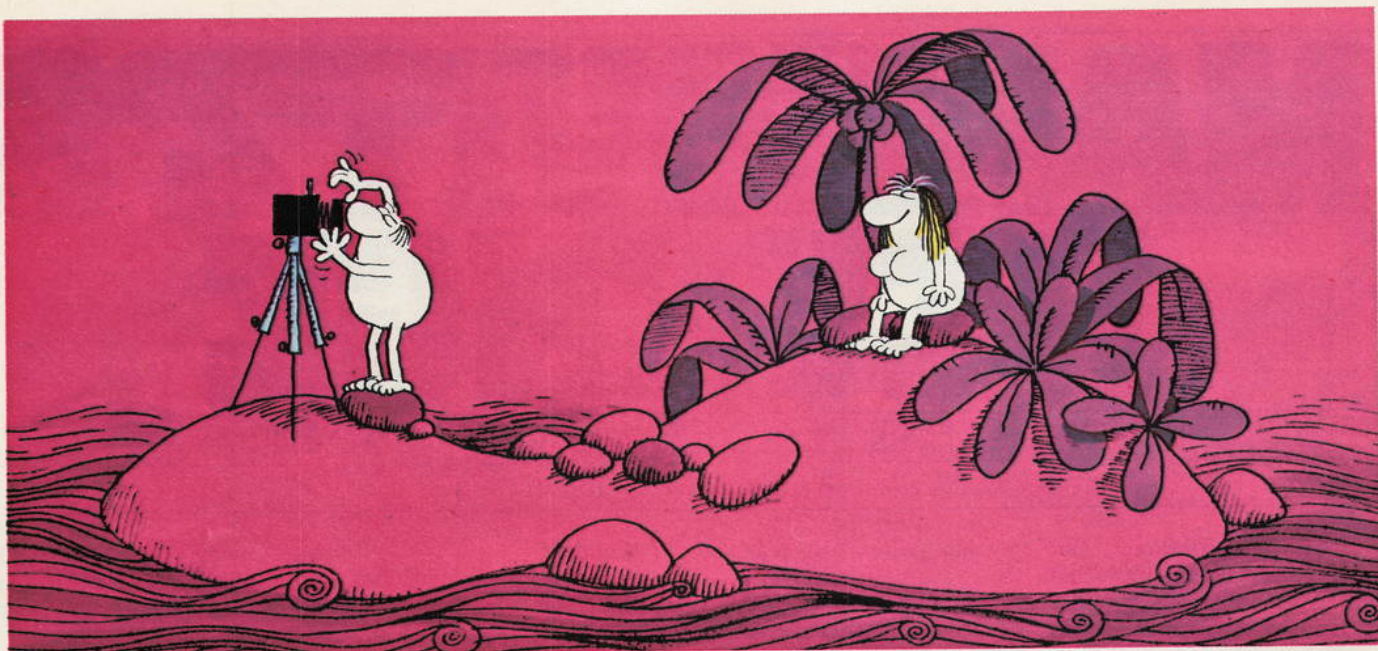
Markovitz was sweating with pain. He clenched his teeth.

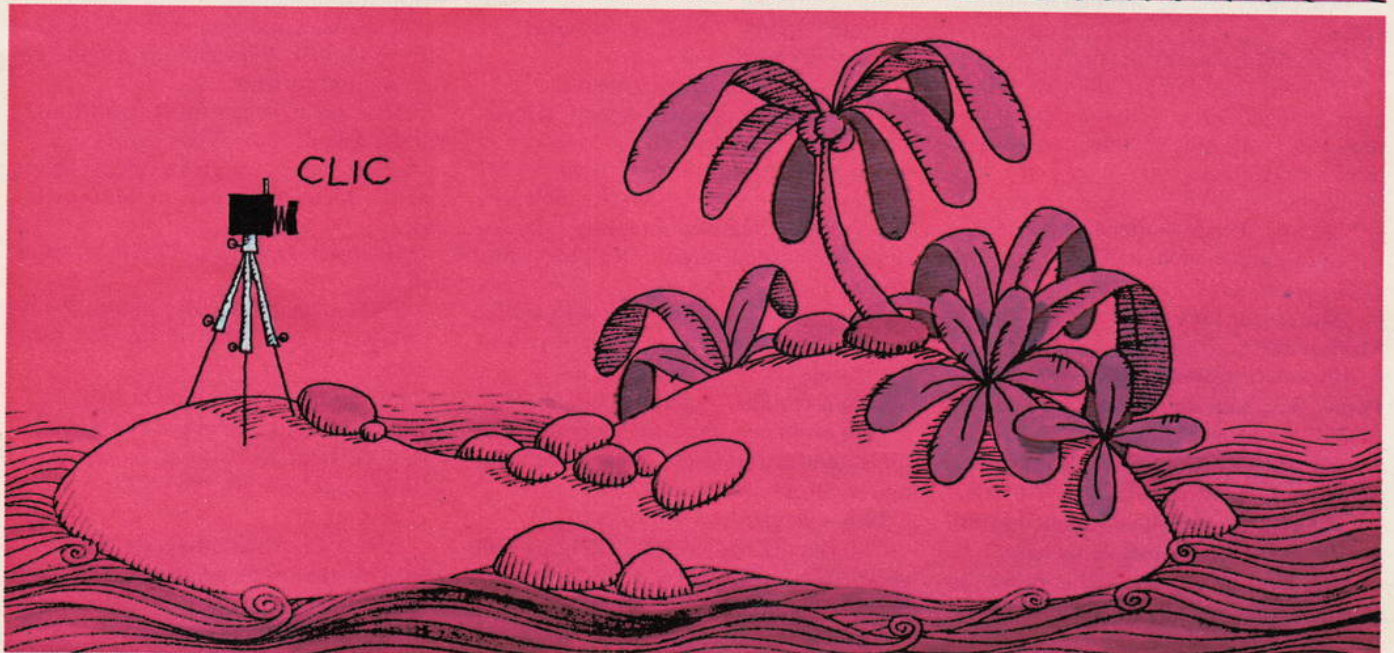
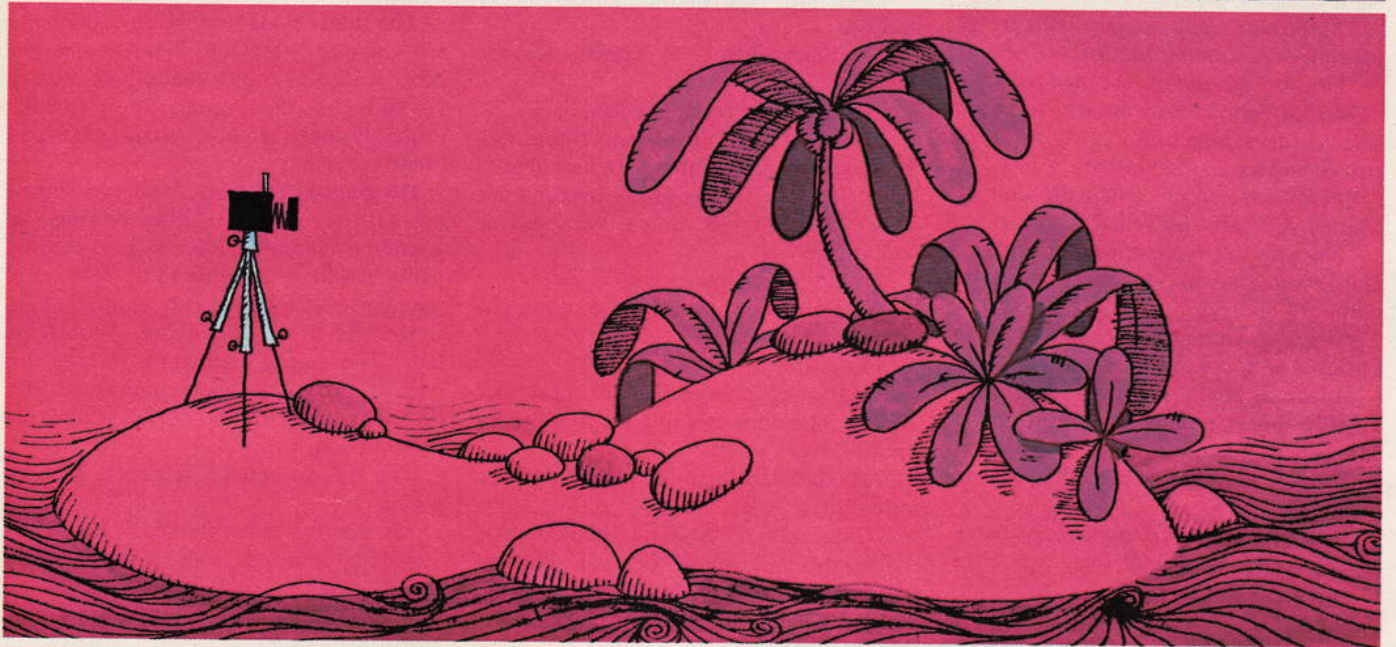
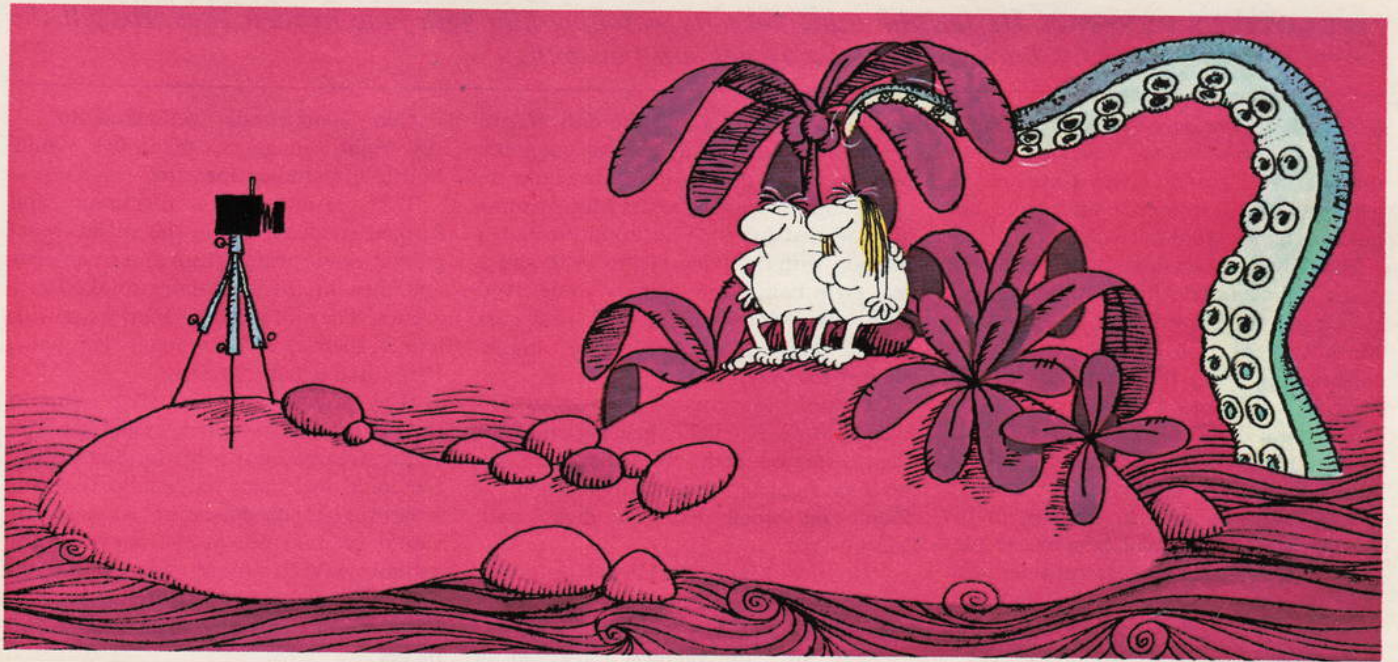
McCoy smiled and stepped back.

"How come ya flunked out of college, Markovitz? Too tough for ya?"

(Continued on page 94)







MARKOVITZ'S REVENGE *He felt the other recruits watching him with hate in their eyes. He felt the sweat running down his back; he'd probably get sun poisoning.*

(Continued from page 91) "I quit, sir."

"That sounds like ya. Ya'd like to quit the Marines, wouldn't ya? Ya'd love to get back to ya momma and have her hold ya hand, wouldn't ya?"

Markovitz's arms were in agonizing pain. Tears came to his eyes.

"Cryin for momma? . . . All right, Markovitz, at rest."

Shivering from the pain, he brought his rifle to at rest.

Corporal Kinder, the Assistant D.I., stood in back of Sergeant McCoy, smirking. "Every company got to have a real dud," he said to McCoy in his Texas twang. "Too bad he's in are platoon." He looked the platoon over with disdain. "We got Percy and Dormoi, too. We got areselves a whole platoon of eight balls."

"Markovitz's not an eight ball, are ya, Markovitz?" shouted McCoy.

"No, sir," Markovitz shouted back.

McCoy called Percy out of formation. The recruit ran to him in easy powerful strides and snapped to attention.

"Percy here is an eight ball, ain't he, Markovitz?" McCoy yelled.

"No, sir," he replied, looking straight ahead but able to see Percy from the corner of his eyes.

"Black as an eight ball, ain't he, Markovitz?" McCoy said.

"Black as coal," Kinder added, clearing his throat and spitting in front of Markovitz's feet.

"Ain't he, Markovitz?" McCoy shouted.

"No, sir," Markovitz shouted back.

"Ya callin' me a liar? I say he's black like an eight ball!"

"Blacker," Kinder added.

"Ain't he?" McCoy shouted to Markovitz.

"Yes, sir, if you say so, sir."

"Ya hear that, Percy?" McCoy yelled, even though Percy was standing just a few feet to the side of him. "Markovitz thinks ya a black-assed nigga. Are ya a black-assed nigga?"

"No, sir," Percy snapped.

"But ya are an eight ball?"

"I . . . yes, sir."

"Markovitz says so. Don't ya say so, Markovitz?"

Markovitz followed McCoy's eyes to Percy. The tall, muscular Negro stood there like a bronze statue.

"Ya still at attention! Markovitz!" Sergeant McCoy yelled. . . . "At ease," he ordered the recruits. "I want Markovitz to get a good look at Percy here."

Markovitz glanced at the other recruits in the formation. They all knew what was happening. Percy was stupid

and clumsy and big and the only Negro in the company, and he was gung ho. McCoy was a god to him. He could do no wrong. How many years McCoy must have waited for such an opportunity—a platoon with only one Negro in it, and a real eight ball, dumb as they come. And only two Jews—Goldstein, the ass licker, and Markovitz. The nigger against the Jew.

"I think Markovitz's scared to answer," McCoy yelled, sneering and baring his stained teeth. "He's disgracin' my platoon. I got a coward in my platoon. . . . Don't he smell like an eight ball, Markovitz?"

"No, sir!" Markovitz blurted out.

"I'm asking the screws. Is Percy an eight ball?" McCoy shouted.

"Yes, sir," the platoon answered in unison.

"Is Percy black as coal?" Kinder yelled.

"Yes, sir!" the recruits yelled back.

Kinder started to say something but McCoy interrupted him. "Ya hear that?" he yelled two inches from Markovitz's face. "When I talk to ya, ya stand at attention!"

Markovitz stiffened.

"Percy, are ya black like an eight ball?" McCoy asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Markovitz doesn't seem to think so," McCoy shouted, exhaling his foul breath in Markovitz's face.

"Maybe he's hard of sight," Kinder offered.

"Color blind," McCoy shouted. The noncoms and most of the platoon laughed.

"He even smells like an eight ball," Kinder chuckled.

"That right?" McCoy shouted in Markovitz's face.

"No, sir," Markovitz answered.

"Maybe he's got a bad smell," Kinder offered.

"He's got a lot of nose to smell with," McCoy hawed. . . . "Maybe he's got sinus trouble. He began tapping Markovitz's sunburned nose. "Ya got sinus trouble?"

"Yes, sir," Markovitz said softly, stupidly thinking McCoy was giving him a way out.

"Sinus trouble," Kinder laughed.

"No problem," McCoy shouted. "The sun's good for sinuses—clears 'em right up—right, Markovitz?"

"Eh—yes, sir."

"Markovitz had college. He knows all about the sun," McCoy yelled, stepping back from him. "Don't ya, Markovitz?"

"No, sir."

"No . . . no wonder ya flunked out. . . . All right, maggots, take five while Markovitz studies the sun."

The recruits broke formation and formed small groups in the shade. Most gulped down water from their canteens and then lit their partially smoked cigarettes. They all watched Markovitz with hate in their eyes. They hated eight balls. Percy hated him the most.

Why? Why were there such idiots in the world, Markovitz wondered. The sweat streamed down his face and neck. He could feel them reddening. With his luck he'd get sun poisoning. At least that would get him out of the company for awhile. AWOL would make it permanent. He shivered with fear. If only Percy weren't so stupid. The dumb-assed nigger.

The funny thing was, he envied Percy. He knew that McCoy, Kinder, and the other noncoms didn't really hate Percy. He was on their level. Percy would probably make a good Marine. He was dumb enough.

He glanced at Percy, who was standing with six or seven other recruits. A goddamn Hercules. No one in the company would start with him. Not even paunchy McCoy.

He had to do something. The chaplain? The young lieutenant, the one he had argued with about morality? An orthodox rabbi in the Marines? He almost smiled.

"Ya sinuses better?" Sergeant McCoy asked.

Markovitz's eyes blinked. "Yes, sir."

McCoy smirked. "Fall in!" he yelled to the platoon.

The recruits ran to formation and snapped to attention.

"The sun cured his sinuses," McCoy said to Kinder, loud enough for the entire platoon to hear.

"That mean he can smell Percy now?" Kinder asked.

"Let's find out. How does Percy smell?" McCoy shouted in Markovitz's face.

Markovitz hesitated. "Like an eight ball, sir."

"Ya hear that?" Kinder said to Percy.

"Say it again," McCoy ordered Markovitz.

"Percy smells like an eight ball, sir."

McCoy shook his head, disappointed. "And ya went to college. Ya did go to college, didn't ya, Markovitz?"

"Yes, sir."

"And ya learned that an eight ball stinks? Is that what you learned?"

"No, sir."

"Are ya sure?"

Presenting The Invisible University

Once upon a time, we used to try to stuff all of our learning experiences into neat little boxes.

The spatial boxes were classrooms and the time boxes were labeled Grade School, Junior High, High School, and College.

But now we're breaking out of the boxes (perhaps because we felt we were suffocating) and finding new learning adventures all around us, all our lives.

Television documentaries, book clubs, paperbacks, magazines, 16mm films and cinema verité, correspondence courses, talking tape cassettes, museums going show business—all are part of an "invisible university" that permits any interested citizen to share in the joy of discovery with today's scientists and thinkers.

We're finding out that you don't have to have a college degree to be an educated person—and that you don't have to stop educating yourself after you get one.

This may explain the phenomenal growth of the fairly new monthly magazine *Psychology Today*. In just five years, it has zoomed up out of nowhere to a circulation well over 600,000 monthly copies.

Psychology Today was introduced to bridge the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the professional and the educated layman.

Each month it presents the views and findings of pioneering professional researchers and thinkers, including leaders like Carl Rogers, Bruno Bettelheim,

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How might psychology have prevented the Vietnam war?

Why do many bright, capable women in business have a will to fail?

Can three people be happily married—to each other?

Does "the screaming" cure really work?

How can income tax forms be made foolproof?

Can a chimpanzee learn to read and write?

Can criminals be rehabilitated through brainwashing? (And *should* they?)

Can fingers see color?

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MARKOVITZ'S REVENGE *There was an edge of destiny in the shout "Kill Markovitz!" Then the sergeant had an idea for the eight ball's final humiliation.*

"Yes, sir."
"But Percy stinks, don't he?"
"Eh, yes, sir."
"Yes, sir, what?"
"Percy stinks, sir."
"Can't hear ya."
"Percy stinks, sir!" Markovitz shouted.
"Like an eight ball?"
"No—yes, sir."
"Make up your mind, Markovitz. Like an eight ball?"
"No, sir."
"What?" McCoy screamed, turning to face the bulk of the platoon.
"Eight balls don't smell, sir."
McCoy smiled, baring his stained yellow teeth. "How long ya go to college, Markovitz?"
"One year, sir."
"Ya flunked out, right?"
"Yes, sir," Markovitz admitted.
"Too hard for ya? Huh?"
"N—yes, sir."
"Nothin's too hard for a Marine!" McCoy screamed in his face. "Nothin'!"
Markovitz was becoming nauseous from McCoy's breath.
"Yes, sir."
"Ya quit because ya wanted to join these here Marines. Right?"
"Yes, sir."
"To become a man. Right?"
"Yes, sir."
"... Ya ever gonna be a man, Markovitz?"
"Yes, sir."
McCoy stepped back from Markovitz so all the recruits, his full audience, could watch him in his grand finale.
"Ya ever have any poontang, Markovitz?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ya don't look it." A roar of laughter. McCoy looked over to Percy. "Ya ever have any poontang, Percy?"
"Yesss, sir," he said, smiling broadly.
"Yesss, sir," McCoy mimicked.
"Yesss, sir," Kinder also mimicked.
"I guess ya have," McCoy said, snickering.
"Yesss, sir," Percy repeated.
McCoy looked back at Markovitz. "Ya think Percy smells like poontang, Markovitz?"
What the hell. "Yes, sir." What should he have said? He just knew what the next line would be.
"Markovitz goes around sniffin' poontang," McCoy yelled to the platoon.
They all laughed hysterically, especially Kinder and Percy and Goldstein. Markovitz could recognize Goldstein's laugh. The bastard.
"Who ya like to kill?" McCoy shouted to Markovitz.

"Kill mother, kill mother, kill mother!" Markovitz snapped.
"What about Percy? Ya wanta kill him?"
"Kill Percy! Kill Percy! Kill Percy!" Markovitz shouted.
"Why?"
"He smells like poontang, sir!"
McCoy turned to Percy so that he was looking straight at him. "Percy, who ya wanta kill?"
Markovitz couldn't see Percy from the corner of his eye, but he could picture him, smirking—
"Kill Markovitz! Kill Markovitz! Kill Markovitz!"
"I don't think they like each other," Kinder said wittily.
McCoy bared his stained teeth in a wide grin. "Everyone likes Markovitz," he said, winking at Percy. He glanced at his watch. "Markovitz is a born leader. Markovitz, front and center!" McCoy ordered.
Markovitz ran to the sergeant, stopping directly in front of him and immediately coming to attention.
"Ya gonna show Corporal Kinder ya

leadership. March the platoon back to camp."

Markovitz slung his rifle over his shoulder. Several trainees snickered. He did an about face and barked at the platoon. "Attention!"

The platoon, already at attention, did nothing.

Markovitz had never marched a squad before, let alone a platoon. He had to get the long line of recruits into four columns and he didn't know how.

McCoy looked at his watch again. "Let's go, Markovitz, we ain't got all day."

The commands jumbled in Markovitz's brain. He had to say something. "Count down!"

McCoy walked to within an inch of Markovitz and spoke into his face. "What the hell are you doing? The men are hungry. They got two miles to march. By the time they get back chow is gonna be cold, and ya ass ain't gonna be worth an Indian nickel."

Markovitz gulped saliva. McCoy's breath was making him feel queasy. "C platoon!" he yelled in Sergeant McCoy's face. McCoy jumped back. "Sling rifles! Second squad guide around the first squad and form a second column! Third squad guide around the second squad and form a third column! Fourth squad guide around the third squad and form a fourth column!"

Amazingly, the recruits responded. McCoy stepped up to Markovitz to taunt him, but before he could say anything Markovitz screamed, "Forward march!"

"Left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . . column right . . . hut . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right—left—right—speed it up! . . . Straighten out the ranks . . . double time . . . hut—left, right, left, right, left, right, faster! Left right left right left right, faster!"

Markovitz ran alongside the platoon. He ignored Sergeant McCoy, who was running alongside him. "Faster!" he yelled, panting. "Your chow's waiting . . . leftrightleftrightleftright."

Paunchy McCoy was beginning to trail behind.

"Faster! Lerilerilerilerileriler—faster!" He watched McCoy, breathing heavily, lagging further behind. He knew what would happen when McCoy got him back at the company area, but he didn't care. Nor did he care about Percy, who was keeping up to him but also breathing heavily. He glanced behind him. McCoy was now a good 30 yards back. "C Platoon!" Markovitz roared. "Slow up and give Sergeant McCoy a chance to catch up!"



Keep your guard (and your tights) up

Think of all the comebacks being made these days—Nostalgia!

So it's only natural to bring back tights for men, like those worn by bare-knuckle boxer John L. Sullivan.

Berkshire Undie Company, best known for ladies' hosiery, is now manufacturing tights in easy-care nylon for all you men. That's John H. Stracey, 22-year-old English welterweight, modeling them above. So be the first on your block. Can't you see a pair for at-home lounging, perhaps with some silky Day-Glo satin boxer trunks?



RICHARD THE MONKEY-HEARTED

Scandal as entertainment

Many jokes have been made in the wake of Watergate about King Richard, and, as with the best humor, these come close to the truth. In fact, the myriad scandals bottled and capped and labeled "Watergate" do give off the odor of high drama—the highest drama of any political scandals in our history—only because Nixon is the nearest thing, in pretension at least, to an absolute ruler that the United States has ever had in peacetime.

Great scandal theater is never produced in a democratic context. The deep-freeze and vicuna-coat monkeyshines of the Truman and Eisenhower eras were

somewhere between burlesque and low comedy because those two men were operating on the front porch of the house just around the corner from the people who put them there. They were traditional democrats, lower case. Not even the vastness and complexities of the scandals of the Grant administration—the Whiskey Ring, the looting of the railroad-construction accounts, and the attempt to manipulate the gold market—could be combined into a tragic drama because the nation was still in the

grip of that marvelous democratic-anarchic expansiveness of the frontier. In the 19th Century there were monarchs of U.S. business but none of politics.

Great political tragedy, in the theatrical sense, requires the downfall of a king or dictator, or one who would be that and fails: a Caesar, a Czar Nicholas, a Napoleon, a Bloody Mary. Only when an absolute ruler is shamed do the people stand in awe of their power to shame. That's why the nearest we have come to tragic theater in America (before Nixon) was in the embarrassments of the minikings, ward bosses, and urban dictators, the

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

RICHARD THE MONKEY-HEARTED Like every absolute monarch of modern times, Nixon has attempted to strengthen his hold on office with a web of informers and spies.

William Tweeds and James Curleys of our twilight politics.

Warren Gamaliel Harding seemed to have the makings of a tragic prince, but he was, as it turned out, too gutless to live and far too gutless to carry out his ambitions. Like Nixon, Harding believed that in "national emergencies" a President should have dictatorial powers. He once declared that what America needed was an *el supremo*, but privately—oh, how like Nixon—he confided to the interviewer that Americans should pretend they were still operating in a democratic manner, out of regard for our global public relations. But he reneged on all that. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a bad play about Harding, which he appropriately titled *The Vegetable*.

Nixon is different. He has, as Watergate helped show, made at least tentative attempts to carry out what in this country are supposed to be the unspeakable ambitions. Observers of every ideological persuasion agree on that. Former Congressman John G. Schmitz, who carried the American Party's Presidential candidacy last year, calls Nixon "an emperor." *The New York Times* likens Nixon

to "a Chinese emperor with a mandate from heaven." George McGovern sees Nixon approaching kingship ("... closer to one-man rule than at any time in our history") as does Edmund Muskie. Tom Wicker calls Nixon an "unchecked Caesar." And those who served nearest to Nixon and presumably echoed his philosophy present the same picture. While he was still attorney general, Richard Kleindienst declared that Nixon had total and absolute executive privilege, with the power to prevent Congress from talking to any of the 2.5 million people on the Federal payroll or seeing a single sheet of paper bearing the stamp of the executive branch. Jack Anderson claims H. R. Haldeman spoke in private of the possibility of one-man rule. Jeb Stuart Magruder excused his part in the 1972 election scandal on the grounds that "it was important that Mr. Nixon win 'at all costs' to save the country"—the divinely chosen sovereign.

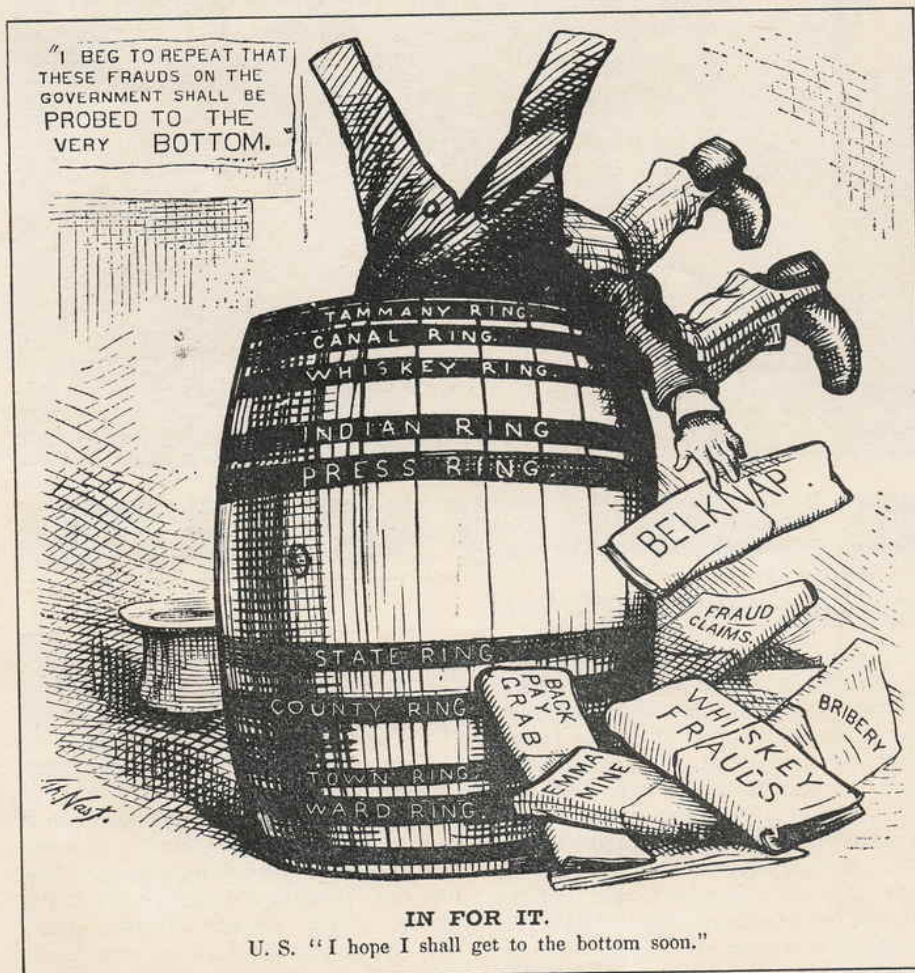
Assuming that Nixon does see himself as a monarch would explain the natural melodrama that has crept into the language of the play. Then-acting FBI director L. Patrick Gray III warned Nixon

that "people on your staff are trying to mortally wound you," a remark befitting a faithful Horatio.

The drama of Watergate begins with the condition of the President, the physical, spiritual, and psychological pomp that gives the proper height required for a proper downfall. His state is kingly. As the monarchs of France brought along their favorite fineries and spices when they moved for a holiday from Versailles to Fontainebleau, and as medieval kings took their retinues and scepters and movable thrones and other regal geegaws with them as they moved about their kingdoms, Nixon carries along the glitter of state on his travels. When he goes abroad to visit other monarchs, he airlifts State Department china and White House crystal and dozens of butlers and stewards and valets and cosmeticians, so that he will always be splendidly at home. He takes, too, the Presidential/royal-blue curtain that backgrounds his television appearances, just in case. And lest his appetite flag, great quantities of "American" food follow him to other kingdoms (Florida crab mousse, roast sirloin of beef, *bouquetière* vegetables for his trip to Rumania; much the same for his trip to Russia, plus California wines and Yorkshire pudding).

The traditional British view of monarchy is that "a king is truly *parens patriae*, the politic father of his people," a view shared by Nixon, who recently declared that "the average American is just like the child in the family." The divine right of kings includes the right to avoid all criticism. His skin is kingly thin. After Speaker Carl Albert said in a speech that Nixon had "gotten away with murder on economic issues," the White House asked House Minority Leader Gerald Ford to denounce Albert on the floor for calling Nixon "a murderer."

Like every absolute ruler of modern times, but more than most, Nixon has attempted to strengthen his hold on office with a web of informers and spies—a medley of well-intentioned and superpatriotic Rosencranzes and Guildensterns. Plus some who work simply for cash. As a result of Watergate exposures, we now know that from Nixon's first year in office a vast undercover network was set up to keep check on, and frustrate, his political opponents. James McCord was selected for the Watergate burglary partly because he had already proved his devotion to the right by working in a secret 15-man Air Force Reserve squad, which spent its time making up a list of "radicals" who presumably would be put in "camps" in the event of a national emergency; the unit also set up plans for censoring news and mail and other ways of suppressing (Continued on page 123)



Thomas Nast set the tone for lampooning scandals with cartoons like this. But Nixon's fall is tragedy too grand for caricature.

THE WATERTIGHT COVERUP

Gentlemen, let us pry

On the night of June 17, 1972, seven men were caught red-handed in Washington's Watertight Complex in the act of taking Lawrence O'Brien seriously. They had tapped O'Brien's phone a month earlier and had now returned to try to find out why every call they intercepted had been to Dial-A-Prayer.

At first, administration spokesmen tried to dismiss the incident. John Missile, President Nicholas ("Slick Nick") Trixon's re-election campaign chairman and a former Attorney General of sorts, said he couldn't understand all the fuss over a few men entering a room without knocking.

Nevertheless, he quietly resigned his chairmanship two weeks later, even though his wife Mothra threatened to leave him if he didn't.

Following the election, the Watertight mess seemed destined for oblivion, and an ebullient Trixon confidently shipped the black-and-white puppy he had recently borrowed back to the pound, unused. Veteran Trixon watchers were not surprised when he buckled down to work with characteristic determination. He immediately locked himself in the executive washroom for the next two months and turned the world over to his Special Assistant for Foreign Affairs and Domestic Peccadilloes, the living legend Doktor Heinrich Kisserly.

Those were difficult months for Trixon. Kisserly confessed that peace with honor had momentarily eluded him, as pieces with honor tend to do. And Press Secretary Don Zeitgeist told the nation that the United States and Bob Hope were bombing again in Vietnam. An agonizing President struggled manfully to discharge his fearsome burdens in solitude. And by January everything seemed to have worked itself out to his satisfaction.

At his Second Inauguration, which he attended, he announced that his team had the ball and he was running for a touchdown in a zig-out post pattern from a weak-left formation with downfield interference and crack-back blocking—which meant, to those who understood, that Congress was now in the wholesale office-supply business. But just as the President was about to score his metaphoric six-pointer, someone blew the whistle on Watertight and penalized him 15 yards for a personal foul—in this case, illegal use of the huddle.

The trouble began with a small trickle of rumors, but soon high administration officials were fingering one another in

the style of a Fire Island grope-in. In a matter of weeks a major scandal had developed. Naturally, no one was so uncouth as to suggest that Trixon himself had been directly involved in the crime. But only Vice-President Sphincter B. Askew was willing to assert that "the President has not been involved in a way that would shock my conscience"—a statement that was in no way implausible. In fact, things got so bad that Baby Redondo was seen plastering UnGovern-Striver stickers on his yacht, and Sammy Davis Jr. went to Hyannisport to seek political asylum.

We will probably never know the whole story behind the Watertight break-in or the subsequent coverup or the subsequent coverup of the coverup. But what we have been able to learn will startle even right-thinking Americans.

It all began in February 1971 at a top-secret planning session of the President's re-election committee, held in John Missile's White House office. Present at that meeting were four key campaign staffers and a mysterious individual wearing a blue business suit, a bushy false beard that tied behind his ears, and a large rubber nose attached to a pair of lensless eyeglasses. None of the others was able to identify this person who sat in a corner and never spoke during the meeting.

The session was called to order by H. M. S. Holdupmann, the President's Chief of Staff. He had been associated with Trixon throughout his political career and had helped him fashion the impressive string of electoral defeats that eventually carried him to the White House. Holdupmann contended that the President faced an uphill struggle to get re-elected. Granted, the early polls gave him a substantial lead over all Democratic contenders, but the President had not yet presented his case to the voters. "Furthermore," he stated candidly, "we have to consider Trixon's reputation for deviousness, chicanery, and collusion with special interests. If the Democrats put up an attractive candidate, it just might not be enough."

All agreed that the President was in deep trouble unless they were prepared to take decisive action. It was this critical failure to underestimate the intelligence of the American people that prompted Job McRudder to propose a systematic program of espionage and sabotage. "If the Democrats want to play dirty," he

snapped, "we'll show them that we can play that game, too."

There was a general chorus of surly concurrence. The man in the blue suit glowered and pounded his fist on the yellow legal pad he held on his lap.

"But they're not playing dirty, are they?" asked John Dream, the lovely and talented White House Counsel.

Holdupmann eyed him warily. "Who cares?" he said testily. "We've got enough to do without being responsible for their campaign."

"You have to understand, John," Missile explained avuncularly, "that what the opposition does or does not do is properly and legally no concern of ours. Likewise, what we do is no concern of theirs."

With the ethical question thus settled to everyone's satisfaction, Holdupmann recommended that they avail themselves of the services of B. Borden Lizzy, who was at that moment fortuitously hiding behind a potted plant in the office.

Lizzy came forward and, after shaking hands with Missile, Dream, and McRudder, pointed to the man in the blue suit. "Who's he?" he asked suspiciously.

Missile frowned. "We don't know. I suggest you pay him no attention."

Lizzy, a former FBI agent who still had his decoder ring and a disconcerting habit of trying to make himself look short, proposed that they start slowly by stealing the confidential records of George UnGovern's orthodontist.

The mysterious fellow in the blue suit bounced up and down in his chair, clapping his hands deliriously.

McRudder thought that they also ought to try to get their hands on UnGovern's economic-policy proposal. If they could familiarize themselves with it, they would be one step ahead of him. Everyone agreed, and the meeting was adjourned. As the others left, Missile scribbled a hasty note on his desk calendar, saying that he had never heard of anything like this in his entire life, and mailed it to *The Washington Post*.

In a matter of weeks the President's aides had organized a massive campaign of political sabotage. For the California primary they hired a resourceful and unscrupulous character named Johnnie Spaghetti, and assigned him the difficult task of trying to embarrass Hubert Humbug. In his spare time, Spaghetti inundated Chicano neighborhoods with a doctored picture purporting to show Eleanor UnGovern caught *flagrante de-*

BY STUART ROSENBERG

THE WATERTIGHT COVERUP *Holdupmann and Nerdlickmann had been loyal public servants, the president said; they left with his profound gratitude and most of the White House silver.*

lico with a head of iceberg lettuce.

Back in Washington, Lizzy got the green light to hire the best undercover agents money could buy. He was fortunate enough to get A. Harry Haunt as his second in command. Formerly, as a CIA agent, Haunt had masterminded the Bay of Pigs invasion. Together, Lizzy and Haunt rounded up a supporting crew among the Druid freedom fighters living in exile in Pompano Beach. These men worship President Trixon because he has never publicly acknowledged the Norman Conquest.

Naturally, the cost of all this political espionage was enormous. The money came from a slush fund administered by Morris Plans, the re-election committee Finance Chairman, who kept the safe that held the funds that paid the men that bugged the party that Jackson built. At one time it was rumored that Plans had obtained about \$500,000 in illegal and unreported campaign contributions; but a thorough and impartial investigation by the Justice Department revealed that Plans had in fact raised the money by hosting a giant Tupperware party. Following accepted accounting procedures, Plans then transferred the funds to a bank in San Salvador, where they were changed into Australian dimes and shipped to Brussels, whence they re-entered the United States in crates marked "Fan Belts—Do Not Open."

All went well for the saboteurs until the fateful night of June 17. The five Druids had broken into O'Brien's office while Lizzy and Haunt waited for them in the Howard Johnson's across the street, disguised as fudge-ripple cones. But an alert Watertight security officer became suspicious and summoned the police, who found the men in O'Brien's office, testing their equipment by phoning Episcopal churches and chanting weird incantations to whoever answered. A few minutes later, the police also arrested Lizzy and Haunt, who had melted pretty badly under the stress.

When word of the arrests reached the White House, the President's aides promptly canceled covert political operations and began covering up all connections between the White House and the break-in. McRudder, Dream, and Jack Nerdlickmann, who held the important post of Domestic Affairs Adviser, went to the men who had been apprehended and promised them \$1000 a month for the rest of their lives if they would plead guilty and say nothing. If they testified, they would still get \$1000 a month for the rest of their lives—only the total would be a lot less.

At the same time, someone dispatched N. Padlock Gay to search Haunt's White House office. Gay was acting as Director

of the FBI until it could be thoroughly established that J. Edgar Hoover wasn't coming back. Among the papers he found was a document intended to be used in case Ted Kennedy got the Democratic nomination. It was a forged diary of his late brother's, proving that President Kennedy had in fact directed the Cuban Revolution and the assassination of James A. Garfield. Gay realized at once that the fake diary constituted serious and damaging evidence against the administration. He took it back to the Bureau, where he intended to subject it to a rigorous photomicroscopic analysis as soon as he had run it through a preliminary combustion test.

For a while the coverup operation was equally successful. But early this year James McOdd, one of the Watertight Seven, decided to talk. He had done some figuring and came to the conclusion that, with the way the President was handling inflation, by the time he got out \$1000 a month wouldn't buy a taco.

Things started going from bad to worse. McOdd's solo turned into a regular sing-along. A Federal grand jury began the process of indicting every White House staff member except Willie Mae Jefferson, the nice lady who has been polishing the silver in the Millard Fillmore Credenza ever since the Coolidge Administration. The Senate, led by the Adorable Stu Irwin of North Carolina, threatened to hold televised public hearings, which would pre-empt all the President's favorite shows.

Deciding it was time to come cleaner, Trixon ordered Richard Kleendeen, the Attorney General he had recently picked up at an ITT clearance sale, to investigate the case. Kleendeen, a man of nice principles who was very sensitive about letting anything conflict with his interests, disqualified himself, however, since he had been a close associate of many of the Presidential staff members currently under suspicion. This set the stage for Trixon to announce that he would immediately undertake to investigate the matter himself. He was determined to find out who was at the bottom of Watertight—before anyone else found out who was at the top.

At this point John Dream, in an uncontrollable fit of rectitude, suggested to Holdupmann and Nerdlickmann that they all confess and go to jail, in order to save the Presidency in case anyone might want to use it later.

The two men told Dream that they not only agreed with him but they supported him 1000 percent.

Dream smelled a rat. He presently concluded that Trixon and his two top aides were trying to make a deal with the grand jury—a deal in which the Presi-

dent would get Nerdlickmann and Holdupmann in exchange for himself, McRudder, and a cabinet member to be named later. Feeling incensed and betrayed, Dream issued a carefully worded press release, which said in part, "I ain't gonna take a rap for nobody, see? Anybody tries to send me to the slammer goes with me."

The President's hand had been forced. He went on national television and declared his determination to see rigorous justice meted out to anyone found guilty. In the meantime, he would personally take full responsibility for illegal activities perpetrated on his behalf, and was accordingly sending himself to bed without any supper.

He assured the nation, however, that he had no prior knowledge of plans to burglarize Democratic offices. In fact, when word of the break-in reached him in Miami—and he had hotel receipts to prove he was there—he was as shocked and outraged as any decent American. At first, he had sincerely believed that no one on his staff was involved, but recent developments had convinced him to be dismayed to learn that some of them might be.

Therefore, to restore public confidence in his administration, he announced that his entire staff had resigned *en masse* that morning, and boarded a plane for Costa Rica, where they had all been offered jobs comparable to their present ones by a government that knew how to appreciate their special talents. He very much regretted having to accept their resignations. They had all been loyal and diligent servants, and they took with them his profound gratitude and most of the White House silver service.

Waxing philosophical, he asked us not to lose faith in our great democratic institutions simply because, as he put it, "a handful of patriotic Americans had been overly zealous to secure the Blessings of Four More Years to themselves and their Posterity." He told us, in solemn tones, of a list of his Goals for America, which, he said, "I happened to jot down on a bronze tablet the night before my Second Inauguration. At the head of this list (copies of which may be obtained by sending ten dollars, plus 85 cents postage and handling, to the White House) is the preservation of our great electoral system. Whoever succeeds me in the Presidency," he continued, "should be able to draw strength, as I have done, from the knowledge that he has been placed in office by the American people. It has been a great comfort to me to be able to reflect in my troubles that I have been given your mandate," he concluded, "so that you have nobody but yourselves to kick around anymore."



"If they don't start balling each other soon, we're going to be out of drinks."

SEX IN THE CONFESSIONAL *"Do you caress yourself with your hands, or do you use some . . . help? If you use some of these instruments they advertise now, this horrifies God."*

(Continued from page 36) make a mistake before you're married, while you still have time to change your mind, don't you think so?

Confessor: You already made the mistake, by giving your body to someone who does not have the right to take it. For a Christian, only the sacrament of marriage gives you the right to give your body to each other. You did it before, and you think it's right? It's an accommodation! But what am I interested in? I'm only interested in Christ's thoughts. And you do whatever you want. Aren't you free? But I wonder if you have a conscience! You said you were talking about natural things, but those are supernatural things. And you also think you can justify everything.

Penitent: Then, I would like to know: what is licit before the marriage?

Confessor: What is licit? Sensuality is not licit, that's it.

Penitent: But then, it would be illicit to stay close to each other. Because, staying close, there's a kind of physical attraction, isn't there?

Confessor: Oh, yes. But everything must conform to God's laws. The mother loves her child and—

Penitent: But it's a different love, father!

Confessor: No, you should have with your fiancé the same love you find between a mother and a child. . . .

Recorded in The Church
of Saint Mary of Grace,
Naples

Confessor: Do you have any . . . let's say,

any intimate relations with a man, my child?

Penitent: I had, but not anymore.

Confessor: And is this what makes you so nervous?

Penitent: I suppose.

Confessor: So, my child, are you what we call a hot woman? Do you have repressed desires?

Penitent: Well. . . .

Confessor: You can talk freely, my child. I hear so many women like you! Just before you came I had a 50-year-old woman involved in an erotic relationship with a 16-year-old boy, the son of one of her best friends. She told me everything. We discussed it, each of us with our own arguments, and finally she left more calm, more serene, and decided to stop it. . . . Then, my child, do you have repressed desires that bother you?

Penitent: Well, yes. It's natural at my age.

Confessor: And how do you deal with them, my child?

Penitent: I try to hold them, and when I can't succeed, then. . . .

Confessor: Then? Be courageous.

Penitent: Well, I relieve them myself.

Confessor: I understand, my child. I understand because I'm a sinner, too. I also have desires, you know! It's in human nature, you see, but we have to try to control them, and to minimize them by reasoning, with our willpower, and, of course, by asking for God's help. But what exactly do you do to yourself, my child?

Penitent: I don't know. What do I have to tell you?

Confessor: Everything. When do you feel you're hot, my child? Is it at night when you're lying on your bed? In springtime? After you've read something or seen an immoral movie?

Penitent: Well, yes, that's it.

Confessor: Do you caress yourself with your hands, or do you use some . . . help?

Penitent: What difference does it make?

Confessor: With your hands, it's something . . . something, well, more natural, my child. If you use some of these instruments they advertise now, you approach real sadism, and this horrifies God. Do you understand, my child?

Penitent: I don't use any of those things.

Confessor: Did you do it with a girlfriend? I mean, did you have any homosexual relationships?

Penitent: Only once. It was a mistake. Since then, it never happened.

Confessor: Good, my child, because it's a disaster, you know, to reach such baseness. And with animals, my child, did you do anything with animals?

Penitent: Oh, no, father!

Confessor: And so, you succeed by yourself in completely satisfying your desires? Do you feel fully satisfied afterward?

Penitent: Sometimes yes, sometimes no. You see, father, as you said, I'm a hot woman, but I'm sound. I not only repress my sexual desires but also my desire for affection. I would really like to have a complete relationship with a man, affectionate and sensual at the same time. But then, you don't very often find unmarried men of my age. So, I would be obliged to have a relationship with a separated or divorced man. Maybe it's a better solution than to have sexual relations with myself.

Confessor: No, no, my child, this you cannot do. You would be rejected by the Church.

Penitent: And why?

Confessor: Because God doesn't want this to happen. This is possible only within marriage. You see, my child, I myself have sexual problems. And if God would allow me, I would gladly get married, as the Protestants do. But God doesn't allow me . . . so . . . I commit myself. With His help, of course.

Penitent: And how do you solve your sexual problems?

Confessor: Human nature is weak, but we must restrain ourselves by praying and. . . .

Penitent: But do you succeed?

Confessor: Well, almost every time. But if you fail, it's better to do everything



"Now, don't be bashful, child—we old practitioners have seen so many nude women, we look on the female body the way others look at a slab of beef."

by yourself. Do you understand, my child? It's better than to have someone sin with you.

Penitent: But isn't it less natural?

Confessor: Of course, it's not natural, my child, but it's better than two sins. . . . And when you caress yourself, what do you think of?

Penitent: I don't really know . . . I enjoy it.

Confessor: Well, my child, this is what I guess: you think, well, you imagine it's a representation of the male penis that moves between your thighs. That's why you enjoy it, my child. And those acts—that God doesn't approve, of course—are more natural than the others. You are still sinning, but your sin is minor compared to relations with a man who is not your husband. Do you understand?

Penitent: No, I don't understand this. I would understand if it were only a matter of physical relations between two people who meet only to satisfy their own sexual desires. But if there is a valid affectionate relationship, a reciprocal exchange of love, that for some reason could not lead to marriage, then I think it would not be a sin.

Confessor: Yes, it's a sin, my child. And a heavy one. As a confessor, I can close an eye on the masturbation of a woman in your condition, obviously troubled with sexual abstinence. Although it's still a sin, it is comprehensible, excusable. But I wouldn't be able to give you absolution if you had illegal relations with a man. You see, my child, you tell me it's unfair, but it's not up to us miserable sinners to decide what is fair and what is not. Do you understand that?

Penitent: Yes, father, and I thank you for making things clear for me. Then I should go on as I have until now?

Confessor: Pray, pray a lot, ask God to give you the strength to succeed and resist those temptations—this solitary love. If you don't succeed, confess your sin, come here to see me, my dear child, and we'll always discuss it with the same serenity. It will help you. And after a while, it will clarify your ideas, you'll see. Have faith in me.

Penitent: Do you give me absolution?

Confessor: Not this time, because you have to convince yourself that what I told you was right. For today, I give you God's benediction. But you will come back, and then, you'll see, I will be able to give you absolution.

Penitent: Thank you, father.

Recorded in The Church
of Saint Lawrence,
Naples

Confessor: How long ago did you make your last confession?

Penitent: I think about two years, maybe more, I don't know.



Confessor: Why so long? Do you have any particular reason?

Penitent: Well, yes, father. You see, I'm married, and I was having the kinds of sexual relations with my husband that my confessor did not approve. Then, later, I read a booklet approved by the Church that said that the "games of love" were authorized and were even a consolidation of marriage. So I thought I might not be outside the Church, as I first believed.

Confessor: Yes . . . "games of love" . . . How long have you been married?

Penitent: Five years.

Confessor: And how old are you?

Penitent: Twenty-eight. Why?

Confessor: You see, the "games of love" are not forbidden. But why are they called "games of love"? They are to prepare the sexual act, right?

Penitent: Well, that's what the booklet called them.

Confessor: Why did you choose me as a confessor?

Penitent: This is the church closest to my house.

Confessor: Do you have faith in a confessor, in me?

Penitent: I don't really know. I think so. Why?

Confessor: Because we have to talk. It's not so simple, you know! You have to explain a little . . . I mean, tell me enough so that I can understand your problem.

Penitent: To understand what?

Confessor: What are the acts, the "games of love" that you practice with your hus-

band? . . . There are acts and then there are acts. Do you understand that?

Penitent: Well, they are things to excite each other, nothing more.

Confessor: So . . . you undress and let him, well, he looks at you, he caresses you?

Penitent: Yes. Isn't that natural?

Confessor: Of course. God gave you a body partly for that. . . . And what about kisses? Does he kiss you?

Penitent: Of course, father. But is this really necessary? I mean, I feel kind of shy talking about those things.

Confessor: You don't have to be embarrassed, my child. Are you shy in front of your doctor? The confessor is your soul's doctor. How can I tell you if you are sinning if I don't know what you do?

Penitent: Well, yes.

Confessor: So, about the kisses?

Penitent: Of course, he kisses me.

Confessor: Affectionately or lasciviously?

Penitent: I don't know. Everything we do together is because we love each other.

Confessor: I mean, does he kiss you on the mouth or all over your body—on your breasts, between your legs?

Penitent: Yes.

Confessor: You see, my child, this can be a sin. It all depends on what you try to reach with this excitation. If you use it to reach, well, if then he penetrates you with his member, and then if you are united in a Christian way, it's not a sin. Otherwise, yes.

Penitent: But we very seldom do the complete act of love, I mean, in the way you're saying. We don't want to have too

SEX IN THE CONFESSIONAL *"My child, God doesn't want sperm to be wasted. The sexual act is materialistic if a new life does not ennoble it." "I thought love ennoble it."*

many children. Anyway, I remember that lately the Church admitted that the sexual act doesn't necessarily have to be for procreation, that it can also be for enjoyment.

Confessor: Partly, yes. And do you kiss him, too?

Penitent: Yes.

Confessor: Even on his sexual organ? And does he have an orgasm?

Penitent: Well. . . .

Confessor: I told you you didn't have to be ashamed. If you are ashamed to talk about that with your confessor, then it means that you think your acts are not good, and if you know it, then it's even more sinful.

Penitent: It has nothing to do with shame; it's embarrassment. You've been told, as a priest, that everything concerning sex was a sin. For centuries and centuries.

Confessor: But the times have changed. Don't you see, my child, how kindly I talk to you?

Penitent: Well, yes, all right.

Confessor: So, you can do this, my child, but as soon as he is going to ejaculate, you have to offer him your belly, because the act has to be concluded there. Do you understand?

Penitent: Yes, but we can't do that. I told you why.

Confessor: My child, God doesn't want the sperm to be wasted. It's a real sin to waste it. The sexual act is materialistic if the idea that a new life can come from it does not ennoble it.

Penitent: I thought love ennoble it.

Confessor: Well, love also.

Penitent: I don't see anything noble in giving birth to child after child without being able to support and educate them.

Confessor: It's enough to know the days when a woman is sterile. As you must know, my child, a woman can be receptive only three or four days a month.

Penitent: But there is no assurance of that!

Confessor: Other than those, let's say, excitations, do you do something else?

Penitent: No.

Confessor: Are you sincere?

Penitent: Why shouldn't I be?

Confessor: My child, does your husband oblige you to take some special positions that humiliate you?

Penitent: The search for pleasure, if it's done with love, can never be humiliating for me.

Confessor: It depends, my child. Does he make you move a lot? Does he want you to be lascivious?

Penitent: I don't know. I can't understand why you use the word lascivious! We are husband and wife, we love each other, and we want each other completely. I don't have anything more to say, father.

Confessor: Now, be calm, my child. We

must . . . we must talk of those things, we must realize what is good and what is bad. . . . For example, does he use . . . do you use sadistic things, I don't know, a mirror or something like that?

Penitent: Listen, father, I don't want to know what is good and what is bad. I came here to find out if I am still a Christian and if I can receive the sacraments. Please answer me.

Confessor: I tell you all this only because I want to help you better understand what you're doing. It's more difficult for a confessor to listen than for a penitent to tell, believe me, my child. You see, in a confessional, you listen to the most incredible things. I can understand you, don't worry. I think you are a good woman, and you act right, even with your husband. Feel reassured, you are not rejected by the Church, and you can receive the sacraments. But you have to confess at least once a month, and always try to go to the same confessor, so that you can create a relationship based on confidence. This will help you open completely and receive the best and most honest help possible. Do you understand, my child?

Penitent: Thank you, father.

Confessor: Now, you have to say three Hail Marys and the Act of Contrition.

Recorded in Saint Joseph
Church,
Agrigento

Penitent: Father, my wife doesn't want more children, so I have to behave . . .

Confessor: . . . to behave not in a very Christian way, you mean.

Penitent: I don't know, because, to be frank, I don't understand why we should give birth to children if, inside ourselves, we don't want them, let alone the economical and educational problems.

Confessor: Because God wants it, my child. God did not give us testicles and a vagina to have pleasure with but to reproduce the species. Actually, pleasure is a sort of stimulant to the procreation. How many children do you have?

Penitent: Two.

Confessor: Well, that's not much, you could have some more!

Penitent: But we think it's enough . . . if we want to assure them a good education. And also, with this world already overpopulated, don't you think it's kind of anachronistic of the Church to ask us to have more children than we care for? Those "commandments" from the Church sometimes make me doubt my own faith.

Confessor: The Church is changing that. In the past few years, the Church has

been more tolerant toward those things, also toward people who think love is not just a procreative act.

Penitent: But it's not a matter of being tolerant or not! I think it would be much better if the Church would advise couples to limit births so that—

Confessor: Don't worry, the Church will come to that, too, later.

Penitent: I hope it will not be too late!

Confessor: The Church is inspired by God. Let God do! Well, to go back to your problem, the advice I can give you is . . . is that in cases like this one, conscience is what matters. If you think you're right to act like that, you can go on: it means that God approves.

Recorded in The Church
of Saint Anthony,
Chianciano

Confessor: What's your reason for not wanting to have children?

Penitent: None. We already have four children, and we don't want any more, that's all.

Confessor: Well, so, that's what you do. You take this [referring to the pill] not to have arguments with your husband. So he is responsible. . . .

Penitent: But I agree on that. My husband doesn't force me.

Confessor: Do you know that there are some days when you can have the complete sexual act without procreation?

Penitent: Of course, but it's not a matter of days. Our third child was born unexpectedly with the rhythm method, in a period when I was supposed to be sterile.

Confessor: Really?

Penitent: So, can I go on taking the pill?

Confessor: Well, if it's to take care of your conjugal ties, then yes.

Recorded in The Church
of Saint Frediano,
Florence

Penitent: But father, if I have an affair with someone, it's because it means a lot to me.

Confessor: Yes, if you are convinced that it is the right thing to do, then go on. But at the same time, I can't tell you: "You are right, go in peace." I cannot do it.

Penitent: Can you give me absolution?

Confessor: I can. I personally can give you as many absolutions as you want, but the fact is you are in sin. And if it's not clear in your mind, I mean, why it's a sin, then, what can absolution mean?

Penitent: I don't understand.

Confessor: Absolution is not what I can or cannot give you; it is useless if you don't know how to receive it. . . .

HAITI *The American says: "Kennedy and his brother created racism in the United States. It was all public relations. . . . Those Kennedys, they couldn't have died earlier."*

(Continued from page 49) past the wing tips, the welcoming band plays the merengue, the officials wear wrap-around sunglasses (cheap *tonton macoute* thrill!).

Damn. This place looks like Tijuana. Or some lesser L. A. neighborhood, Bellflower maybe. It's coated with pastel concrete-block houses, wrought-iron grilles, and plaster lawn ornaments on desperate little front lawns. "The whole world looks like this," says C. "Kuala Lumpur, Beirut, every place." She knows about these things. I am momentarily depressed. Are there no surprises left?

In our beige Toyota, C. speeds down the road toward downtown Port-au-Prince, a true French driver. She suddenly pulls to the curb at a place called Ma Farmacia. Strolling in, high on the heat and the radio, right into Pharmacopoeia Central. No glass, no partitions, no pharmacist games. It's all laid out for you on shelves. You *point*. No, they don't have Quaaludes. But would you like some Thorazine, some Librium? Here are the sizes: 5, 10, 15. Dexadrine? Here, Dexamyl Spansules; 10s or 15s? Well, sure, I'll take some of those *capsulas de liberación prolongada* for la *depresión acompañada de ansiedad o tensión nerviosa*. Haiti is a foreign country.

Animals are running around on the sidewalk, little pigs and spotted goats. We drive through downtown Port-au-Prince, more Tijuana flatness and listless tourist shops, onto Carrefour Road. As we pull onto the dirt road that leads up past the little houses to the Habitation Leclerc property, a man is standing on the side of the road, pissing on a telephone pole. As we are shown our suite at Habitation Leclerc, a workman is taking a piss off our terrace, splashing the jungle below.

A group from Habitation Leclerc goes for dinner at Chez Gerard, one of the top restaurants in Pétienville. "Bourgeois," C. says. Michael Madsen, a rich, white fellow in his late twenties known as the Playboy of Haiti, joins us at the bar. His family manufactures denim, a major Haitian export, and has the lucrative cooking-oil monopoly. Michael (pronounced Mick-eye-ell) is thin, tan, blond, and muscular; he has a wolfish face marked with deep smallpox scars under the cheekbones. Michael and Aubelin Jolicoeur, the "Petit Pierre" of Graham Greene's *The Comedians*, are having a stylized, exaggerated discussion about the Bal Populaire, the street carnival financed by the rich. The top bands—Les Difficiles, Les Schleu-Schleu, Les Ambassadeurs—desert the night clubs

that night to play in the streets. Jolicoeur thrives on the high life; forget the people, he says, let the bands stay in the night clubs every night.

Then Jolicoeur must join his stolid white wife for dinner out on the terrace, and Michael sniffs at his desperate posturing. Jolicoeur is a trifle foolish. After all, says Michael, the free rum and the free bands prevent "revolution." Keep the people happy. . . .

Our group dines outside at a long table under a canopy. This is not the place for Haitian cuisine. I have a hunk of steak that looks local and costs about five dollars. It starts to rain in heavy drops, adding a tropical resonance to the conversation, which seldom includes the women. Michael Madsen, at my right at the head of the table, is talking with a pudgy, mustachioed, double-knit New Yorker to my left. The New Yorker is staying at Habitation Leclerc, and, as it turns out, is in the garment industry. "See this shirt," says the man, to no one in particular, pulling at the sweaty breast of his multicolored, patterned nylon shirt, "this shirt, we printed this fabric." After further talk of fabric, the conversation turns to politics.

Politics, always difficult to discuss in polite company. The talk starts with full agreement on Nixon's wonderful effect on the U. S. economy. They all agree

on Nixon. I look up, across the table. C. is silent.

Alan Millman, 32, who is constructing Habitation Leclerc for Olivier, is seated at the end of the table and wears a blue work shirt. He speaks up, very self-possessed: "Kennedy and his brother created racism in the United States. It was all public relations. The Kennedys had to have an image, so they started welfare."

There is just the beat of a pause around the table and Alan continues: "Those two Kennedy brothers, they couldn't have died earlier."

I speak up, amazed. Everyone at the table remembers: Michael, Alan, C. I have stepped on their concept of Polite.

They're always reminding me not to write anything about the Old Haiti. Don't talk about the *tonton macoute*—the Haitian brand of SS goons—or Papa Doc or the crucifixion or the tortures or extortions or murders or that execution they put on TV. It was all exaggerated. And now everything is changed.

Just a moment for a word from the U. S. Department of State and the U. S. Embassy, Harry S. Truman Boulevard, Port-au-Prince:

"HAITI: Population 5,000,000; capital: Port-au-Prince, 300,000.



HAITI *We dance the merengue. One-two, one-two, Jolicoeur is humping me with his little frog's leg, breathing heavily on my neck. . . .*

"THE PEOPLE: Almost 95 percent of the Haitians are of African descent. The remainder are mostly of mixed African-Caucasian ancestry (mulattoes).

"HISTORY: In 1791, the slave population—led by Toussaint L'Ouverture, Jean Jacques Dessalines, and Henri Christophe—revolted against their French masters and gained control of the northern part of Saint-Domingue. . . . In 1804, the slaves established independence from France and renamed the area Haiti. Thus Haiti is the world's oldest Negro Republic and the second oldest Republic in the Western Hemisphere (after the U.S.). . . . From 1843 until 1915, Haiti, under 22 different dictators, was in great political and economic disorder. In 1915, the U.S. intervened militarily to protect U.S. lives and property and to prevent invasion by other nations. The U.S. occupation ended in 1934.

"François Duvalier was elected in 1957, following a year of political turmoil during which six different governments held power. . . . [In 1964] Duvalier was named President for Life. In 1971, President Duvalier named his son Jean-Claude as his successor. . . . April 22, 1971, upon the death of his father, Jean-Claude Duvalier began his life term as President of Haiti.

"GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS: The new government has taken some steps toward the emergence of a more open and development-oriented society. There are no political parties.

"ECONOMY: Agriculture, characterized by a large number of very small individual family subsistence plots, is the mainstay of the Haitian economy. A recent and particularly encouraging development has been the growth of small, export-oriented transformation industries in which raw or partially finished materials are fabricated for sale abroad (primarily in the U.S.). Haiti's GNP in 1970 was \$352 million; per capita GNP is about \$78, the lowest in the Western Hemisphere [based on 1955 dollars].

"U.S.-HAITI RELATIONS: Project-implementation difficulties led to the withdrawal of the AID mission in 1963. . . .

"ECONOMIC TRENDS: Haiti, the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, still has a long way to go in the build-up of the basic underpinnings of future economic development.

"ARTICLES PRODUCED BY HAITIAN TRANSFORMATION INDUSTRIES: Baseballs, beaded articles, brassières, cotton gloves, electrical and electronic parts, embroidered chenille letters, fishing lures, handbags, jeans, men's hair pieces, neckties, nurses' uniforms, ornaments, paper

aprons, plush toys, ribbon bows, shoe uppers, softballs, sportswear, tablecloth ensembles, women's wigs."

El Rancho Hotel sits up in Pétienville, where the rich and the foreign and the travelers hide out, a glamorous survivor of the Papa Doc era, a vast spread of manicured grass and arched white stucco and slick red cement floors. Glamor, elegance, sophistication: all those worldly virtues are in a state of arrested development in Haiti. Papa Doc Duvalier and his *tonton macoute* quite effectively wiped out the Sixties in this country. And after two years of Baby Doc, they're still confused up in Pétienville, they're still pushing the Fifties product called Swank. But indeed, El Rancho, with its dated Beverly Hills vistas and guileless new Flamboyant night club, is quite charming, like watching a rerun of Doris Day's *Pillow Talk* on a lazy summer evening.

Jolicoeur plucks us by the elbows and arranges us around his table at the Flamboyant. We start upon our reportorial inquiry into the state of Haiti. C. says Jolicoeur is connected with the government and can arrange an interview with the President. Ay-yay-ya! goes the Italian singer. I can't hear a word over the music. We dance the merengue. One-two, one-two, Jolicoeur is humping me with his little frog's leg, breathing heavily on my neck. I'm considerably taller than he is. Jolicoeur is acting hurt. . . . oh, darling. . . .

I still don't know what the Game was, its rules, or what was at stake. Perhaps there was no Game, just confusion.

I try to disengage smoothly from Jolicoeur, put out a little charm when I prefer to be direct and rude. The music is deafening. Jolicoeur is alternately hurt and jolly. He and C. go for a walk in the bushes. The alternations continue. We must get this story. At least we have a focus now, a frustration to give exasperating shape to our days: the chase after an interview with the President.

We are to see Jolicoeur many times after this evening. He writes up our visit in the paper *Le Nouvelliste*: "*deux jeunes filles de OUI magazine*." He has something of a gossip column. How Jolicoeur keeps up this nightly pace is mystifying. The man must have an infinite capacity for fantasy.

We bounce down the pitted dirt road from Habitation Leclerc, passing all the little kids getting water from the well and giggling at the silly *blancs*, down the tiny bright square houses and masses of

people, onto Carrefour Road. We are going to a warehouse.

In the dusty parking lot, women are crouched down in the hot sun behind basket-colored nylon panties. Guaranteed sale. Louisa's is situated on the water, looking across the bay of Port-au-Prince. On the open terrace, the girls dance slowly with the men, passing another afternoon on a small polished cement floor under faded strings of festive holiday lights. A ship has pulled in and a group of foreign sailors arrive. The tables are shaded with trees. We sit in a corner and order a couple of 50-cent rum Cokes from the young boy. On the beach a gang of ragged black kids play with a spinning piece of metal wired up to an Eveready battery and peek over the stone wall at us.

We ask one of the women to our table, speaking in Spanish because she is a Dominican. Haitians prefer the lighter women of the neighboring Dominican Republic. There is a listless breeze this afternoon, and I feel a slight chill off the water. Behind us, a table fills with couples. One of the sailors is playing with the breast of a prostitute. She is wearing shorts and a matching top reminiscent of some Fifties Iowa summer.

The price here is a dollar.

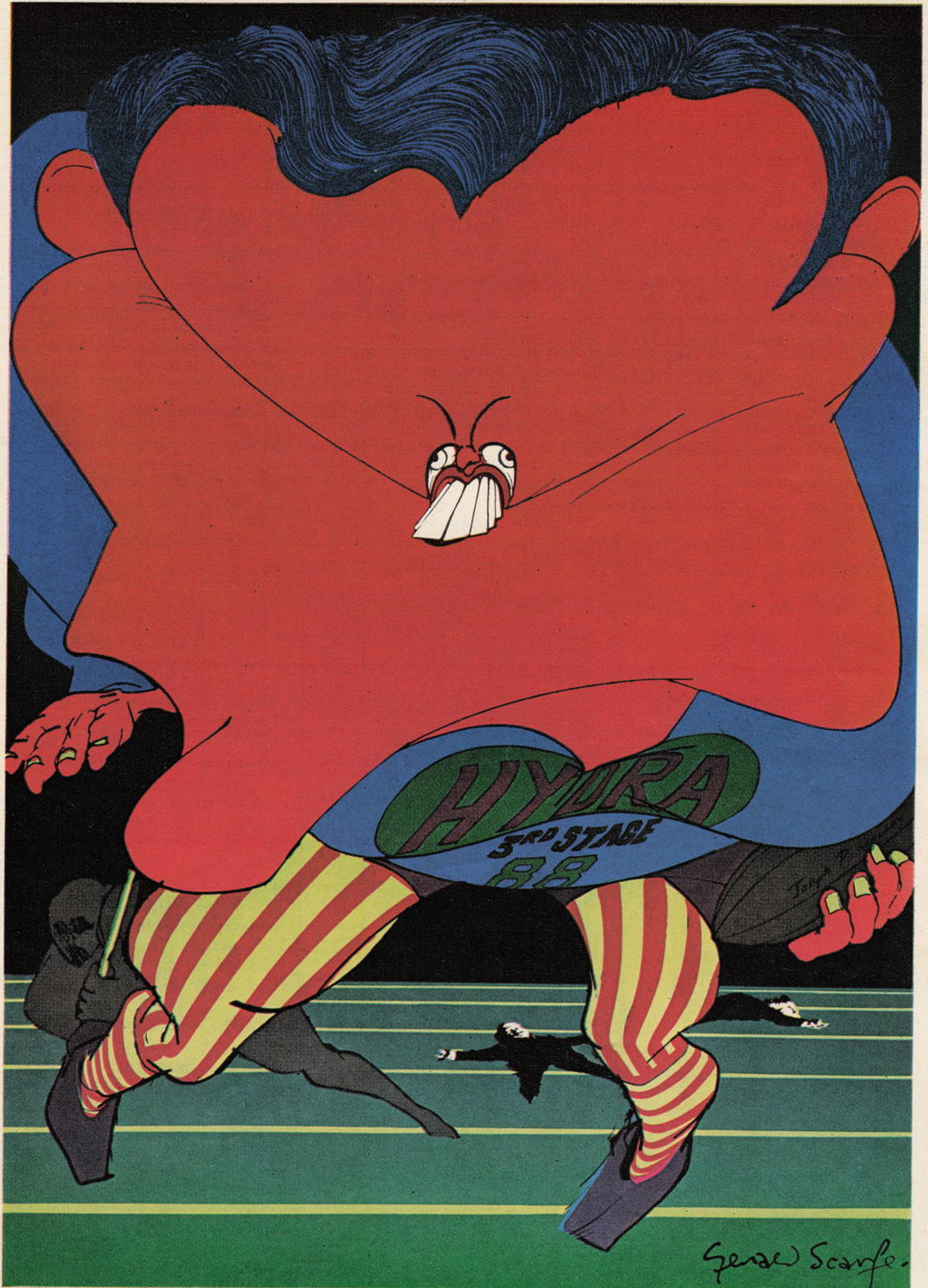
A Haitian, concerned about my political confusion, tries to explain Baby Doc's rule. "Papa Doc achieved the Social Revolution. For instance, my father never would have a black friend. Under the Social Revolution, the *tonton macoute* were like the SS. Now they don't need that anymore. Now is the Economic Revolution.

"Twenty years ago," he continued, "blacks would not have dared come to this restaurant, to the cinema. That's what Duvalier did." Indeed, there is a black couple two tables down, eating along with the rest of us.

And the Boom is on, despite the formalities of political analysis. Tourist developments are planned all over the beaches to the south. Transformation industries are coming in for the dollar-a-day labor. Blood for export to the U.S. is booming. Divorces are doing well. And the sun is always a good seller.

M. Fritz Cinéas, Minister of Coordination and Information, Doctor of Gynecology, and personal secretary to Baby Doc, asks if I have been to a real voodoo ceremony. We are watching the theatrics of folkloric voodoo at the Hotel Oloffson, a meeting arranged by Jolicoeur. No, I have not been to voodoo. Why? "I am afraid of the priest and his telling powers and his fortune." "But," replies

SCARFE



Teddy Kennedy

HAITI *There is an odd expatriate air here at Habitation Leclerc . . . a bit of disassociation in the conjunction of people and setting.*

Cinéas, "why be afraid when he can protect you. . . ?"

M. Cinéas has the set expression of a man who keeps silent. He says Papa Doc called him back from the university in Mexico to serve as his private secretary. When Papa Doc died in 1971, Cinéas was named Baby Doc's personal secretary. Cinéas dances a wonderful merengue. Very masterful, a quiet sort of power. He leads without being pushy. Yet he seems very cold.

We went to a tourist voodoo ceremony. Visitors, at three dollars a head, were stacked uncomfortably on rickety folding chairs in some suburban garage. Dieu Juste Midy put on a great performance. He rested his entire weight on the point of a sword (C. felt it). He sprayed rum on his assistant. He ate charcoals and didn't burn his mouth. He had a silver baby in a bottle. The painting of Jean-Claude Duvalier, President for Life, looked down calmly on the scene as a chorus of women in red dresses danced and tranced off to the side.

Around midnight, it was over. Across the street and down a dirt driveway was a real voodoo ceremony. The women were throbbing around dressed in white. A fat woman, her left leg bandaged, moaned on a chair under the open thatched roof. She was the priestess. The god of possession that night was erotic.

We were invited back the next night by a neighbor. There was to be a sacrifice of a goat and big feast following it. We didn't go.

Voodoo seems vaguely possible in this place, so I resisted M. Vincent when he came around to Habitation Leclerc in his baggy suit, glasses, narrow tie, and starched white shirt, bearing a briefcase full of magic. I finally gave in to a talisman at a bargain price—under \$25—for the protection of St. Joan of Arc. But I left Haiti before M. Vincent could deliver it. Am I safe? I think of it often and buy an Infant of Prague medal just to make sure.

Habitation Leclerc is truly a lovely

place. Lying by the pool during the day, snatches of conversation drift past. The talk is of stars, directors, producers, Hollywood, nobility, travels. The anecdotes of civility. There is an odd expatriate air here, a bit of disassociation in the conjunction of people and setting. Cool Thirties elegance making an uneasy alliance with tanned Beverly Hills speed chic. . . .

The murmurs of the guests float past like the sound of the constant sweeping of leaves from the terrace around the pool; the sound produced by a Haitian paid a dollar a day, the minimum wage, to look active. Sweep, sweep, sweep. Soothing, yet somehow nagging.

Two of the President's cabinet ministers take us to lunch. They arrive at Habitation Leclerc in two official cars, escorted by armed guards. The ministers wear dark suits, the hushed fabric of air-conditioned elitism.

Over a heavy plate of veal and gravy at some obscure Italian restaurant, a minister hands me a poem he has written in a classic, flowery French. Translated, it reads:

*Eyes with anxious lights
hidden with dark glasses.*

*Happy breasts moving under the
sun of a St. Valentine's Day.*

We are promised an interview with the President the next day at 10:30 A.M. at the Palace. There will be a briefing for foreign newsmen and diplomats.

I bite my pencil, write out a set of very formal, very proper, and very polite questions, and type them up like a schoolgirl on the portable typewriter in Hans's room at Habitation Leclerc. (President Jean-Claude Duvalier will answer only questions that are submitted on paper.)

A dapper French gentleman of 66, who is in the business of cork, caught C. at the breakfast table: "Oh, you are going to see the President? But you've got to get dressed up and put some lipstick on!" We ultimately decide that a top, pants, and sandals will do for Tropical Diplomacy.

Our formal note to Minister of Information Cinéas from the ministers fails to wave us through the gates to the Palace; when it comes to a question of cheek versus guns, the guns win out. We pull the Toyota across the street to the shade of a tree and wait groggily in the heat, sweating rings into the knees of our pants. In about 15 minutes M. Cinéas's personal (Continued on page 110)



A Brief, Thoughtful Yet Informal Interview with President for Life Jean-Claude Duvalier of Haiti

by Catherine Milinaire

President for Life Jean-Claude Duvalier of Haiti, 22, is known in the American press as Baby Doc. The President was interviewed at his beflowered white stucco weekend house in Port-au-Prince. He was sitting at poolside, with music coming from a speaker mounted on a nearby tree trunk. In the background, soldiers played dominoes and besique and plainclothesmen walked about. President Duvalier was very relaxed, friendly, and open, but chose his words carefully. He was wearing a silk jersey shirt from Italy with gray stripes and small red flowers.



The late President for Life of Haiti, François Duvalier, with his son, the present President for Life, Jean-Claude Duvalier. That framed portrait in the background is of Generalissimo Franco of Spain.

OUI: I noticed that you are extremely popular, because pictures of you and your father are on every door of every house in every village. When the people come and talk with you, what do they ask for? [A car with a civilian and three soldiers drives past the pool.]

JEAN-CLAUDE DUVALIER: They expect me to raise the standard of living. I listen to them intently, because the peasant is at the base of the Haitian economy, and people who live with certain privileges in Haiti must understand that and help the peasants have an easier life.

OUI: Do you worry about tourism coming in so heavily? You'll have to go over everything very carefully to make sure that the tourist developments will be the way you want them.

DUVALIER: Oh, the government controls everything here. . . .

OUI: Besides your work, what do you do to relax?

DUVALIER: I ride motocross. I have a track at our country place. I wear special leathers made for me in Miami with padded knees and elbows, and I've got a BMW and a Harley Davidson, like the Jets with their choppers. At the beach I have two boats, a sailboat [a soldier arrives] and a light boat. And I love to race around in cars. I've got two cars, a Ferrari and a Porsche. The Ferrari is bright lemon-yellow and the Porsche is copper-brown. A 111-S.

OUI: How about snorkeling?

DUVALIER: Oh, no!

OUI: Scuba diving?

DUVALIER: Oh, no!

OUI: Are you afraid?

DUVALIER: No, but I might meet a shark.

OUI: Do you have any animals?

DUVALIER: Yes, Boo Boo, a St. Bernard that stays in the house in the mountains, and Champion, a German Shepherd, and a little *carlin*. . . .

OUI: *Carlin*? What's that? Is it a dog with lots of hair?

DUVALIER: Oh, nononono . . . he's got

big round eyes and a curled-up tail. It comes from England. With a tongue sticking out. And a horse called Percifel. But I prefer my motorcycle. . . .

OUI: As a child, did you know that one day you would become President?

DUVALIER: I didn't think it would be so soon. But it's the only solution that the people could accept. They had known only the government of Duvalier, the government of my beloved father, so they would not have accepted somebody else.

OUI: It must have been a very abrupt change to go from adolescence to being an adult President.

DUVALIER: In my family I witnessed a lot of things that made me grow up fast. There were so many stories, especially the ones about those who started in the government with my father and who later became traitors to him. Many people who failed him. [Jean-Claude, at the age of 12, returning from school, saw his bodyguards shot in an attempt to assassinate him. Five members of the family of a lieutenant suspected of being part of the plot were machine-gunned and their houses were burned.]

OUI: How do you explain the different atmosphere? There is such a change from the way that your father handled things to the way you handle things.

DUVALIER: Yes, this change is happening a little bit too fast. On the other hand, the people really love me and

have confidence in me, and I know their problems.

OUI: I understand you've never had time to travel much. What's stopping you from visiting the U. S.?

DUVALIER: I'd really love to go, but I have a lot of work, and before I leave I must have a dynamic team of people who can take over my responsibilities when I'm abroad.

OUI: Are you in contact with the Haitian community in New York?

DUVALIER: Me? I know none of them.

OUI: There's even a place where you can go and dance to Haitian music.

DUVALIER: Oh, *oui*, *La Canne a Sucre* [the Sugar Cane].

OUI: So you know! And there are newspapers put out by the Haitian community in New York.

DUVALIER: Yes, they are sent to me.

OUI: A lot of people seem to be walking around with guns tucked in their pants. Can anybody in Haiti own a gun? Is the sale of guns free as in the U. S.?

DUVALIER: Not at all. Only the *Volontaires de la Sécurité Nationale* can have them. In the U. S. they call them the *tonton macoute*. They're around, and they work hand in hand with the army. In emergencies, we can count on them.

OUI: Is the term *tonton macoute* a label put on by the Americans?

DUVALIER: No, also by people in Haiti. There has been a lot of propaganda about the *tonton macoute*.

OUI: But the terror that the so-called *tonton macoute* once created is over?

DUVALIER: It never existed.

OUI: It never existed?

DUVALIER: Oh, no. No. Certain people said that to hurt the country.

OUI: What have you been reading lately that amused you?

DUVALIER: I'm reading mostly about psychology, and I'm also working on my law degree.

OUI: I don't know how you can do it. Running the government, studying for a law degree, reading psychology, the motorcycle, women. . . . Do you sleep in the Palace on weekends?

DUVALIER: I always sleep in the Palace. If I go out for a day in the country, I return at night.

OUI: I'm just not used to people walking around with guns. [A man in civilian clothes is pacing about with a black sawed-off machine gun, very flat, about 20 inches long, with a big handle]. M. le President, do you carry a gun?

DUVALIER: No, no. [Gets up and pats his belt to show he is not wearing a concealed weapon.]

OUI: How did you learn to shoot?

DUVALIER: Oh, I just shot a little bit with pistols, guns, machine guns, just to try them out on targets. . . .

HAITI Jacket and tie are required often . . . the Haitians sense they have something to uphold, some turtlenecked tide to restrain.

(Continued from page 108) guard, a grim military man in perfect khakis bearing a bulging Sunday *New York Times* under his left arm, threads us through gates, across the lawn, past the tanks and soldiers, through the tile-floored, open-air halls of the Palace and deposits us in a classic waiting room: emergency room hopelessness, but without the blood. The eternally polite Haitians stand to give us a seat on two of the hard chairs lining the room. The secretary throws us a stern look from behind her typewriter.

The wait was long enough to put us on edge. Then we were hushed into M. Cinéas's office. The office was large enough to accommodate two simple armchairs, a large mahogany veneer desk with a fluorescent lamp, and a news service telex. The walls were of some vague prefabricated wood paneling, the floor was indoor-outdoor red carpeting; the ceiling is lowered along the lines of a *House Beautiful* make-over. The total effect was that of a finished basement. "We in the Palace are modest," said M. Cinéas.

There is a bit of sparring about the magazine. Perhaps it is too frivolous an image, this *Playboy* image, for the President for Life? A bit of annoyance seeps into our conversation. The air conditioner grinds on. M. Cinéas shuffles his papers . . . M. Cinéas looks deep in thought. M. Cinéas stands up, walks around his desk, and looks over the news bulletins coming on the telex, all done with an air of studied nonchalance.

"*C'est le caprice des souverains de changer d'avis la dernière minute . . . il n'y aura pas d'entrevue aujourd'hui avec le président.*" It's the sovereign's whim to change his mind in the last minute. There won't be an interview today. We've been had. The expressionless Minister of State for Information has been toying with us, like cat and mouse.

We're having a languid conversation at the family beach house of a rich young Haitian mulatto, out by the dock at sunset, sipping drinks under a thatched roof. The man speaking is a beautiful young black. The white legs draped across his lap belong to a young girl from Rhode Island afflicted with an advanced case of Long Island lockjaw, down here to manufacture boutique items with the cheap labor. The man is quite handsome and likes to imitate Otis Redding singing *Sitting on the Dock of the Bay*. He has a scheme. "A helicopter service! That's what we need for the tourists. A helicopter from Port-au-Prince to the Citadelle at Cap-Haïtien. In industrial countries, time is money. Now, we only have three flights a week to the Cap. That's it, heli-

copters!" The others hold their chilled drinks, laugh at the innocent audacity of the scheme, and make note of the idea. Servants are called in from where they hang back in the dusk. A little girl and two young men materialize to fetch more drinks.

We quickly drive the 40 miles back to Port-au-Prince, following the mulatto and his dark friend and the girl from the East. The blasting Haitian music on the radio fills the car, pulsing us into the devastating potholes. We have already loosened the muffler. Blam! . . . blam . . . blam! The lights of the car pick out groups of men sitting at the edge of the road and they scatter, the brilliant colors of their tattered shirts flashing past in the night. Groups gather around little kerosene lamps made of scrap tin and around the small cooking fires at the roadside huts. The night is broken by little wavering lights.

People are everywhere in Haiti. It has the highest population density in the Western Hemisphere and, next to Java and the Egyptian Delta, in the world. We run into a mass of people blocking the road, waving their arms in the air, swaying rhythmically to the drums, dancing, practicing for *RaRa*, for Carnival, getting it on out there in the pitch dark. The lead car honks and butts through the peasants as if through a herd of goats.

We did not manage to meet the others later that evening at the Cabane Choucoune discothèque up in Pétionville, where 400 elite met and sweated in jacket and tie. Jacket and tie are required often in Haiti. The Haitians sense they have something to uphold, some turtlenecked tide to restrain.

One Haitian had gone to a prep school in French-speaking Canada, then to an Ivy League college. He first joined Young Americans for Freedom, then SDS. Revolutionized, he returned to Haiti. Time passed. A rich American girlfriend's father received a letter from him proposing a joint business venture. It closed with the following line: "There are many peasants here to exploit." Or so she says.

Alan Millman, the young man who is building Habitation Leclerc for Olivier Coquelin, says they are getting financial assistance from the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, an offshoot of U.S. AID. Altogether, they've mobilized about a million dollars and applied for political risk coverage. They report monthly to Washington. The Haitian government has nothing to do with it.

"We came in quietly and did it. We came here unsolicited, unfavored. And we should eventually generate \$1.1 to \$1.3 million yearly, depending on the occupancy rates.

"Sometimes there are over 300 workers employed here building Habitation Leclerc. And we've had nothing but pleasant experiences with them. They start at six or seven in the morning and work all day. With the help, we try to keep that fine line between good service, subservient service, and subservience." Thanks to a lack of Kennedy leadership in Haiti, there seems to be no racism on the island.

But what about the, er, slums, lining the road up to Habitation Leclerc? "There will be some sprucing up, some plantings. It will be an urban renewal program of just *graphic* proportions." Alan, too, is aware of the importance of image in public relations. "The neighborhood is typically Haitian. We think houses are chic."

Alan's general enthusiasm is a bit dampened when still another group of rumpled American tourists, not so chic, come bustling through the front gates, wanting to see those \$150-a-night rooms. "We've become a sightseeing attraction," he complains. "It is becoming abusive."

We drive south to St. Marc, south of Ibo, Kaloa, Kyona, the beaches near Port-au-Prince. South of the President's beach house. No anti-aircraft guns are out, so he must not be home. South of exiled ex-Minister of Defense and Interior Cambronne's deserted summer place. It's nothing fancy for a man who once ran Ibo Tours, the quickie divorce mill, and the human blood business.

The fat soldier at the checkpoint won't let us into St. Marc without our passports. A Toyota screeches to a halt, a man jumps out wearing a sports shirt. The butt of a revolver sticks out of the waistband of his pants. So he's a *tonton macoute*. He speaks sharply to the rumpled guard, drives us through the checkpoint, into town, and into the hands of the police chief, Sous-Lt. Jean Robert Figaro, 28, who takes us on a tour of the market. Figaro is in the army. He is a measured man, reserved, dignified, tall, handsome, very black, and charming.

The market is dizzying. All the countryside has come here to barter. Block upon block of women are crouched down behind their little piles of millet or mangoes or denim rags. The average income in Haiti hovers around \$80. There isn't much currency in circulation. Women buy only enough cooking oil for

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HAITI "You'll never get an interview with the President," says Michael. "He sees only first-class women..."

the next couple of days, carrying it off in a tiny flask. Sleeping mats woven of straw sell for one and a half gourdes, or about 30 cents. The Duvalier family owns the mattress monopoly, but there are very few Haitians who can afford mattresses. Only ten percent can speak the official language, French. The market is conducted in Creole.

I pass a squealing pig in a wheelbarrow, its legs tied. It is thrashing desperately. I look up into the face of a man with no nose and no cheek.

I embark upon the insane ten-hour journey to Cap-Haïtien: 180 miles by air, ten hours by car. The countryside is tremendously isolated. I stop at a cockfight on the Plains of the Artibonite. The men are rice farmers with no other place to spend their money. Bets run from 50 cents to four dollars, and everything is in Creole. The men are very affectionate, touching, smiling, gossiping with each other and petting their scrawny fighting cocks, rubbing alcohol into their birds' plucked legs and necks. I am the only woman in the open thatched cockpit. There are about 200 men gathered there in the middle of the vast empty plain. Extraordinarily polite, they pull up a little seat for me in the corner of the cockpit. It reminds me of what I have read about China: the people gather and stare and giggle because a foreigner is a truly odd sight, but there is no resentment, just a mutual amusement. I leave before the fight starts.

I drive through Gonaïves, Haiti's third largest city. Gonaïves has electricity three hours a day. Lunch at Franze Svelte's, owned by Franze, a fat man, comes to seven dollars for two. A peasant is delivering cases of Heineken on a donkey cart. Pulling through the front gate, coming across the lawn, he runs into the wall.

After several hours of night driving, Cap-Haïtien appears. I'm bone tired from crashing over rocks and into potholes and climbing over the great northern mountain chain on a road that has largely disappeared. I remembered driving down a tortuous Italian road from Lugano to Vicenza, a road of stone blocks cut into the mountains by Caesar's armies. It was more solid.

Numb and exhausted, I'm sitting at the bar at the Mont Joli. I'd looked all over town for a room, starting here. The two richest men of Cap-Haïtien are marrying their children tomorrow and half the upper class has driven or flown in from Port-au-Prince. There are no rooms available in the hotels, but I find a place at the Pension Dupuy, a colonial

time capsule with musty mosquito netting and 20-foot ceilings.

Disoriented and enervated, I'm hoping the rum punches will smooth out the disassociation. I should have hidden in my mosquito netting. Michael Madsen, Haiti's premier Playboy, arrives with a group of his friends from Port-au-Prince. Another strange conversation is embarked upon.

"Ah, hello," says Michael. "C. and I just had a wonderful three-hour lunch today in Port-au-Prince and she gave me a message for you."

"Oh? Well... what was it?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow morning," says Michael.

"Tell me now."

"C. has decided to stay until the flight on Tuesday rather than leaving Sunday. She says you should stay here for the wedding reception tomorrow night instead of coming back tomorrow afternoon, have a good time, and not worry about getting back. And if you're having trouble finding a room, I can get you one here with me."

I can't believe C. has changed her mind so easily. It's Friday night. I don't know whether to believe him or not. (Later, I am told he was lying.) We are joined by a blond guy called Joe and Alix, a mulatto who works for the New Haiti North development. I begin to feel encircled and confused as the conversation zeroes in on my projected story, what I am to say about Haiti.

"You are very impressionable. You talk to one person," says Michael, "and you get one view. You talk to another person and you get another view. Now C., she knows Haiti because she spent two months here. You, you understand *nothing* of Haiti. You come here with preconceived notions and stay only one week. The guy from *Time* spent a month here."

"Trying to get an interview with the President! The first four nights you were with Jolicœur? If you were smart and knew anything at all, you wouldn't have been with him... you, with your liberal talk about Kennedy the other night at dinner... You amaze me."

"How old are you?"

I'm picking up almost maniacal vibrations from Joe during all this. Later I heard that he recently beat up his mother and stabbed his father. In a sudden flash of paranoia, all these people seem crazy.

"You'll *never* get an interview with the President," says Michael, with pure upper-class Haitian contempt. "He sees only first-class women. Neither you nor C. are *good enough* for Jean-Claude."

Michael scans the bar of the Mont

Joli, there in Cap-Haïtien, population 24,000. It is closing time. His friends gather around him and they stand. "Let's go to a night club!" Michael calls out.

Impressionable. Sure, I'm impressionable. Nobody seems to know what the political situation down here is, although everyone has a pet theory. But nothing, ultimately, seems quite serious in Haiti. Especially politics, now that Baby Doc has settled his benign bulk into the Presidency.

Still, the Europeans and Americans do sustain a certain mood of political urgency, isolated up in their Pétionville mansions, surrounded by fragrant flowering bushes and multiple servants.

We were brought to a cocktail party by a buttoned-up Peruvian diplomat. The house was at the end of a winding, exclusive road in Pétionville; it commanded a magnificent view of sparkling Port-au-Prince spread out below. The city looked beautiful from a distance. There were many U. S. Embassy people there. The couple hosting the party are housesitting. They hail from Fairfield, Connecticut, she with a Lilly dress, he with a crewcut and Brooks Brothers seersucker. "We usually have five in help," confides the hostess, squeezing my forearm, "but for a cocktail party we have to hire six more. They're just so *slow*."

Elbow to elbow with tan middle-aged preppies, older women with frizzed steel-gray hair and good gold jewelry, an English ex-ambassador in Corbusier glasses, Corcoran from the U. S. Embassy, crewcut and fresh from Vietnam, along with Mills in a striped button-down shirt.

Mrs. Christensen, wife of the vice-consul who'd recently been kidnapped by a Haitian exile group along with U. S. Ambassador Knox, sat in a club chair, her legs dangling over the side. Her husband hadn't returned to Haiti. She was a charming woman, loose and spontaneous. She showed us her pair of copper earrings from the Pericles shop in Port-au-Prince. She had been so nervous when her husband had been kidnapped, she told us, that she went shopping and bought these earrings.

While I was in Cap-Haïtien, C. arranged the interview with President for Life Jean-Claude Duvalier. They spoke at his weekend house above Port-au-Prince, sitting out by the serpentine pool, surrounded by military and plainclothes guards. A phone mounted on a tree near them rang continuously. Jean-Claude chooses his words carefully. There were no surprises in the interview. ■



MARCEL MARCEAU "I want to create a permanent company now. If I can't get a subsidy from the French government, I'll go to the States. The French government should help me."

(Continued from page 68) I touched him, they all cried a fantastic "Ah" of pleasure, as if I had touched each one of them. This is a great experience. It doesn't happen very often.

OUI: Are there some feelings you can't mime?

MARCEAU: Ambiguous feelings, lies, hypocrisy. But apart from that, I try to show man as he is.

OUI: Is your show pessimistic?

MARCEAU: No, it's not. If a mime wants to be good, he has to reveal the essence of the human being. The choice of themes is very important and the creator needs style to transmit them and inspiration to give the essence of life. My first works were exercises in style. Now it's the creation of the world and how I see mankind in its fantastic vulnerability. But all that has nothing pessimistic in it. And it also makes my art timeless, because if man, conscious of his coming death and his fragility, would cease creating, then the world wouldn't exist any longer.

OUI: Is it to show that timeless feeling that you perform in white make-up?

MARCEAU: Yes, and also to perform as a man, not just as Marceau. I want to make everything human in me burst and show other men their own lives. I am successively the creation of the world, the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the human, the discovery of the apple and of pain. Because of that white mask, where emotions show much more, I can, in four minutes, show birth, life, and death through my body alone.

OUI: Do you pay much attention to people's gestures in everyday life?

MARCEAU: No, I pay no attention at all to gestures. I don't think that in life, there is a real connection between someone's gestures and his thoughts. The gestures can be beautiful and the mind empty, or the thoughts beautiful but the person doesn't know how to express through gestures. After all, it's a natural gift. What interests me most is the communication through the face, the eyes.

OUI: It's rumored that you're about to retire.

MARCEAU: I want to create a company. It's very possible that this tour in the States is one of the last, maybe the last

one. I believe very much in the formula of a theater of mime. Of course, if Bip is not seen onstage anymore, I will have regrets, but I'd rather stop when I'm successful. After all, it's too bad only for those who did not see me!

OUI: But then if you have a company, you aren't really stopping.

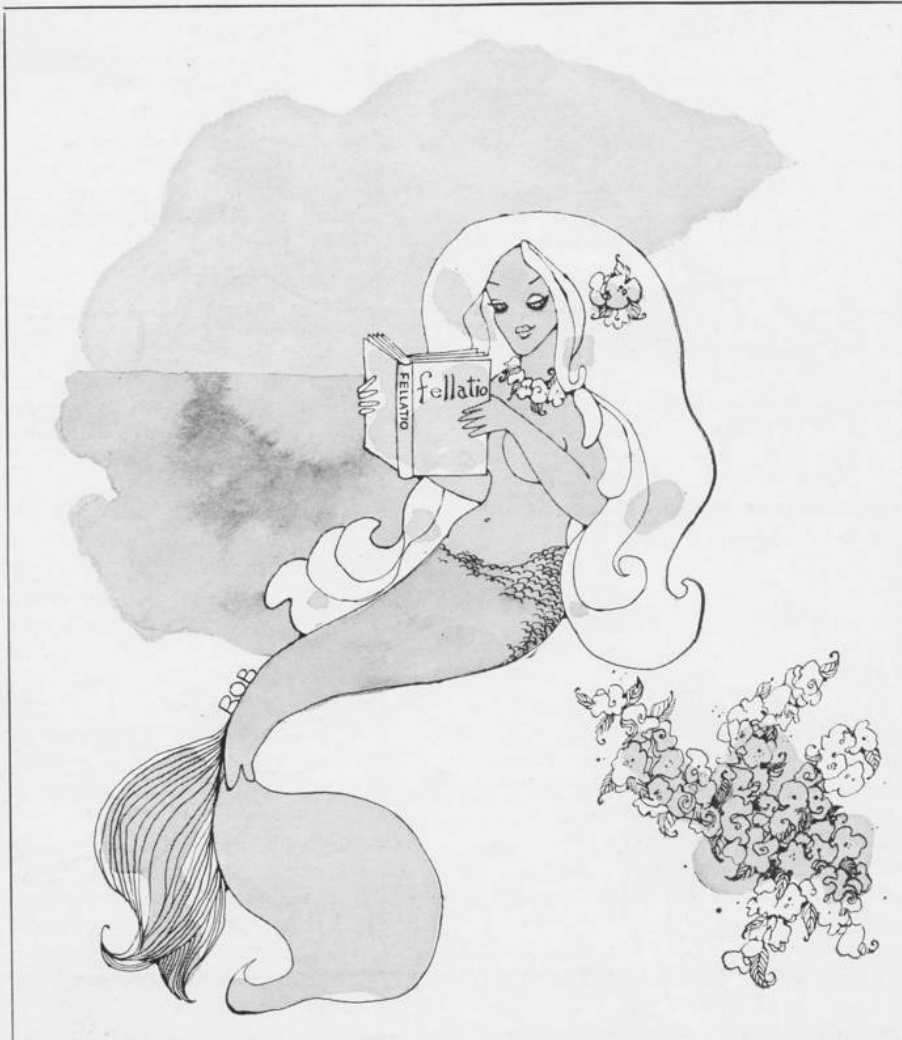
MARCEAU: Well, let's say then that I want to stop the one-man show. To be frank, I think an artist must know when to stop. Think of Nijinsky's legend, and he stopped when he was 27! I'm very happy I had the chance to play alone for 25 years. Some artists really don't know when to stop, and they play on until they are 80. . . .

OUI: Are you thinking of Maurice Chevalier?

MARCEAU: Yes, for example. He should have stopped when he was 67. It's not the same for an actor, because he can adapt to the roles. Garbo stopped when she was 38. That's great. People and the press think that I'm better now than before. I put depth into my art. My experiences helped me a lot. And I'm a special case in the history of medicine: my heart beats abnormally slow. I've the heart of a 25- or 30-year-old guy.

OUI: Why stop, then?

MARCEAU: I want to be rare. That's it. I want to pass like something that happened and that people will remember. But I want the movies to keep records of my work. Well, anyway, I want to have a company because I want to teach young people what I learned. It's not generosity. It's kind of selfish of me. I want to give others what life taught me. The problem is that, in France, a company cannot survive without government subsidy. Actually, my one-man show happened by accident. When I was 20, my ambition was to be manager and actor in a company. I played Bip for ten years, but progressively, as I never had any subsidy, I had to become producer of my company. This was between 1947 and 1960. At the end, I was really too tired. I made a last attempt to form a troupe in 1963-1964. Then I got indebted with a production I'd directed. I owed \$150,000. I had to leave and play for ten years with my one-man show to pay it off. Nobody knows it. I think the French government should have helped me, after ten years during which I proved my talent and my work. But they even destroyed the theater we were playing in, to make a parking lot. It was Malraux's time . . . that man totally despised the theater, which he considered a minor art. You know, some works stay: paintings, sculptures, books. But actors are people who pass like a feast;



maybe Malraux did not like feasts. I have a grudge against him for that. My precious years were from 1959 to 1966. We really tried to get a subsidy. Now I have decided I'm going to have a company, and if I can't get that subsidy, I'll come to the States. I'll have a troupe here. Maurice Béjart is in Belgium. Well, Marceau will be in the States.

OUI: Do you think you've exhausted the possibilities of a one-man show?

MARCEAU: No, not at all. I could go on for ten more years. I know it. Theater is a perpetual quest. What I like in Picasso's story is that he experimented with everything in the history of painting. He never stopped. That's the moving side of his character. An artist should never stop after a success. I know I'll have other style pantomimes, but there are so many things to do and to improve! When I start my company, it will be the most important moment of my life. The one-man show will stay as an example of what I was.

OUI: How much importance do you give to money?

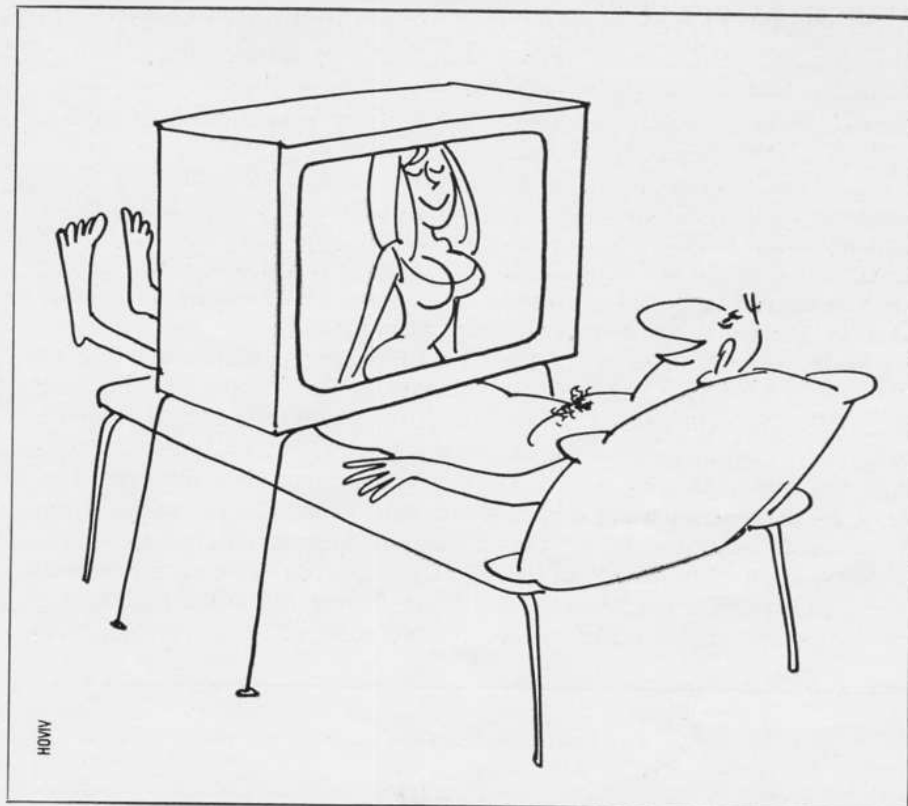
MARCEAU: A great deal. Are you shocked? Actually, I give no importance to money when I don't have any, but it's impossible nowadays to create without it. Also, if I work in a theater and I'm not successful, I mean if people don't come and if money doesn't come, I feel miserable and useless.

OUI: It has been said that you were once a Communist.

MARCEAU: I've never been a Communist, but a progressive. A Communist is a man who is involved in a party and serves it. I never belonged to any party. I'm too independent for that, and too tolerant. I've been what we call a leftist. When McCarthy was alive, I couldn't go to the States. I realize now how shocking Khrushchev's revelations on Stalin were to me. That's when I began to look at things differently. I still think that Marxism is a very important philosophy, and even a scientific one. I think that the struggle of European workers is more and more important, as is what's happening in Russia and China. As an artist, I feel very concerned and have a sense of solidarity with the workers. I am for peace and racial equality. I refuse to perform in South Africa because they don't let white and black people see the show together. So, communism is a big word. Let's say that I believe that ideas are more often right than men are. Men always make mistakes.

OUI: What was your position in France during the events of May 1968?

MARCEAU: I thought it was necessary. The students' revolt was legitimate, but they had no program to form a common front with the workers and peasants. A malaise came from that. The workers had social complaints, mostly about salaries; the students attacked the actual structures. There was a sort of cohesion



in the beginning, but then it was a deaf's dialogue. But since May 1968, things are not what they used to be. The government is quite aware of the change. That's why Gaullism is having such a difficult time surviving without de Gaulle. He will remain a great historical figure, but from social and economic points of view, France needs young people who will respond to the French people's current needs and aspirations. Anyway, the artist has to be a witness. He has to be on the side of those who build. Like Goya, Daumier, Beethoven. They knew perfectly well what side they had to be on.

OUI: Do you consider yourself a leftist who lives as a rightist?

MARCEAU: I'm definitely a leftist who lives as a rightist but who doesn't think as a rightist. I live in a capitalist world, I even live from it, but I don't have the capitalist mentality. I really don't think that the exploitation of man is right or that profit is right. I never speculate on other people's work. That's why I've never owned stocks. But I try not to have a revolutionary theater.

OUI: Why not?

MARCEAU: Revolutionary theater is only interesting when it's didactic. I'm thinking of Bertolt Brecht. But my protest would be against war, and for peace and freedom. I have themes in my show that raise up compassion toward the oppressed, but it's all very abstract. I am thinking of themes like *The Trial*, *The Cage*, or *Modern and Future Life*. I have not gone to Greece since the colonels took power. I don't like fascism at all. But I do recognize that Franco has improved a little bit. Fascism is not offi-

cially felt anymore. I wanted to perform in Spain, in spite of everything, because, after all, there's no reason to punish the public. But Greece I can't forgive. Greece has always stood as the symbol of democracy.

OUI: Have you played in Russia?

MARCEAU: Yes. For me, the Russian government is not totalitarian, not as the Greek. Frankly, without the Russians, the Germans would have won the war. What happened in Russia was certainly a shock to me, but the positive side is more important. This Greek regime never freed anyone. At any rate, an artist shouldn't be so concerned with causes; then he's not able to concentrate on his art. What I try to do is show my convictions without a word. It's up to the public to understand.

OUI: Are you religious?

MARCEAU: It depends on how you define religion. I think that if our body is the image of the universe, as we have been told, then the same spiritual force rules both our body and the universe. That's my concept of God. In spite of wars and destruction, the balance between day and night, man and woman, sun and moon makes a synthesis in which the positive side wins. Some men think: "After me, there's nothing." That's the real fascism. The progressive believes in his continuity through others. I'm not a wise man, but a man who struggles and suffers, and who tries to understand life. I try to give, through my silent cry, a state of consciousness where man will at last be aware of beauty and love. That's the real religion for me.

Interviewed by Chantal Monterastelli

TRUCK STOPS *There's nothing like cramming down country-style snails, quails, frogs' legs, squid à l'Américaine, goat cheese, and a full bottle of wine, then revving up the semi.*

(Continued from page 54) des Routiers, 7, rue Louis-Lavergne, 22 Loudéac. One of the "secret" addresses that truckers give one another. All the specialties of Brittany at low prices.

Le Relais Celton, 3 rue Kléber, Brest. As good a seafood restaurant as I have known in France. My "fisherman's" menu at 15 francs included six of the best oysters I have ever had, scallops Breton style, a huge *limande* (a fish resembling a fat sole) *meunière*, *tartes de maison* and coffee. Amazing.

Le Relais du Pélican, national route 265, 56 Landévant. One of the most famous *relais* in all of Brittany. The fact that you have to walk several hundred yards past parked cars and trucks proves

its popularity and excellence of cuisine.

CHATEAUX DE LA LOIRE:

Chez Annette, 194, faubourg Chartrain, 41 Vendôme. A natural stopover on the way down to the Loire, and worth a trip anyway. Not only is the cooking first-rate (*canard à l'orange*) but the place is pretty, too.

Le Providence, national route 152, 41 Suèvres-sur-Loire. Just across the river from the Château de Chambord and a few miles southwest of Beaugency. Typical French country inn with trees, flowers, and ivy. You can eat outside if you like, next to the churchyard.

Le Relais du Perron, Ferte-Saint-Aubin, 9, route nationale. High quality regional cooking. Try *Chinon* and *Bour-*

geuil wines. Just to the south of Orleans.

ROUTE TO SWITZERLAND:

Relais de la Poste, national route 77, 58 Varzy. Pierre Langlois's astonishing inn, already mentioned.

L'Auberge de la Marine, Losne-Pas-Saint-Jean-de-Losne. A good lunch stop on the drive from Paris, located south of Dijon on the banks of the Saône. Gargantuan menus for few francs: for 9.50 francs, for instance, mixed hors d'oeuvres, *boeuf bourguignon*, roast pork, salad, cheese, strawberries, and coffee.

Relais de la Gare, national route 206, 74 Valleiry. Just across the border from Geneva. Banal decor, but Madame Rousillon makes up for it with her Savoie specialties such as *escargots du pays*, quail, and trout.

ROUTE SOUTH, TOWARD THE RIVIERA:

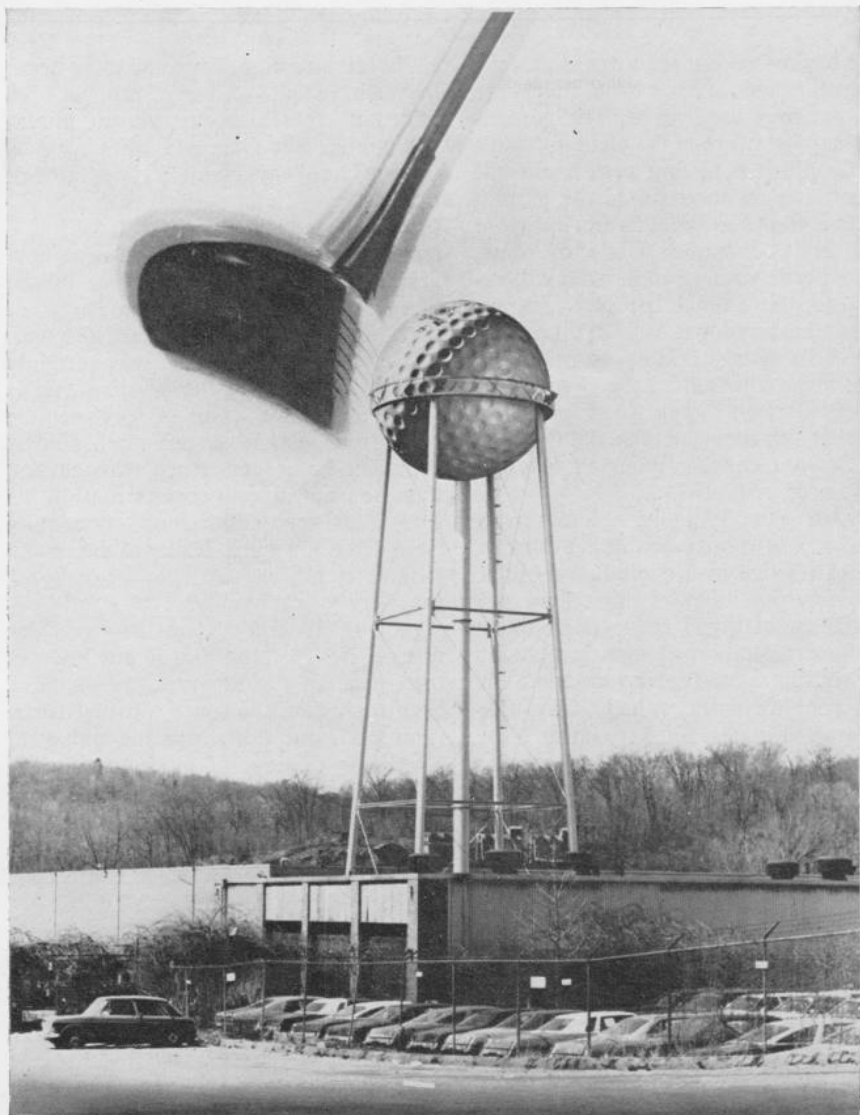
Aux Tilleuls, les Echarmeaux-par-Poule, 69 Rhône. Off on a side road between Lyon and Macon, where owner-chef Daniel Lacote proves that good regional cooking needn't be expensive: chicken in vinegar, *quenelles de brochet*, Charolais steaks.

Le Relais de la Colline, national route 7, 84 Bédarrides. Just above Avignon, in the heart of the Côtes du Rhone wine country. Try a Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

Restaurant de la Barque, national route 96, La Barque. South of Aix-en-Provence. Pleasant rustic decor where the son-in-law of the boss hangs his paintings (which are for sale). Good Provençal specialties such as frogs' legs, lamb with herbs, and Mediterranean fish.

In every region of France there are dozens of *routier* restaurants that reflect the local style and products and, among these dozens, a handful that offer true gastronomic quality. My favorite *relais* of all, though, is in the little town of Saint-Just-d'Ardèche, just north of the crossroads of Pont-Saint-Espirit, which everyone who has driven to the Costa Brava knows. Andrée and Bébert (she is Norman, he is a local boy) run their little hotel-restaurant like a small boardinghouse that allows only friends of the family. Bébert sticks to the kitchen, tending to the cooking in his favorite undershirt, while Andrée, a blonde cannonball of energy, hustles around the pleasant little dining room barking out orders to the clients, telling them what they should eat and drink. For 13 francs I had a monstrous portion of fresh local vegetables accompanied by smoked ham, sausage and mushrooms, squid à l'Américaine, leg of lamb with garlic and mushrooms, and fresh local goat cheese. Andrée ordered me to drink a *rosé* from the region. The whole bottle. I obeyed. ■

Gescheidt



GREAT MOMENTS *The Classic Car dies, the bikini is born.*

(Continued from page 81) The time that Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston had Padewreski in to play while she took tea with a lady friend. She asked that the virtuoso, being both a foreigner and a manual worker, play concealed behind a screen. This defined the contemporary relationship between Art and Capital.

When Dr. Nobel gave the world dynamite, which gave him enough money to give the world the Nobel Prizes.

The time that Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Broun, and the columnist F.P.A. agreed to meet for lunch. Woollcott was staying at the City Club and suggested a little place next door that had good apple pie, the Algonquin Hotel.

When Albert Speer and Adolf Hitler got together a "New Architecture" for the 1000-year Reich. Goodies included the Domed Hall, which was a cupola 726 feet high and large enough to accommodate the Vatican dome several times over or, alternatively, 180,000 people. Although billions of tons of marble were set aside for this project, neither the dome nor the Victory Arch, which was to "make the Arc de Triomphe look like a keyhole," was actually built.

The construction of the world's first freeway—in Pasadena.

The time Prudential Insurance almost talked the British government into letting them paint the company's trademark on the Rock of Gibraltar.

That time when Gabriele D'Annunzio, Mussolini's favorite poet and rampant literary Superman, took advantage of the Allies' squabbling at Versailles and marched into the disputed township of Fiume at the head of 1000 troops. The Imagination *did* Come to Power, as usual, from the Right.

When Raymond Loewy got a fat fee to redesign the Camel cigarette pack. He cleaned it up, and sales dropped almost at once. Camels went back to their old format.

When Packard stuck the headlamps into the fender (1941), and the Classic Car died at last.

The time that Mr. Schneider, a millionaire, was eating with friends, likewise millionaires, in a restaurant where they were unknown, and it turned out that none of them was carrying money. It was all so embarrassing that the Credit Card was born.

When Bikini atoll became "The Bikini," and an intolerable prospect was metamorphosed into a tolerable one.

When Arthur Miller married Marilyn Monroe and Culture tried to legitimize its union with Pop.

The time that it was decided *not* to have the Seagram Building erected in the shape of a whiskey bottle. This sounded the knell for Folk-Rococo, and the icy

Darling... Get them while they're hot!



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☐ James Dean ☐ Carmen Miranda ☐ Mae West ☐ Keith Richard ☐ Theda Bara ☐ Marlon Brando



☐ Judy Garland ☐ Bob Dylan ☐ Greta Garbo ☐ Bette Davis ☐ Tallulah Bankhead ☐ Liz Taylor

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GREAT MOMENTS *Who hung an El Greco in the bathroom of his yacht? What was the compromise Mick Jagger made to get on the Ed Sullivan Show? Does it matter? Yes, indeed.*

hand of the Bauhaus was laid on Manhattan. And, ultimately, the world.

When Eldridge Cleaver put Timothy Leary under house arrest in Algeria.

The occasion when Dr. Hoffman of the Sandoz laboratories discovered a funny new acid.

When Conrad Hilton launched Hilton International against the advice of a nervous board in 1949. He was reluctantly allowed half a million dollars.

The time that Howard Hughes designed a cantilever bra for Jane Russell. Unlike his colossal plywood plane of the same period, this actually worked, and it demonstrated the fundamental importance of structural engineering to the Making of a Star.

When Dr. Edwin Land invented Polaroid, thereby making the *Fortune* list of the World's Ten Richest Men and giving us all Instant Replay.

When Earl Sponable—on the instructions of Spyros Skouras, alarmed by burgeoning TV—bought the rights to Henri Chretien's anamorphic lens. Chretien had developed this in 1937 (the same year that Fred Waller, inventor of Cinemascope, designed equipment for projecting film inside a sphere), but the important thing is that Skouras didn't make his move until 1951. His first product was *The Robe*, which did include stereophonic sound.

When clumsy stocking tops were replaced by the mythic availability of pantyhose.

The decision to publish *Playboy* in Braille.

When a lady at *Vogue* coined the expression "Beautiful People," and Society moved in to annex Culture.

The time that Shirley Temple Black had the grass on her lawn replaced by concrete, duly painted green. She explained that grass got "too patchy."

When Ian Fleming bought a gold-plated typewriter.

When Amy Vanderbilt's *Complete Cookbook* appeared in 1961 with "Drawings by Andrew Warhol."

When the first pressurized space suit was designed, but the design was turned down because it used some sort of drab khaki. The second and successful version came in telegenic silver lamé.

The time that *Harper's Bazaar* published a full frontal nude. Admittedly, it only came down to the navel and featured Christina Paolozzi, an indubitable contessa, but look what it started.

When Aristotle Onassis hung an El Greco in the bathroom of his yacht.

When Lyndon Baines Johnson took to issuing staff instructions while seated on the toilet, and Camelot succumbed at last.

Peter Max going public.

When Muzak was transmitted to Armstrong and Aldrin as they prepared to annex the moon.

When Herr Alfred Krupp announced the latest product of his industrious genius: a mutated black rose.

The time that Harold Robbins was paid a million dollars for the movie rights to his novel *The Adventurers*, which at that stage consisted only of its title.

When George Washington Carver, the black scientist and inventor of peanut butter, had a nuclear submarine named after him.

When Mary Quant, London pioneer of the global boutique boom and inventor of the miniskirt, turned her thoughts to higher things and announced that the female sex organ was the coming zone, so to speak, in high fashion. She added that her own pubic hair had been trimmed by her husband into a heart shape.

The time that architect Robert Venturi embellished his Guild House in Philadelphia with a colossal, golden, absolutely useless TV aerial.

When nuclear physicists came up with the neutron bomb, which maximizes radiation but minimizes blast, thereby taking out as many people as possible with the least damage to property.

The time that Pete Townshend hit Abbie Hoffman on the head at Woodstock.

When a cultural administrator on Baffin Island taught the Eskimo how to do their now traditional, and expensive, soap-stone carvings.

Truman Capote's black-and-white ball and/or Norman Mailer's campaign to be Mayor of New York, in both of which episodes the artist *did* become his own artwork at last. Thanks, Oscar Wilde.

When Yoko married John, and Culture *again* tried to legitimize its union with Pop.

When Darryl Zanuck took to smoking imitation cigars, which were, nonetheless, near-perfect replicas of the imposing originals.

The roofing of a building at the world's biggest atom smasher—in Batavia, Illinois—with a material processed out of recycled beverage cans.

The time when faded and worn jeans began selling on London's Kings Road for more than new ones. And when a firm called Cordoba began selling garments that looked just like faded and worn jeans, but happened to be extremely pricey chamois leather. And Conspicuous Thrift became institutionalized into a High Style.

When Mick Jagger changed the words of *Let's Spend the Night Together* to *Let's Spend Some Time Together* so he could get on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

When Colonel John Glenn, the straightest man in space, fell in his bath. This took him out of a political race and (some say) the White House.

The time that Kenneth Tynan said *Fuck!* on British TV. We all knew he would, and *somebody* had to.

When Coca-Cola spent several million dollars on Operation Arden. The brand emblem was changed from round to square, and the red became less arterial. For the world, it was like a change of wall paper.

When *Women's Wear Daily* signally failed to launch the midi, longuette, or what you will. This underlined the demise of programmed fashion.

The time that Margaret Keane claimed on the *Merv Griffin Show* that it was she, and not her sometime husband Walter, who painted the famous Keane kids with those shiny bug eyes. She challenged Keane to a showdown "paint-out." He neglected to appear.

The time that Jack Kerouac denounced Allen Ginsberg on the William Buckley show.

When zoning boards in certain areas actually banned drive-in eateries, pop-up freeway architecture, and such. (Lopping, for instance, those manic revolving heads off the Jack-in-the-Box chain.) Only time will tell whether this was a turning point or a last desperate stand.

When *The Saturday Evening Post* arose from the grave with a Norman Rockwell cover, and Nostalgia became institutionalized.

When Hammacher Schlemmer, the New York store, advertised a screenless TV set so you could "listen to your favorite program," thereby introducing the process of disinvention.

When Boeing built the second-biggest building in the world. This was to be the hangar for the Supersonic Transport, except that the SST was then canceled by Congress, and this was the first time that a modern government decided something was not necessarily better just because it was faster and bigger. Did our Technocracy of Progress go over the hill right then?

When Vice-President Nixon (as he then was) talked Premier Khrushchev (as he then was) into glugging a Pepsi at a Moscow exhibition just before the notable "kitchen debate." Lately, Nixon has announced plans to turn over the Bicentennial of American Democracy celebrations to big business—Chrysler, for instance, and his biggest campaign contributors, McDonald's hamburgers.

When General Electric produced the first garbage-disposal unit.

When acrylic Afros became available in a variety of tasteful colors. ■



FRIDAY HARBOR DREAM WAR *They are widening the access highways to the Anacortes ferry, getting ready for the invasion that almost certainly will come.*

(Continued from page 78) and blunder to life every six months or so, regularly, regardless. The light in winter is either sharp and vivid or the same luminous haze that hangs in the summer distance. In summer, air and light of quite incredible clarity stand and glow behind each blade of grass. Shadows are brilliant, nighttimes bright and intense. The twilights are green and pink. The biggest sound is the air's breaking like surf in the boughs of aspen, alder, cottonwood, birch, and cypress. Live oak, cedar, and pine are windswept—looking on the windward western mountains, but they are twisted less, I think, from struggling with salty gales than from archness, clenched in pretty gestures, profiles against the ozone.

You may lie here on a tufty rock halfway up a bit of a mountain and rise when you will, smelling of lichen and pine—everything does, lichen and pine in your socks and pants, in your soup, on your old dog, on your pillow. You will astonish yourself at your freshness and drowsiness here.

The rabbit traffic, meanwhile, bumps and tumbles in the broad lazy valleys.

Eagles, sometimes in pairs, soar in endless drifts of flight. Adjusting a single feather in some socket, an eagle slides over into infinity out of sight, beyond your wondering. The Olympic mountains sit all day behind the Vancouvers like a long, dark permanent menace on the western skyline. Mount Baker's angry, snowy double domes are usually available to the east; and sometimes Mount Rainier in the south lifts calm and glacial and unimaginable away from the pinetops and the red scattered islands, fragrant and infertile down the Sound toward Seattle.

They are the San Juan Islands in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The ferry leaves from Anacortes on Fidalgo Island. Patos Island and Lopez Island and Sucia Island remain. But the pope's geographer turned too quickly to other business. The place talks English now: Discovery Island, Massacre Bay, the Upright Channel, Obstruction Pass—proudly named for the tussles of an easy, uneventful conquest.

They are widening the access highways from Interstate 5 to the Anacortes ferry, getting ready for next summer's

rumored hydrofoils. It outrages the proprietors of Friday Harbor that we will maul and kill their island in laying hold of it. They are waking to the scream at the end of the American dream. Someday soon, when the dream has turned to nightmare, Friday Harbor will be fit for the nonwhite unmajorities. Already the bunnies are bad enough.

There are too many Americans, too much dream, not enough island. There wasn't even enough California for the dream. The locals in Friday Harbor are learning thus to read their fate. It rides between the lines on the face of every stranger. The strangers alight ONE WAY from the ferry. They are weary, they are dreary, they are very far from cheery. But now there is hope behind their eyes. The sport of whales and the intimate isles have won them over on the way across the water. They perceive Pig War memorials, they discern the bunny scourge, their heads cool. The cooler heads prevail, and they settle in and go no further. Paradise fills up in silence. There is no war. But the peace is broken. ■

The Inner Man



GEORGIE BEST *What he needs is a good kick in the arse, his teammates said. But he cut more a Christlike figure.*

(Continued from page 52) "Don't feel sorry for Georgie. What he needs is a good kick in the arse. If Georgie keeps going on like this, he will not last longer than two or three more years. He doesn't respect the game anymore." After a long conference with Best, his manager appeared, saying: "I think he is a lonely boy, a very lonely boy." Fines and suspension followed, but they were ineffective. He stayed deep in trouble most of this season and retired in October. He was talked out of retirement, he says, "against everything I felt inside." The incident with Miss Sloniecka followed, and the team banned him from all night clubs.

The conflict between Best and United recently erupted with a final burst. The fall of United to the absolute bottom in the standings seemed to shock English football. Best no longer wanted to play for United. The club had turned mediocre even the year before, and Best says honestly, "I have to play with a winner, or I lose my appetite for the game." He sent a telegram to the club. It read: "I came back the last time hoping my appetite for the game would return, and even though in every game I like to think I gave 100 percent, there was something missing. Even now I am not quite sure what. Therefore, I have decided not to play football again, and this time no one will change my mind."

George Best is 26 and, after exciting the crowds for seven years as no one else save Pelé, something seems to have left him. This something was missing a year ago. One remembers a long afternoon with him in his £40,000 fortress of a house outside Manchester. He gave a tour of it with scarcely containable pride, but one had the feeling that he might have only contempt for the house the next day. There he was, fooling with all the gadgetry that produced instant comforts, pointing out the large wine racks that cuddled many prominent labels, grinning over his sunken tub that looked like an empty lake, and going through an elaborate game room from which he once threw a pool cue in lonely rage. Now and then, he would look out of his great windowed house to monitor the presence of a grim reality.

Police rimmed the house, and it was not because George had become tired of girls ringing his bell. A serious threat had been made on his life by the I.R.A., which believed that Best had made a contribution of £3000 to the neofascist Ian Paisley. He came back from the window and sat down, and as he sat there, with a dark pall of a beard growing darker in the dying light, with those brooding, spiritual eyes, he was a Jesus-like figure, tiny and so delicately crafted. He poured some wine, said that the threat on his life did

not worry him so much as the intrusion it had made in his game. He then reflected: "If I had been born ugly, you'd never have heard of Pelé." He smiled at the *non sequitur* and continued: "As it is, it just wouldn't be possible, you see, for me to live like a monk to suit the demands of the game. I'd go mad. But I love the game, and I work hard at it."

There was a joy in his words as he spoke of soccer. He talked of how he still got a special thrill out of hearing that whirring noise that comes when he is kicking a ball into the nets in practice. He talked of his youth in Belfast, running down the streets, forever bouncing a tennis ball between his feet. He talked of always dreaming of scoring a spellbinding goal in the Cup Final before the Queen, with millions watching on television. Leading up to the goal, he dribbles for a long period on his thighs, and the ball never touches the ground. On this day in his house, soccer was not just a game to him.

Best recently stood in one of his Manchester night clubs, like some small insect caught in a dust-threaded corner, and one wished that he could summon up a particle of the will that belonged to a young captain named W. P. Nevill. A dried-out rind of cowhide in a military museum in England tells about him. The captain's company was ordered to cross 400 yards of no man's land in the 1916 battle of Montauban Ridge. To each platoon he issued a soccer ball which they were to kick toward the German lines. Nevill was the first over the top, leading the attack, kick by kick, casualty by casualty, until the land was taken. The next day, just outside of the German wire, Nevill's body was found. Not far away, spiked into the wire, was a soccer ball.

This is the kind of will the English demand from their footballers, and it is a quality never quite visible in Best. He can no longer remain a porcelain object. He has to acquire a toughness, a firm grasp of who he is and what he must do; if he doesn't, this very lost and separate man will have destroyed a truly perfect genius. "You see," says Arthur Hopcraft, sensitive to Best and the jeopardy his talent is in, "Best is a conundrum: brilliance, uncertainty, willfulness, vulnerability, callousness. He drinks too much; he regrets his drinking. He wants to find repose; he flits from girl to girl. He is capable of turning a game; he vaporizes from it while you watch. He can be as charming as a child; he brushes his way through a crowd of children without a moment's pause. I believe he is afraid of the future. He's through with United, that's certain. The question is whether Best can bring himself to work anymore. His nature resists anything so tedious as industry."

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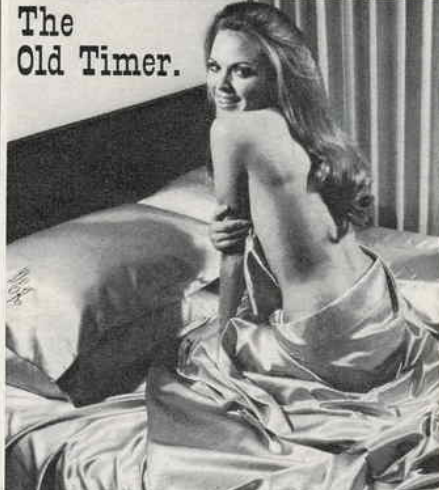
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Welcome to the all-volunteer 100% nice-guy Army

As long as military service was thought to transform boys into men, induction into the Army was a rite of passage, and the Army recruiter was a priest. By July first, however, when the U.S. Army became an all-volunteer force for the first time in 25 years, manhood had long since lost its savor and boyhood had lost its sting. Besides, anyone who still wanted to be a man could sleep with a girl or go to Europe or simply adopt the right attitude. The Army recruiter was going to have to remake himself on the model of the Pied Piper.

One Army recruiter already had. Until recently, when he accepted the mandate of his own marketing and public-relations genius and put \$10,000 into his own business, Sergeant David Hack of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, was probably America's single most efficient conduit of military manpower. He was a promoter, not like other recruiting officers but like the men who talk about selling iceboxes to Eskimos. Indeed, even if there wasn't a U.S. hot war anywhere in the world, it was hard not to think of him as the Grim Reaper in some bizarre Day-Glo remake of the medieval Dance of Death. Toward the end, he was picking young people off at the rate of about one every two days, which was four and five times his quota. One night, he had driven 200 miles into Indiana to drop a kid out of college and put him into the Army in one big package with 14 of his friends. Another time, he got a kid who was indicted for incitement to riot on the Kent State campus. Hack likes challenges.

One afternoon in March, a couple of minutes before three o'clock, Marian and I were driven into the parking lot of North High School in the back seat of Hack's latest custom-designed recruit vehicle. It was a mini-Rolls-Volkswagen—Rolls-Royce in front and Volkswagen behind—hand-painted with recruiting slogans and blurry Statues of Liberty by Remick of Akron. It replaced a hand-painted Corvette that Hack had just auctioned off at the Cleveland Auto Show in an effort to raise money for a pizza stand cum day-care-center for 18-year-olds cum (of course) recruiting station. For a short while, there had also been an Army jeep, across whose sky-blue hood Army paratroopers were painted in permanent descent.

Now, however, at three o'clock, the school doors swung open and the kids were coming out. Grinds, dragsters, greasers, jocks, student statesmen and prom queens—of high and low degree they came, straight for their heaps in the parking lot, right past Sergeant Hack. "What do the kids think when they come out of school and find you sitting here?" Marian asked. "Oh, the kids are smart. You can't fool the kids," Hack said. "They know the ole sarge is trying to get them." Hack tapped his

horn and waved toward a boy who had been fingered to him by a high school guidance counselor.

Half an hour later, we were at the exit of a minute car wash, and a black kid, about 18, was trying to dry the



The Hack T-shirt . . . hot item

windshield with a sopping-wet rag.

"Hey, brother," Hack said, "why aren't you in the Army?"

"You don't need me in yo' Army."

"Yes I do, brother. How much education you got?"

"I got high school."

"Army pays \$307 a month, and you don't have any overhead."

"Well, I don't wanna fight in no wowuh."

"We ain't got no more war, baby."

Hack reached into his pocket for a card. It had tan lettering on a black background, and it said, SGT. HACK WANTS YOU FOR U.S. ARMY. "Here, let me lay this on you, brother," he said. Hack and the kid exchanged a power shake. "Give me a call."

Then we were on the street again, and Hack tooted his horn at a teenage girl in a Sergeant Hack T-shirt. At the Mad Male in the Chapel Hill shopping center, the Hack T-shirt was a hot item.

"A few weeks ago," Hack said, "I pulled the Corvette into a gas station to get some gas. I said to the kid at the pump, 'What the hell are you standing there pumping gas for when you could be in the Army?' He said, 'I dunno.' So you know what? I signed him up right there on the spot. I get hitchhikers, too. I get hitchhikers all the time. I say, 'What are you hitching around for when you could have a car like this?' I never pass up a hitchhiker."

"Sarge," I said, the week after he left the Army, "what was the trick?"

"No trick. I just talked to everybody I met, and I never told any lies." —M.Z.

RICHARD THE MONKEY-HEARTED *There is a touch of irony in Kissinger fingering his friends for surveillance.*

(Continued from page 98) dissent during any emergency declared by the President. In light of these verified happenings, one recalls with less skepticism the rumor first reported in 1970 by the Newhouse newspaper chain that the Air Force was preparing a contingency plan for the cancellation of the 1972 elections in the name of national security.

The magic phrase: "national security." Much has been done with it this century. Hitler's order for the "final solution" of the Jewish question went out in the sentence that "Communist functionaries and activists, Jews, gypsies, saboteurs and agents basically be regarded as persons who, by their very existence, endanger the security of the troops and are therefore to be executed without further ado." The excuse was security, and the order came from the *Führer* himself, so it was legal. Every step in the rise of the Third Reich was taken according to laws already on the German books, or easily placed there. Hitler also believed in strict law and order.

There is a touch of irony in the scene: Henry Kissinger, the fugitive from Nazi Germany, fingering some of his closest associates and dearest friends for wiretapping and surveillance for the greater power of his leader and in the name of national security. And there were strange echoes, too, in the CIA's violating federal laws by spying on domestic radical groups but offering the excuse that it had been done in the name of a higher law—the chief executive's word that it was for the security of the nation. Strictly legal, says Nixon. Of the 17 wiretaps he personally approved on high government officials and newsmen: "Each individual tap was undertaken in accordance with procedures legal at the time and in accord with long-standing precedent."

By "strange coincidence," to use Senator Sam Ervin's apt phrase, the U. S. Supreme Court, now known as the Nixon Court, two days after the *Watergate break-in* declared domestic wiretapping illegal unless done by court order.

One of the most useful techniques employed by absolute rulers over the centuries has been to declare their enemies insane. The most prolific use of this device in modern times has been the current rash of "commitments" of political troublemakers in Russia. But never was the device so dramatically used as when Nixon encouraged allies to put it around town that every schoolboy's hero, the late FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, was "not of sound mind" for some time before he died. Hoover, it seems, had refused to approve the special secret police organization (*Sicherheitspolizei*) set up within the White House and had specifically refused to cooperate in the burglary of

Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatric files for the apparent purpose of showing that he was of unsound mind. The Ellsburgary was personally approved by Nixon.

When it became apparent that some of the most damaging evidence of Nixon's involvement in the Watergate thuggery would come from John Dean III, his lawyer-in-residence, the White House's runners began sowing rumors that the strain of disloyalty to the crown had unhinged Dean; that he had been seen wandering through cheap massage parlors, babbling strange tales; that he probably had a touch of homosexuality as well, because he was beset by nightmares that if he were imprisoned his beautiful boyishness would be buggered: obviously a man to be pitied, not believed.

British writers, who have perhaps the best touchstones for such matters, are especially apt to see ermine about the President. Henry Fairlie calls it "Caesaro-papism . . . the most refined of all absolutist systems." The specter of religious absolutism joined to political absolutism is an interesting twist in this country. As the god-kings of Rome and the pharaohs of Egypt and the fathers of the Catholic church built pyramids and temples of various kinds to enshrine sacred writings, sacred relics, and sacred bones, so also does Nixon dream of enshrining his earthly records in an eight-million-dollar library—a dream momentarily blighted as Watergate has discouraged fund-raising and four of the seven members of the library's board of trustees seem to be on their way to jail or banishment as a result of their part in the 1972 scandals.

The same power that makes Presidential words eternal can, of course, be used to make them nonexistent. Papal bulls can, with a wave of the hand, be made papal cows. The Caesaro-papal powers assumed by Nixon were used to obliterate history. After ten months of issuing a steady stream of false and misleading statements about Watergate, he sent forth an edict that all previously uttered remarks were "inoperative"—and the slate of history, he presumed, was thereby wiped clean.

Linger a moment on this new concept of Presidential sanctification. Of all Nixon's trappings of royalty, none is so basic and so impressive. The divine right of kings was always based on their belief that, being next to God, they were answerable only to him (certainly not answerable to Congress or to a grand jury, as Nixon has made very clear). No ruler of our time has recruited God to his service more often than Nixon, sometimes sending an order to the Almighty via the administration's official archbishop, the Reverend Billy Graham, but more often

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RICHARD THE MONKEY-HEARTED *The place of divine miracles in Washington scandals should not be scoffed at. Witness what happened when Nan Britton was knocked up by Harding*

running the holy show himself at a PR-produced national prayer breakfast in what Reverend Malcolm Boyd calls "Goddick Nixonspell." During his first term, Nixon held 36 worship services at the White House to sing *Sweet Hour of Prayer* and to pray for his continued power. This atmosphere, let me emphasize, is not only a superb incubator for scandal, it is an absolute necessity for the best of them.

Of course, there are Washington scandals in which you never hear reference to God. Bobby Baker went to prison without making a single pious statement. No Bible quotations came from Walter Jenkins when he was caught playing with another gentleman in the YMCA toilet. But all the really red-hot and oozy scandals are performed by pious rascals. The difference between your ordinary Washington crook or pervert and the great God-declaimers is the difference between the ten o'clock line-up at Precinct Five and an evening of great theater.

So when former commerce secretary Maurice Stans, on being indicted for his part in soliciting tainted campaign funds, told the lurking television interviewers, "I believe in God," it was immediately evident that Watergate would have a long, long run. So far as I could tell, Stans's remark had no pertinence as a response to newsmen's questions, but God does not have to be relevant in this business. He simply has to be evoked from time to time to keep the drama at a high level. Nixon's first TV appearance to explain that he was at home in bed asleep on the night of June 17, 1972, and therefore could not have participated in the Watergate burglary ended with his declaring, again without any discernible purpose, "God bless America . . . and God bless each and every one of you." Tiny Dick. Even Mrs. Nixon claimed a

divine miracle. With the jail already crowded with Watergate burglars and other Nixonistas busily implicating each other, she declared, "You know, really and truly there hasn't been anything that happened for sure, yet. I have faith. . . ." And child Julie echoed, "I have faith." Their faith moved a mountain of mischief right out of sight; and on that same weekend another miracle occurred when Pat went to Camp David with the President's secretary, Rose Mary Woods. They took along a couple of briefcases stuffed full of letters about Watergate, and lo! God had been so diligent that not a single letter was critical. "We all sat around in a circle and passed them around," said Mrs. Nixon. "They were so moving and so beautiful."

The place of divine miracles in Washington scandals should not be scoffed at—or at least not the *belief* in divine miracles. When Nan Britton—who was later to service his passions in the executive cloakroom of the White House—wrote then-Senator Warren G. Harding that he had knocked her up, he made a date to see her at the New Willard Hotel and showed up with sweat on his brow and, in his hand, a bottle of Dr. Humphrey's No. 11 tablets, which, though he said they wouldn't do the job as well as a knife, might get rid of the embryo.

Nan, a wordly young lady, expressed her doubts about the effectiveness of the pills, but Harding prodded her with a paraphrase of the *Gospel According to St. John*: "No faith, no works, Nan!" Unfortunately, faith didn't work that time and she had her child, but that did not lessen Harding's piety. Later, when he took her out in the world and introduced her to his friends, she went under the alias suggested by Harding—what else?—"Mrs. Christian."

Only the sublime Baptist mind of "Mr.

Hardwicke," as Harding signed the register at the sleazy Imperial Hotel in New York City the first time he got to Nan (an occasion, drat the luck, interrupted by the hotel dicks), could have combined sanctimonious eroticism with sanctimonious capitalism to produce an administration that gave us the first great Presidential theater of this century: the Teapot Dome scandal.

This is a reference you've been seeing a lot lately, primarily because it's the only previous scandal of sufficient scope to liken to Watergate. It's mentioned by those on the inside and those on the outside. Convicted Waterbugger McCord, for example, testified before the Senate investigating committee that White House go-between John Caulfield had warned him to keep quiet because "the President's ability to govern is at stake. Another Teapot Dome scandal is possible, and the government may fall."

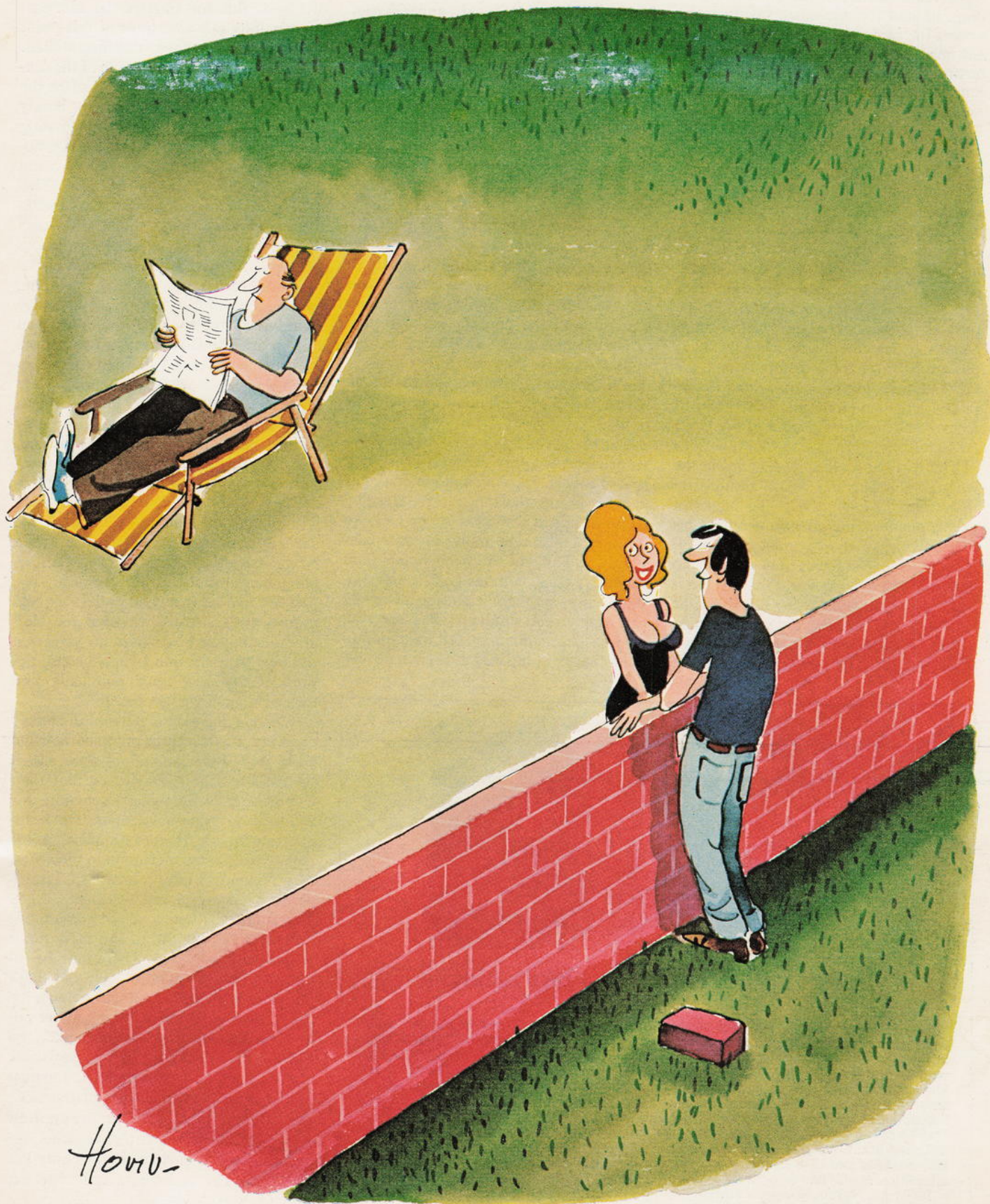
It's a useful analogy. More than useful, it's eerie, not because Teapot Dome and the other crookedness of the Republican administration of the 1920s were at all like the thievery of the present administration (Harding's boys stole oil leases and Veterans Administration money) but because the righteous overbearingness of the two administrations and the sanctimonious stupidities of the two Presidents are so very much alike. Indeed, Harding and Nixon are the most convincing proof available of the theory of reincarnation.

Like Nixon, Harding looked upon the Federal Bureau of Investigation as a personal weapon to achieve revenge upon his enemies: the FBI in Harding's administration broke into offices, tapped telephones, rifled files, and opened private letters and copied them. It happened to many persons who criticized either Harding or his attorney general, Harry Daugherty. As today, the FBI also spied on portions of Harding's own bureaucracy to find out who was loyal to the President. And Harding, like Nixon, was not averse to hiring people of shady reputations to use as domestic spies. It was under Harding that the notorious Red Scare was launched, with "radicals" beaten up and jailed by the thousands—just like today. "Let every clamorous advocate of the Red regime go to Russia and revel in its crimson reign. This is law-abiding America!" That's Harding talking, but it could just as easily be Nixon. "This republic has never feared an enemy from without. It no longer intends to be menaced by enemies from within." For those of us who believe in political reincarnation, that's Nixon speaking back in 1920 when he was passing as Harding. Remember Nixon's slogan in 1968? "Bring us together." Forty-



Hot Cross buns

Drivers at a London bakery are threatening to strike because their long weekend shifts leave them too tired to make love to their wives. After a solid 14 hours of delivering bread, the workers just flop down on a sofa and loaf when they get home. "Sex is the last thing you think about after a shift like that," said one worn-out driver. The 80 randy workers are making a rather slim demand: that the shift be cut by an hour. Is an hour enough for the English? Modest fellows.



RICHARD THE MONKEY-HEARTED *A smut investigator hired by the Democrats says he dug up some stuff on wild parties in which Nixon took part, but the evidence was given away.*

eight years earlier, in the guise of Harding, he had run for office saying more or less the same thing: "America's present need is not heroics, but healing; not nostrums, but normalcy; not revolution, but restoration; not agitation, but adjustment; not surgery, but serenity. . . ." Both in 1920 and 1968, the winning Republican carried the day with heavy support from ethnic groups. No doubt about it, Nixon has passed this way before in plumper form. The *déjà vu* must be so overwhelming as to make him giddy: Harding's was the first attorney general in U. S. history to be indicted for crookedness, Nixon's attorney general, John Mitchell, was the second, a rather ironic turn of events when one recalls that, when running for office in 1968, Nixon declared, "If we are to restore respect for law and order in this country, there's one place we're going to begin; we're going to have a new attorney general of the United States."

There are also close similarities in the way the Harding and Nixon administrations perfected hypocrisy. To maintain decorum and at the same time relieve his tensions, the ruler who imagines himself of Caesaro-papist lineage must be able to convince the outside world that his life is lofty and pure while at the same time he is having fun. Harding did it by building a wall of respectability around one part of his life through the appointment of

such cabinet stuffed shirts as Andrew Mellon, Herbert Hoover, and Charles Evans Hughes—not to mention his defensive technique of always touting "Americanism" on every possible occasion—while in after-hours and behind the scenes he was comforted by his bosom cronies at the notorious "Little House on H Street," where card games and liquor and stag jokes and skirts made "Sonny" Harding forget the pressures of state.

Nixon's wall of purity was built for him by his two top aides, H. R. Halde-man and John Ehrlichman, both teetotalers and devout Christian Scientists, and by Vice President Spiro Agnew, who went around the country making such pronouncements as "swimming in the nude tears at the very web of our nation's moral character." But behind that wall, Nixon had his cronies and another way of life.

The details of that hidden life, however, are scarce, to say the least. One similarity between Harding and Nixon seems to be missing: the randy side. Harding didn't have just one mistress; he had two for sure and maybe more. He was constantly in and out of cheap hotels (and expensive ones) with his girlfriends, constantly slipping them whatever money he had handy (odd amounts: \$42 for Nan on one occasion) and writing notes to them that he compared to French novels.

Nixon's sex side, if it exists, is still to be divulged. But for starters, let me pass along a jolly tale that must at this point be considered wholly unsubstantiated. The administrative aide to one of the senior Congressmen told me that after the 1960 election in which Kennedy barely defeated Nixon, probably by stealing votes in Texas and Illinois, the Democrats set about to make sure they could do a better job on Nixon next time. This aide—a gentleman of middle years and on the conservative side, I might add—says that he was among several investigators who went forth to get the goods on Dick.

Among other places, their sleuthing took them to Florida where, he says, they found that from time to time Nixon had lived it up. The Democratic investigators allegedly interviewed the party girls, located the house where the parties were often held, and in general put together a lusty profile that included not only Nixon but also his dearest friend, Charles "Bebe" Rebozo, and then-Senator George Smathers, a legendary stud. The bacchanalian details were written up and filed away to await the next Presidential election, but when Nixon was defeated in the 1962 California gubernatorial election, the aide says, "we felt that he was dead politically, and there wasn't any use to keep the stuff around. We had boxes of it. So we gave it to Drew Pearson, and I guess he also figured Nixon was dead politically and threw it away long before 1968."

Whether the aide is telling the truth, I can't say. But if it turns out that Dick and Bebe and John and Bob were closet swingers at Camp David, or that their Cuban friends were really sent into the Democratic National Committee headquarters to see if they could find the negatives of some incriminating pictures, then Nixon will have joined his Caesaro-papist peers in bed and we can at least be grateful for that one touch of humanness.

But, so far, the fall of this monarch is unique in that regard. There may be rumors and sniggers and nudges, but that's all; there is no Ophelia floating down the creek, no Desdemona choking in her pillow, no Eva heating up the bunker, no Clara Petacci hanging by her heels. He may have ruined everything he touched—destroyed the reputations of the SEC, the FBI, the CIA, the Presidency itself—but so far as we know, in other respects he was a puritan. He has only Pat and Bebe. Let us, as he asked us to do, pray for him.

(A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.)



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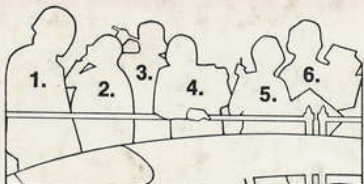
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Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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1. Nope. He's "Third Turn" Abanian. Has been in 263 races. Gimmick: always loses control on third turn where Bubbles Fickfern stands (see #5 below). He doesn't smoke. His car does.
2. No. Second-Hand Sam Slick, used car dealer. Gimmick: buys what's left of Abanian's cars. Smokes "pre-owned" cigars.

Here at the Speedway everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

3. Hardly. He's Reggie J. Van Phynque II. Gimmick: filthy rich. Wears cashmere toupee. Smokes double-vented cigarette. **4.** Right. He likes his racing without far-out fads or gimmicks. Wants his cigarette that way, too. Camel Filters. Honest, no-nonsense. Fine tobacco. Easy and good tasting. **5.** Bubbles Fickfern, racing groupie. Gimmick: 18 stopwatches... with Mickey Mouse hands. Smokes Fellinis. **6.** Fellini. Gimmick: never sees a race; too busy following other sports events on portable TV and radio.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB '73.